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RETURN TO GERMANY

by NORA WALN

HAPPY over the radio's midnight news that Japan would surrender, my husband and I drove up to the Air Transport Command at Bonnington Airport, where I was to take plane for Frankfurt, Germany. I was checked in, had my luggage weighed, and was then passed on to the airline bus. Seated at an open window, I talked with my husband outside. No word had reached us in long months of our dear ones in the Orient. We spoke with restraint, yet with hope, of my sister and her husband, taken into custody at Shanghai by the Japanese, and of others, friends and strangers, Chinese and Western. A release of mind and spirit had come to us both with the end of Nazi power in Europe, and now we were feeling a further lift of heart. My husband gave me final messages to friends in Germany and asked, "You have the book of addresses of all the German Quakers? And the vitamin tablets for Karl?" The bus was moving. "Good-bye."

Soon after the Nazis fell, I began to get letters from my German friends, sent me by the courtesy of American and British soldiers and O.K.'d by Army censors. It has been wonderful to have these letters. Forever I shall be grateful. They opened a room

A Philadelphia Quaker who graduated from Swarthmore and who, after a protracted visit in the Orient, became the foster-daughter of an ancient Chinese family, NORA WALN is known on both sides of the Atlantic for her two books, *The House of Exile* and *Reaching for the Stars*. With her English husband, who was studying the violin, she resided in Germany and in Czechoslovakia in those two crucial years, 1937 and 1938. It was then that she put the finishing touches to her book, *Reaching for the Stars*, and it was then that she made many German friends to whom she is loyal to this day. This is the first of several articles which she will send to us as the *Atlantic* correspondent in the American zone.

which closed and grew dark when I published *Reaching for the Stars*. After that I was afraid to communicate, even by covered ways, with Germans whom I knew to be anti-Nazi, lest I hinder them.

On the way to the airport, to turn my mind to the task ahead, I reread a letter. It was from a German friend, and had been sent on to me by an American soldier who, in passing her home, had noticed that her goat had broken loose and was rooting up the vegetable garden. He had stopped his jeep and knocked on her door to tell her. When the goat was tied up, he waited outside, as it was then forbidden to go in, while she wrote me. Her words were hurriedly written, but with them was an enclosure, a page with this on the top: "Extracts from General Eisenhower's Recent Message to the German People in the United States Zone."

Our denazification program has proceeded sufficiently so that it is timely now to speak to you of our plans for the occupation of the United States zone in Germany, plans which accord fully with the policies agreed on in the recent conference of the Allied leaders in Potsdam. After two wars in twenty years, we intend to prevent Germany from ever again threatening the peace of the world. Nazism and militarism are being rooted out in all their forms. War criminals are being tried and punished as they deserve. Germany is being completely disarmed. In short, German power to make war will be destroyed. But our aim is not merely a negative one.

We do not desire to degrade the German people. We shall assist you to rebuild your life on a democratic basis. Your courts and your schools are being reopened as quickly as they can be freed of Nazi influence. Justice and education founded on true liberal principles will be supported vigorously.

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Already you are publishing some of your own newspapers, electing shop stewards to represent you, and serving on advisory groups for the military government. Now these and similar steps will be carried further. You will be permitted to form local unions and to engage in local political activities, and meetings for these purposes may be held subject to the approval of the local military government. An initial aim of trade unions and political parties should be to help in the measure necessary now to prepare for the coming winter.

The coming months will be a time of trial. All signs point to shortages of food, fuel, housing, and transport. These are the consequences of a war of aggression. Yet you have it in your power to reduce these hardships by steady work and by helping each other. There must be no idleness. The prospects for the harvest are good. . . . Coal will not be available for heating houses this winter. In the next few months you must cut and gather enough wood in the forests to take care of your essential needs. Housing is your third major problem. While the weather still permits, damaged houses must be repaired to provide as much shelter as possible this winter, using salvaged material and lumber cut from the forests to the fullest feasible extent.

All these are your problems. Their solution depends on your work. German civil authorities have been set up by the military government in many fields to enable you to help yourselves until the time comes for you to select your own government. If you do your part, we can help you in other ways. Already I have made military transport available to help prevent loss of crops in the fields. Members of my command are now permitted normal public contacts with you. In this way we will be able to understand better the problems which face you in the coming months. Despite all hardships you need not face the future without hope.

Across the bottom of the page she had added, "A man of character." My thought was one with hers concerning this.

In returning to Germany I had a dual purpose. Among the Germans of my friendship and acquaintance and new ones I might meet, I wanted to give support to the ideals which General Eisenhower expressed; and I wished also to write of conditions as I should find them. A task new in our history falls on us Americans now, a task in Europe and the Orient. I wanted to help.

2

THE airplane was a Dakota. The sun was shining. We flew over fields, homes, and towns; below us was a land fair and lovely, softly colored. Farmers were working at the English harvest. Children played by a stream. A train went along, trailing puffs of smoke. I hoped to pass over the house where I have lived these seven years, but we didn't. We passed over a field of wheat and a factory. Bomb craters and broken buildings still showed despite the steady efforts at repairs. Looking down, I was glad that soon there would be more men free to help rehouse the

bombed-out in the British Isles, and I thought of many I know who need homes before another winter sets in.

There was fog over the Channel and over France. In the plane the passengers were friendly. Everyone talked about the end of the war. All were young except me — young Americans in uniform.

"Give me ten dollars in the United States rather than a hundred in any place I've seen in Europe or the Pacific," I heard on my left.

Everyone desired to go home as soon as possible. Not one had the wish to stay in a conquered country. Occupational government presented no lure to them. They accepted duty abroad as a fate which would fall on some of them for a while. Not one cared for the job. "Home" was the refrain of their talk, and I knew how they felt. A task has come on us which we did not invite.

When we came down to earth at Paris, the day was fair but we could not go on because of fog over Frankfurt. On Saturday we set forth in sunshine, saw below us forests, fields, farmhouses, villages, the Rhine with broken bridges, cities of rubble with occasionally a church standing; and at noon we came down on the Frankfurt airfield.

Our American zone in Germany is about the size of Tennessee. We cannot move it into the United States. We have to do what we do where the land is and in partnership with others. According to the ration card census, which is not yet complete because not all have registered, we have a German population of between fourteen and fifteen million. Some people, who do not wish to have any contact with the military government authorities, are avoiding the food offices, hiding out on farms, or living with friends or relatives who have ration cards and endeavor to feed them, or are living off the black market. Of our population, about four million have been farmers; the rest are urban. I have not yet learned what proportion are children. My first week's impression is that this is a land of children.

They are numerous and of all ages. It may be that they seem more numerous to me now because they are running loose. It is not easy to see where they have a home. They appear to swarm up out of the rubble. At Frankfurt, where I can find scarcely a house standing, twelve thousand have registered. At Wiesbaden, where I am comfortably billeted with other correspondents, in a partly bombed hotel, our front windows look out on a great heap of rubble. By it, on street and square, rain or shine, children play until they disappear as by magic when a siren, which calls the curfew, wails its warning.

Children press their noses against the windows wherever Americans are. They gather round our soldiers, wanting games and stories as well as chocolate and gum. I cannot sit down on a park bench without being surrounded by ten or twelve. On my first evening, I happened to respond to their friendliness with a cowboy tale, a western of no high

merit, and followed it with a very ordinary yarn such as I remember from the street minstrels of China. I have had no peace at all outdoors since then.

3

KARL and Gisela live miles out in the country. There are no buses running; and while there is transport for correspondents, I did not feel that I could ask for a jeep to go visiting. I couldn't send word that I was in Germany, or ask to be met along the road, as the postal service wasn't yet restarted. Risking that they might be away from home when I should arrive, I went on foot, leaving Wiesbaden early.

That is, I left at eight o'clock. I met a steady stream of women, children, and elderly men coming in toward Wiesbaden laden with bags, baskets, knapsacks, and suitcases. Some were on bicycles; others were walking — often pushing carts or pulling small wagons. They had been gathering food. Citizens of the town go out as early as four in the morning to get what they can from the countryside.

When I had walked probably four miles, a storm came up, a heavy, driving rain, and I took shelter under a shed with a dozen or more people who had done the same. It wasn't until I had been there a while that I noticed that they were staring at me with set faces. Then I realized that I had heard no response to my greeting. People had been responding when met singly or when only a few were together along the road. Now in a crowd they didn't. I felt the chill that not being welcome gives one.

Pride, and not the reluctance to get wet, forbade me to leave. The silence was long, broken only by the rain. Finally a child — she may have been eight — made a remark, rude but true. She whispered that khaki is an ugly color, unbecoming to the woman wearing it. I was the only one wearing khaki.

"Why has she come in here?" asked a prim older child.

"They can go where they like and do what they like. Nobody dares to stop them," replied a big woman in a blue gingham dress and white linen coat, very clean and starched.

Voices ceased. Staring continued. It wasn't pleasant. I decided to try something. In our view was a lovely tree. I remarked on its beauty and quoted a German poet. An elderly man, sitting on his knapsack, his head down in his hands, looked up at the tree and slowly gave the next verse, on trees in the rain. A sensitive-faced girl, perhaps nineteen, spoke then, saying that we live in an ugly time — beauty is forgotten. "Manners are also forgotten and kindness of heart to a stranger," the elderly man reminded us. "We have a new era. It's time human behavior improved."

The starched woman glared and her face was very white. She did not say anything, nor did any of us say anything further. The storm ceased. They went townward while I continued up the road. A farmer out testing his sodden hay called "Grüss Gott" before I addressed him, and further on a fair girl who had been milking in the fields smiled cheerfully. She was having trouble with her cow, who wanted to follow her through the gate, and she readily accepted my help, handing the full pail to me and then climbing over. We walked together until I turned down the little lane to Gisela's home.

When Karl and Gisela were over the surprise of my coming, it was as if we had not been parted. There was no bridge of awkwardness to cross. They wanted news of my family, as I did of theirs, and they were eager to hear how it had been in England.

I found Karl well — more than well: clear of mind, spirited; and Gisela lit as by a candle with the wonder of having him home.

"Your Americans did it. They released him. It is a miracle of God," she declared.

"She is right," Karl endorsed. "We had no power within Germany great enough to free ourselves from the Nazis. Our opposition was too small."

Taken into Nazi custody under suspicion that he had information about the movement of children into Sweden and other outside lands, the children of Jews and Nazi opposers, Karl had been tortured and revived alternately in the office where he was questioned, and then had been sent to a concentration camp. He had survived six years of it. What he had endured showed only in the scars on his head and hands — his thumbs are gone — and in his swollen joints.

"I'm fit as a fiddle," he insisted. "Six months of Gisela's cooking — and the vitamin tablets — will give me the strength of ten." He sobered. "Those of us who knew exactly why we were there fared better than those who didn't. We had an extra power as from beyond us. We had to live into the new time to be here to work in it. The new time has come. It's been given to us."

"Eisenhower," Gisela kept repeating. "That's a German name. Probably the descendant of someone who went from here to seek liberty in the New World. But it isn't just the German names I think about. Those Americans are the sons of all Europe returned to put down evil. And what a price they have paid for us in their dead and wounded. We must be worthy of it."

"We must be worth it," affirmed Karl, "and we must not trust in outward appearances or rest in the belief that Nazism is easily got rid of. There is only one sure way. That is to strike at its root with education — adult education and an education for every child."

THE CARE AND FEEDING OF CORRESPONDENTS

by EDGAR L. JONES

I

NEARLY every Navy PRO (Public Relations Officer) doing time in the Pacific consoled himself with the promise that if he ever got out of uniform with his sanity, he would write a book about the care and feeding of war correspondents. The more harassed of these servants of the Fourth Estate, having brooded too long in a humor-sapping climate, referred to themselves as Seeing Eye dogs for "eyewitness" reporters.

PRO's, it must be understood, had a jaundiced outlook on their military life. Many of them were professional writers before the war, and for several years had to forgo their own careers while assisting draft-exempt writers to make names for themselves. Anyone in the Armed Forces could write for publication except PRO's, who, because they were paid an officer's salary to be military writers, had to prepare the material which some civilian correspondent could rewrite under his own byline. The more devoted a PRO was to his duties, the more thoroughly he cut his own post-war throat, professionally speaking, because he was in the ironic position of having to elevate his competitors, often second-rate ones or novices, to positions of prominence.

A good PRO knew everything, and he placed his knowledge at the disposal of visiting war correspondents, preferably in written form. He knew that the amount of publicity which his island, unit, or command would receive was in direct proportion to his ability to make life easy for civilian writers, and that it therefore behooved him to keep on hand a number of good stories which could be rewritten in the first person without effort. Because of the willingness of PRO's to be of service, one well-known journalist was able to write several excellent eyewitness pieces without setting foot outside the office of an accommodating PRO; he was even able to retire to the Officers' Club while enlisted men in the office retyped his final copy.

Every island in the Pacific had its PRO, who, if he

was alert, had in his files a mimeographed history of the island, complete with pre-censored pictures, which contained everything from the date of discovery to interesting anecdotes about the wildlife. After spending two hours with the PRO, or three hours if he actually wanted to tour the island, a competent correspondent was able to cable his editor an impressive story dealing with rehabilitation problems, or the influence of American missionaries on native sanitation, or the use of crushed coral as a substitute for cement. Although the PRO may have spent many months accumulating the data which enabled other writers to win fame and fortune, he received no public credit for his efforts; he was lucky if an occasional correspondent left him a bottle of liquor.

Although actually visiting an island facilitated writing about it, the PRO's made it possible for correspondents to write vivid personal accounts of places which they might have seen only from the air in passing to and from the war fronts. The Public Relations Office in Pearl Harbor furnished correspondents with a 140-page booklet describing in detail the flora and fauna, native customs, pre-war economy, climate, and folklore on all the atolls and volcanic masses in the Western Pacific from the Gilbert Islands to the China coast. The material on islands still in Japanese hands was of little use to correspondents, although one reporter new to the Pacific made the mistake of "visiting" in his daily column an island which he learned later was still enemy-held.

The parts of the booklet dealing with territory already captured, however, were rewritten and resold so many times under such titles as "Candid Views of Our New Island Possessions" that the censors soon gave up correcting false impressions. Much of the material on Japanese possessions was compiled in advance of American occupation, and as a consequence several unfounded myths were included in the booklet. By now these myths have been reprinted in so many publications that it would be foolhardy to try to refute them.

Outstanding among the men who served as press agents for islands was Captain Charles McVarish, USMCR, a Boston and Detroit newspaperman stationed for the past year on Guam. As aide to the

EDGAR L. JONES is a Dartmouth graduate who served with distinction with the British Eighth Army in Africa and who was invalided home after fourteen months in the field. Following his convalescence he was sent as the *Atlantic's* correspondent in the Pacific, where on Guam, Saipan, Kwajalein, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa he gathered the material for his series of vivid articles.

Island Commander, McVarish went ashore with a Tommy gun on D Day and thereafter saw to it that the activities under the command of Marine Major General Henry L. Larsen received a good press. Nearly every story written about Guam — and there have been hundreds of them — could be traced in part or almost entirely to the efforts of Captain McVarish and the enlisted men who served as his legmen.

From the approximately two hundred stories which McVarish had on file, a correspondent was assured of several colorful columns, and McVarish was the middleman who arranged interviews with the busiest Seabee or the most reticent native priest. Articles pertaining to the development of Guam as America's foremost advance base in the Pacific were a McVarish specialty, along with stories, serious or humorous, about the capture of Japanese prisoners by means of loud-speakers.

To operate as efficiently as McVarish, a PRO had to be an idea man with a sense of news values as critical as that of a metropolitan city editor. Every morning on Guam, McVarish attended a conference of General Larsen's chiefs of staff. Here he might learn that the representatives of the Military Government were teaching Japanese fishing methods to the Guamanians, or that the Midway to Guam telephone cable had been repaired and reopened, or that a Japanese soldier, seeking a safe way to surrender, waited outside an officers' latrine until he was certain his prospective captor was in no position to shoot him.

After obtaining all the details that could be made public about such activities, McVarish, who for years was a reporter on the old *Boston Transcript*, either prepared a press release for general distribution to all correspondents or filed the information for the future use of correspondents in need of new ideas. When nothing startling occurred on Guam, McVarish created news by making a ceremony of some commonplace event which otherwise would have passed unnoticed. Because he understood the needs of newsmen and was willing to do a large share of their work, McVarish made good copy of life on Guam for more than a year.

2

UNFORTUNATELY, both for correspondents and for the reading public, many islands did not have PRO's of McVarish's caliber. A PRO on a smaller island was likely to be a good-natured officer who was discovered by a superior to have spare time on his hands. Several atoll spokesmen had no special talents for public relations work, but were considered even less qualified to handle the more important jobs pertaining to the operation of an island base. Occasionally an uncomplaining officer became a multi-titled personage, a human catchall for miscellaneous assignments, and served as psychological warfare officer, morale officer, property officer, permanent officer of the day, PRO, manager of the Officers' Club, athletic director, and so on.

Such one-man rumor factories, aiming to please, might assure a newsmen (it happened to me) that the United States was compelled to pay the British five dollars for every coconut tree destroyed while American forces were recapturing a former British possession; but the war correspondent, unless he was new to war, checked the fact with an authority less eager to supply him with sensational headlines.

Greater love for correspondents had no man than the commanding officer of a small atoll in the western Carolines, an atoll which for many months was used as a refueling and rearming point for task forces. It was the officer's belief, and his opinions were gold-braided enough to be commands, that the best was none too good for any newspaper representatives. His PRO's were instructed to be of every possible service to visiting war correspondents, which meant that the island was a favorite staging area of the Fourth Estate.

That island was the only spot in the Central Pacific where all meals for correspondents were free, where newsmen became guest members of the officers' wine mess with no fees attached, and where there was no alcoholic curfew until the last man was ready to call it a night. When it was time for the correspondents to be put aboard their ships in the invasion fleet, the CO and his staff turned out at the dock with a brass band to wish them luck, and each correspondent was given two bottles of liquor, the rarest of all gifts in the Pacific.

With all the courtesies extended to the press, however, the island never received any publicity. The PRO prepared an extensive history of the island, but as long as the atoll was an important base, no discussion of Navy activities was permitted. Not until this July, when the island no longer was of strategic importance, was there any mention of the fact that the unknown island of Ulithi in the western Carolines had been, until the conversion of Guam, the most important Navy base west of Hawaii.

At one time the entire Fifth Fleet anchored in Ulithi's coral lagoon, less than 750 miles from enemy-held Truk, the Japanese equivalent of Pearl Harbor. A Japanese submarine pack partially penetrated Ulithi's underwater defenses on one occasion, a number of Kamikaze pilots flew from Truk to Ulithi on one-way missions, and typhoons hit the atoll-encircled harbor with frequency and violence; yet tiny Ulithi never made the headlines. Nor were any feature stories written about the island's spectacular commanding officer, the best friend correspondents ever had. Several writers planned to do pieces on the man who made a huge base out of a few square miles of coral reef, but the hospitality on the island was such that no one was in condition to do any writing.

Navy supply stories usually emanated from the public relations staff of the Pacific Fleet Service Force, a PRO outfit which operated with a strong dash of Hollywood press agency. The PRO published a seven-page illustrated pamphlet addressed to "War Correspondents Who Want Ideas!" In the

form of an open letter, the pamphlet explained that the Service Force was "jam-packed with stories, news features, magazine pieces, radio copy, everything from adventure yarns to logistics and science, and so this bulletin has been prepared to put you on the trail of this story gold mine (and we do mean gold mine!)." To the horror of regular Navy men, who felt that to appear eager for publicity was poor form, the letter to correspondents added that "Service Force can arrange for you to visit any of its commands, line up interviews, arrange picture coverage, send you to sea on its ships, or, in short, do anything for you that'll help you get your yarn."

These enthusiastic press agents included as possible subjects for articles several topics which were restricted subjects; but enough of an uncensorable nature remained to enable at least one correspondent to write a month's worth of interesting columns without leaving Service Fleet Headquarters.

Although the Service Fleet PRO's widely advertised the fact that they had a vast fund of ready-made stories, most correspondents by-passed their headquarters in Hawaii and continued Guamward to the principal sources of Central Pacific news. Under the jurisdiction of the Service Fleet were hundreds of little-known naval activities, from aerial target towing and deep-sea diving to fire-fighting schools and refrigerator ships, but correspondents rarely were interested in writing about the essentially routine aspects of naval warfare.

In the competition for front-page attention, three major PRO organizations, representing the headquarters of General MacArthur, Admiral Nimitz, and the B-29's, dominated the field. Lesser commands had able PRO's, but their activities were dwarfed, as far as public interest was concerned, by task force strikes and Superfortress raids. Navy and Marine airmen, for example, repeatedly bombed Truk, Wake, Jaluit, and other forgotten islands, where they met enemy anti-aircraft fire as heavy as that over many Japanese industrial centers, but their accomplishments were reduced to one-paragraph summaries at the end of communiqués. Every ship larger than a landing craft also had its PRO, but individual ships, unless hit, rarely made news.

All news from the Southwest Pacific, whether pertaining to the Army, Navy, Coast Guard, or Marines, had to pass through General MacArthur's headquarters, while any announcement of activities in the Central Pacific, an area extending from Hawaii to Japan's Inland Sea, had to bear a Navy censorship stamp. Under this scheme MacArthur released news of fleet movements in Philippine waters, and Nimitz reported the accomplishments of the Tenth Army on Okinawa. As a result of the division of the Pacific into Army and Navy spheres of influence, there was little news of Navy, Marine, Coast Guard, and Seabee achievements in the Southwest Pacific, and a general tendency to underplay the work of the Army, exclusive of its Air Forces, in the Central Pacific.

Correspondents were accredited either to Mac-

Arthur's headquarters or to Nimitz's, but rarely to both, and the censorship regulations varied considerably, particularly in regard to interviews with Japanese prisoners. The Navy, under Nimitz, had a far more cautious and conservative public relations policy than the Liberator of the Southwest Pacific and was inclined to minimize its own losses until long after the truth could have been of any military value to the Japanese.

The Navy's outstanding sea engagement of the war, the Second Battle of the Philippines, occurred in MacArthur's domain, and the Army's immediate announcement of the results made some of the Navy's older guard shudder. Correspondents accredited to the Navy and actually aboard the ships which took part in the battle could not get their stories released through Admiral Nimitz's headquarters for approximately two weeks, and by that time the story was dead. In the conflict between a premature and a belated announcement of what happened, no full and accurate account of the battle ever was published.

3

THE only independent news agency to operate successfully within the Nimitz-MacArthur spheres of influences was the public relations staff of the Twenty-First Bomber Command of the Twentieth Air Force, or, less technically speaking, of the Marianas-based Superfortresses. Serving as PRO for the B-29's was one of the most arduous assignments which a non-fighting man could draw in the Pacific. Before each raid the PRO and his staff had to prepare a description of the prospective mission, stating the target, the industrial and military objectives, the previous tonnage dropped on the area, the number of planes scheduled to take off, the type of munitions to be carried, the altitude (high, medium, low) to be flown, and any other facts of possible public interest. The PRO arranged a briefing for the correspondents, making the fifteen-mile jeep trip himself to their Navy headquarters or sending transportation for them to come to the bomber base. As soon as the planes were air-borne, the correspondents were free to start writing their own versions of the mission, with the PRO standing by to answer special questions and to work with the censors.

When the PRO had official word that bombs were away, the censored news stories went on the wire, and the PRO returned to his headquarters to begin collecting data on the results of the raid. The planes on a Tokyo raid were in the air between fourteen and sixteen hours, and the PRO, if he was lucky, occasionally had a chance to sleep a few hours in his clothes during the return flight. Once the first planes had landed, he had to attend the interrogation of the pilots and bombardiers, obtain an official summary of damage done, pick up personal anecdotes and quotations from crew members, and talk with the photo interpreters.

Shortly after the last plane had landed, he was ex-

pected to have ready for the correspondents a news release on the latest accomplishments of the B-29's, including a statement by General LeMay, and the full names and addresses of men who had shot down enemy planes or who had made quotable remarks about what occurred over Japan. With one raid over, the PRO then had to commence writing a description of the next target.

Furnishing correspondents with the latest news pertaining to current B-29 missions was only a part of the PRO's job. Because many wanted material for feature stories and articles, the PRO staff had to have on hand an up-to-date portfolio of statistics on the number of B-29 missions flown, the total tonnage of explosives dropped, the aggregate damage done to various Japanese cities, and a large backlog of information concerning the length of the runways, the weight of a loaded bomber, the man-hours spent in clearing the jungles for airstrips, and accounts of outstanding personalities. The PRO also had to take correspondents on a conducted tour of the bomber command, from the weather station to the briefing rooms, arrange for writers to go on bombing missions, and search out men from the correspondents' home states for interviews.

The PRO who acted as mouthpiece for the B-29's during the last and most devastating months of the war evolved a publicity scheme whereby a correspondent from a metropolitan newspaper could have a plane named for his city. If a reporter from the *Boston Herald*, for example, was looking for a new angle for his stories, the PRO would find a bomber crew which included two or three Boston men and convince the crew that it would be a good idea to name the plane the "City of Boston."

In this way the Boston correspondent could have a local angle for all his stories, starting probably with a trick introduction, such as "Japs Fire on City of Boston." Meanwhile, the *Baltimore Sun*, *Milwaukee Journal*, and *Kansas City Star* would be printing similar stories about the "City of Baltimore," the "City of Milwaukee," and the "City of KaySee."

The only disadvantage of following the flights of a single "city" plane, as the representative of the *Baltimore Sun* discovered, was that the plane might crash just as the home-town readers had become interested enough in the plane to start sending gifts to the crew, and then no other bomber crew could be talked into adopting the jinxed name.

Admiral Nimitz's PRO's were my advisers and guardians for more than six months, which was almost long enough to understand both how and why they functioned as they did. Regardless of a correspondent's attitude toward PRO's, he could make very few moves in a war zone without their assistance.

A Pacific byline became a household name through the courtesy of the PRO's, or, in some cases, despite the PRO's. The top-ranking PRO in the Pacific was the recognized boss of all correspondents accredited to the Navy, and the correspondents had to sign an

agreement whereby they were subject to any regulations issued by "competent naval authority." Yet the correspondents, backed by the extra-martial power of public opinion, could make or break a PRO on the basis of their judgment of his competency. So it was questionable who was under whose thumb, and therein lay the basis of a perpetual conflict. The correspondents brought about the removal of one PRO, made an admiral of another, and at the close of the war were sizing up their latest superior officer.

Adjacent to Admiral Nimitz's hilltop headquarters on Guam was an elongated double-decker structure occupied by his immediate public relations staff, an energizing force of some twenty-five officers, as many enlisted men, and at least a dozen censors. Close by was an equally large photographic section of the PRO organization, and still another building housed the radio department. Through these three public relations groups passed the bulk of all that one read, saw, or heard about the Navy in the Pacific. While one group created, censored, and distributed written news, another processed all the official Navy photographs taken by Navy, Marine, and Coast Guard cameramen, plus the commercial pictures taken by Acme, INS, AP Photos, and others, and the third handled the transmission of NBC, CBS, and Mutual broadcasts, in addition to transcribed radio service shows.

Channeled into the Guam news factory was the handiwork of hundreds of PRO staffmen and correspondents on islands, ships, and beachheads throughout the Pacific. Nimitz's immediate PRO's were few in number, compared with his widely scattered agents who photographed in Technicolor the furious onrush of Kamikaze pilots, or who toted wire recorders ashore to relay to the home front the sounds of a D Day onslaught.

4

ADMIRAL NIMITZ's head newsman, who bore the title of PRO CinCPac (Public Relations Officer, Commander-in-Chief, Pacific Fleet) invariably was an Annapolis graduate who had a firm understanding of what was or was not in keeping with traditional Navy policies, but who usually had had little or no previous experience in newspaper, magazine, radio, or public relations work. In positions of less prestige there were Naval Reserve officers who formerly had been journalists, and even one who was publisher of a large daily paper, but such an important staff position as that of PRO CinCPac, which necessitated daily conferences with bestarred superiors, called for a member of the regular Navy.

Therefore the job of riding herd over approximately two hundred competitive representatives of American journalism fell to an officer who had been divorced from civilian thinking since his initial year at the Academy. Naturally that officer was ill-equipped to appreciate the driving forces which made correspondents the high-strung, irreverent and disrespectful,

sensation-minded, deadline-dazed individuals that they were.

The last PRO CinCPac title holder was Captain Fitzhugh Lee, USN, an able carrier skipper, lean-faced and still young, who came to the Guam post after a vigorous career afloat. Most of the correspondents met him for the first time when they returned from covering the opening phases of the battle for Okinawa. Captain Lee readily admitted in his first press conference that he was unfamiliar with the workings of newspaperdom; he was shocked, he said, to learn that some Pacific correspondents condoned the behavior of AP man Edward Kennedy in the European Theater, and he wanted it plainly understood that under his command there would be no breaking of release dates or betrayals of the promises made among gentlemen.

He gave the green light to the formation of a correspondents' grievance committee, inaugurated weekly showings of confidential and secret battle films to all press representatives, stepped up a system whereby crewmen from fighting ships were brought ashore for press interviews, and in general made himself more available than his predecessors.

Try as he would to stimulate a spirit of comradeship between journalists and himself, however, Captain Lee's Navy-bred sensibilities sometimes interfered with the freedom of the pressmen. Stories not involving military security occasionally distressed Captain Lee to the point where he felt it necessary to call in an offending correspondent and explain to him that some stories were better left unprinted. One writer, for example, mentioned in a dispatch the black-market operations of naval officers who bartered their liquor rations for souvenirs or cash. Navy officers could buy several bottles of liquor a month, in addition to what they could drink nightly at Officers' Clubs, while enlisted men were restricted to six bottles of beer a week.

Among enlisted men, whose thirst was as human as that of the officers, a bottle of whiskey was worth a precious Samurai sword or upwards of forty dollars in cash. Although Captain Lee agreed with the correspondent that it was regrettable that an officer in the United States Navy would buy a tax-free bottle of liquor for three dollars and sell it to a fox-holed enlisted man for forty, he also expressed the opinion that publicizing the fact would arouse unfavorable reaction on the home front and even might result in the curtailment of the drinking privileges enjoyed by officers. The correspondent was urged to "think through" his story and reflect upon the possible consequences before cabling anything to his newspaper.

Another correspondent learned of a carrier disaster in which the bottoms fell out of a number of life rafts when the survivors of a naval battle were forced to abandon ship. Because the lines holding the floors of the rafts to their cork rims had been rotten, the survivors were adrift without food, water, fishing tackle, and the other emergency equipment

ordinarily fastened to the bottoms of life rafts. The censors passed the correspondent's version of the incident, but the writer was summoned by Captain Lee, who explained to him that the failure of the life rafts was one of the fortunes of war and should not be reported in a way which would imply that someone aboard the ship had been negligent. According to Captain Lee, any belated publicity would merely result in an investigation which would slow up the war effort. In man-to-man fashion, Captain Lee stressed the fact that civilian correspondents, just like regular military men, were working toward a quick peace, and that it was the responsibility of the press to judge all stories in the light of their contributions to final victory.

The primary duty of the PRO CinCPac was to assure full press coverage of all major Navy operations. The simple-sounding job became more arduous with each new invasion, until finally the PRO staff controlled press boats, seaplanes, extensive radio and teletype facilities, the latest paraphernalia for camping out on beachheads, and even parachute equipment for dropping press copy to security-minded censors. At least a month before an invasion the PRO had to have the complicated details of his public relations program in order.

Since space aboard key ships was limited, the PRO had the ticklish job of deciding which news agencies or papers would have representatives in the choice berths. Once the majority of the newsmen were satisfied, the PRO could equip each of them with the proper clothing and battle necessities and take care of such minor personal matters as changing mail addresses and stowing excess gear in a safe place. And finally, the PRO had to work out a system whereby the press copy written by scores of thoroughly dispersed correspondents would reach their editors, at least ten thousand miles away, within twenty-four hours.

5

PRO efficiency reached an all-time high during the invasion of Okinawa. At least one hundred civilian newsmen, photographers, magazine writers, newsreel cameramen, artists, and radiomen covered the operations, plus large numbers of Army, Navy, Coast Guard, and Marine combat correspondents and enlisted personnel representing such service publications as *Yank*, *Leatherneck*, and *Mid-Pacifican*. While some writers wished to go ashore with the assault troops, others desired to follow the activities of fleet units and air wings. Inasmuch as the Army troops taking part in the invasion were staged in the Philippines, the Marines in the Marianas and Hawaiian Islands, while the Navy rendezvoused in the western Carolines, the PRO's were over their heads in paper work in their attempt to get every correspondent aboard his assigned ship before the date of departure.

Eyewitness reports and photographs of the Okinawa invasion were sent to Guam and relayed from

there to San Francisco and thence to the East Coast, a distance of more than eleven thousand miles. The PRO's and censors opened a branch office aboard Admiral Turner's flagship, with a priority to use the radio transmission facilities of three ships. All press copy and films had to pass through the PRO office aboard the flagship and then be forwarded to Guam. Urgent dispatches were censored on the spot and radioed from there to Guam, or were sent by teletype to another radio transmission ship and thence to Guam, where they were relayed to San Francisco by Navy radio or via the cable which runs from Guam to Midway to Hawaii to the West Coast. Feature stories and other less urgent press material, together with photographs and newsreel films, were bundled for shipment via a landing craft to the newly established seaplane base at Kerama Retto, a two-hour journey, and flown from there to Guam for censorship and remailing to the mainland.

The principal problem of the PRO's was not getting the press copy to Guam, but getting it from the correspondents to the flagship. After D Day the hundred-odd correspondents were anywhere from fifty miles at sea to fifteen miles inland from the beaches. To facilitate the regular flow of copy to the flagship, the PRO's established two mobile headquarters ashore, one to follow Army forces and the other to keep pace with the Marines. In these press headquarters, through the efforts of hard-working enlisted personnel on the PRO staffs, the newsmen were assured of a mosquito-netted bed, three meals a day (usually), a handy foxhole, a blacked-out tent where they could work with the standard typewriters brought ashore by the PRO organizations, and transportation to the beach or embattled areas. Their copy was rushed by jeep in waterproof containers to a certain sector of the invasion beach, where four times a day a PRO press boat picked it up and conveyed it to the flagship for censorship.

The written material of correspondents who were stationed aboard warships to report the Navy's air and sea activities was picked up once a day by a landing craft. The PRO's were required to know the location of all journalists afloat and dispatch a press boat daily to their ships, wherever they might be. The copy of writers on aircraft carriers was often flown to the transport area and dropped by parachute to the flagship. And thus by jeep, boat, and plane the PRO's somehow managed to keep the copy moving toward American newsstands.

The PRO system for handling news could break down, and frequently did. At Iwo Jima the press boats which tried to maintain a ship-to-ship collection service were swamped by rough seas, and for several days the beachhead itself, badly clogged with the debris of scores of smashed landing craft, was closed to all small-boat traffic. The PRO's who went ashore to establish a press headquarters were confined virtually incommunicado in their foxholes by mortar fire and only at irregular intervals were able to get copy to the flagship. Several correspondents

with forward elements of the Marines were completely out of touch with the beach, and for the first four or five days none of their copy reached the censors, standing by at sea. Nothing made a correspondent more bitter about PRO's than the discovery that the stories for which he risked his life did not reach his editor until too late to be of news value.

Since public relations were considered by most fighting men to be secondary to winning the war, a PRO had to fight for radio transmission time, transportation, and even for tent space. In a battle area, an aggressive PRO had his civilian charges eating with the chiefs of staff and riding with generals, while those PRO's who would not have talked back to a Caspar Milquetoast — and there were several of them — had to feed their disgruntled wards themselves out of K-ration cans.

If a PRO failed to support the correspondents in the style to which they claimed to be accustomed, they soon left the PRO's bed and board and either transferred their attentions to another unit with better feeding facilities or returned to more luxurious living on Guam. One PRO on Okinawa, for example, was left with an empty press tent and no newspaper clippings to show his commanding officer, simply because his own inadequacies forced the correspondents to spend more time foraging for food and water than in gathering news material. On the other hand, a divisional PRO on Iwo Jima, who damned the mortar fire and provided the newsmen with hot soup and roast beef sandwiches for lunch, gained the lasting friendship of the Fourth Estate and three times as much publicity for his unit as was received by any other outfit.

If correspondents had written nothing at all, there would still have been news of Pacific operations. The first announcement of an important event in the Central Pacific, excluding B-29 missions, always was made by Admiral Nimitz, and subsequent developments were reported in successive daily communiqués, which were edited by the PRO and immediately sent to the San Francisco offices of the press wire services. Admiral Nimitz's reports on battles usually reached the newspapers at least twelve hours ahead of the correspondents' eyewitness reports and contained essentially all that could be said at the time. In addition, the Navy furnished the newspapers with the eyewitness reports of its own combat correspondents and of the Marine, Coast Guard, and Army combat correspondents.

Although official summaries of Pacific battles were both ample and timely, nearly everyone with whom I talked agreed that civilian correspondents were an essential corps and performed a vital function. The general opinion prevailed that it would have been un-American to have had only official military reporters covering a war, and that the presence of responsible civilian newsmen, as representatives of the public at large, assured the maintenance of a relatively free wartime press.

HARVARD TAKES STOCK

by JACQUES BARZUN

1

IN THE confusion of counsels heard throughout the land for redirecting higher education, there has sounded at last a strong, explicit, almost insistent utterance, which we may hope will help to settle doubts and abate discussion. I refer to the report of a Harvard committee which has been sitting for two years, and which a month ago published its findings under the title of *General Education in a Free Society*. A week before publication the chief points of the work were detailed on the front page of the *New York Times*, and some days later an editorial hazarded a guess that the document might be a landmark in the history of American education.

This is as it should be. Harvard's "quiet influence," as Dickens called it a century ago, continues very great, and the members of the current committee have consciously justified it by recognizing at every step the existence of the broad world that lies beyond the College walls. Though nominally addressing President Conant, they have really addressed the whole nation; and though dealing with a local problem in curriculum-making, they have kept in view its counterpart on many an American campus. The feeling of solidarity expressed by the Harvard writers with every other institution of learning, large or small, rich or poor, is unmistakably sincere; and they have given it the force of a political idea by stating, with reasons in support, that the day of the scholar and gentleman is gone: the age of the scholar and citizen has begun. We feel a mood of rededication to a national cause.

With fervor and prestige behind them, the conclusions of the report are thus bound to make a difference, not only to Harvard and its students, but also to hundreds of other institutions with their thousands — from preparatory and high schools to universities, taking in junior colleges, teachers' colleges, and plain colleges on the way. This fact is of such importance, both in itself and for what I have to say later, that I

may be pardoned for re-enforcing it with a personal anecdote.

Last spring, I was invited to tell the very conservative faculty of a first-rate small college my impressions of the curriculum reform going on all over the country. During the question period that followed my talk, I was asked, "Why change anything? Isn't the remaking of college education mere wartime nervousness on the part of deans and faculties?" I replied, giving further reasons why change seemed imperative, and happened to mention the almost Congressional hearings then being held by the Harvard committee. Instantly the mood of my audience veered. Skepticism and, I'm afraid, smugness turned into a charmed expectancy — of what Harvard was going to do.

What does Harvard propose? In a word, it bids the nation supply more General Education. This phrase does not mean instruction of a looser, less exact sort, but instruction that will cultivate rather than train, form the mind rather than fill it. The term "General Education" may be unfortunate, as I think, if only because it conceals a tautology, but it is now standard American for the older "Liberal Education" whose genteel connotations it discards. Several Midwestern universities have set up "General Colleges" or "Divisions of General Studies," and there is an Association for General Education which has met, argued, polled its members, and issued (last June) a lively symposium on what General Education stands for.

According to the Harvard report, General Education is "education for an informed responsible life in our society." It deals with the acquisition of "common standards and common purposes," and serves society no less than the individual by giving him the equipment he needs to understand the civilization he lives in. A man may also be master of a trade, an art, a business, or a science, but he is first of all and inescapably a citizen. As such, he is called upon to form judgments and take action about things other than those in his own "line," than which — by definition — nothing is narrower.

In the modern world this competence beyond the chosen line requires more than the habit of tuning in on radio news. It requires, as the Harvard report recognizes, a thorough grounding in at least three great

JACQUES BARZUN was born in Paris in 1907 and educated in France. He came to this country in 1919, was naturalized in 1933, and has been Associate Professor of History at Columbia University since 1942. The author of several *Atlantic* books, the most recent being *Teacher in America*, it was natural that we should turn to him for an evaluation of the Report of the Harvard Committee, *General Education in a Free Society*.

divisions of learning — science, social science, and the humanities. In these last — letters, philosophy, and the arts — the education is of the feelings as much as of the mind, and as the committee are aware, we need feelings thus humanized in order to keep the bare knowledge supplied by the other two groups of studies from turning against civilization itself. The atomic bomb is, so to speak, a product of the atomic brain, meaning by this the mind cut off from all concerns but one; an achievement, certainly, but one which, if it is not under the control of moral judgment, political skill, and religious convictions, is quite simply accursed.

This is why the Harvard writers properly introduce social and economic considerations to buttress every feature of their plan and are able to demonstrate that General Education is one of the prerequisites to a free society. They go even farther and bring out of our economic and social past the reasons why American education has neglected general studies for nearly a century, supplying instead an enormous amount of highly competent but undirected technical knowledge. The atomic brain was everywhere busy reproducing its kind with no heed to the consequences.

In high schools and colleges this blindness took the form of early specialization, the nibbling away of the “academic course,” the free election of “major” studies funneling the mind toward the nearest point of vocational fitness marked by a degree, and the prevalence of an attitude of scorn for what was “mere” education, “mere” liberal arts, “mere” general knowledge. A play on words was invariably used to defeat all but the most determined young minds seeking an education. Knowledge, they were told, is never general; it is always particular; you either know a thing or you don’t.

This was true, but it overlooked the equally plain fact that between the highest expertness and the completest ignorance there is a vast range of conditions, each of which is genuine knowledge. To recognize the words “Monroe Doctrine” or the term “Quichuan” is something — something above ignorance. Which you should know more about, or how much is enough on any one point, is another question — the question, precisely, curriculum-makers must decide, given the eight years shared between high school and college for turning a child into a citizen.

What the Harvard writers have decided in this regard commends itself as much by its simplicity as by its fitness for present-day conditions in the United States. They recognize and would encourage the great national demand for technical and vocational training. But they argue the equal need for endowing as many of our future citizens as possible with the elements of a general education. In the high schools the committee wish to see not only more time devoted to general studies, particularly in science and language, but also an altered spirit governing work in the reading and writing of English and the study of history, music, and the plastic arts.

But obviously the secondary schools cannot act alone. The college program must be geared to their offering and give point to their preparation. For the four-year college, Harvard proposes a common core of studies, required of all undergraduates, in addition to the individual choice of a specialty. At Harvard itself this common core will consist of three courses introducing the student to the natural sciences, the social sciences, and the humanities. In effect, each of these courses will cover two years, though with some choice among the sequels to the prescribed groundwork. The writing of English will be combined with the pursuit of these basic studies, and tutorial work will be reserved for honors students.

How each of the new courses should be organized, how it should be taught, how it should be gauged for effectiveness, are matters upon which the committee have much to say, though they make plain the desirability of fitting college programs to local needs, and preach educational diversity as alone consistent with the freedom that their own plan is to help maintain.

Many other matters occupy the writers of the report: the supply of teachers and the reform of teachers’ colleges; the uses of manual and physical training; the meaning of the “right” to a college education; the proper ways of language and mathematics teaching; the Great Books curriculum; as well as the myriad connections of learning with industry, science, politics, and world peace. A topical index, if there were one, would show how far these educators have ranged and how extensive Harvardian research can be. But it would not show an added merit of the written result, which is the felicitous statement of many abstract truths and the easy flow of discourse about matters that must always seem to the laity technical without picturesqueness — that is to say, a little dull.

Yet surely no report of this weight, issued by a committee of this size and eminence, ever achieved so light a touch. I quote at random: “People are apt to locate beauty in picture galleries and museums and to leave it there”; “Reason is not a faculty operating separately from interest and zest”; “When logic and apparent fact fall out with one another, the scientist takes the fact and leaves the logic for future repair”; “But intellectual orderliness can, when misplaced, be fatal to either order or justice in the changing society that is our heritage and our responsibility”; “Values are rooted in facts; and human ideals are somehow a part of nature”; “In a recent accession of global sentiment, the faculty expanded the requirement to include Latin, ancient Greek, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Arabic”; “Parroting apart, the language as used in a subject is in practice indistinguishable from the subject itself.”

2

WITH so many things so well said in the report, it should seem as if there were nothing for me to add. I

have dealt with the Harvard report on its broadest front, shown its design for steering American education away from the special and toward the general, and expressed, for what it is worth, my own sense of the rightness of this attempt at the present time.

Unfortunately, a closer look at the report reveals errors and deficiencies which cannot be passed over in silence. They could be called harmless blemishes only if the report were an intramural affair and not, as is the fact, a national document. The very weightiness of the committee's views, their presentation to the public in book form even before the concrete proposal has become law at Harvard, no less than the essential rightness of the central message, compel one to judge the text with the same standards as would apply to a singlehanded essay of equal scope.

The deficiencies I speak of fall roughly under four heads: incoherent judgments, philosophic misunderstanding, neglect of history, and practical omissions. In a short space I can only sample each kind, while repeating that these errors — as I see them — are important not because they undermine the committee's main position, but rather in themselves, as weaknesses which alert opponents of General Education will seize upon, or as misleading doctrines which will confuse those eager to follow the call.

The incoherent judgments are not casual, but affect matters of moment now and hereafter. On an early page, for example, we are asked not to deplore the American faith in education as a cure-all. Later, however, we are admonished with a certain blandness that "the schools cannot do everything" and will very likely fail if they attempt more than their proper task. In one chapter the critics of teachers' colleges are rebuked, and the training of teachers in "methods" rather than subjects is condoned. Elsewhere this amiable concession is withdrawn — though not the rebuke — and real concern is expressed over the inadequacies of current teacher training.

Even in describing the proposed curriculum, the report seems to be attending to too many things for a clear grasp of its own meaning: "It would be a mistake," we are told, "to set off a certain period of the college course for general education." This clearly takes a stand against an existing practice of making the first two years of college mainly preparatory to more specialized work in the last two. But a few paragraphs beyond, we apparently find the very "mistake" that we were warned against: "It is suggested that the required courses in the humanities, the social sciences, and the sciences shall be taken during the first two years of college. . . . *The broad scope of these courses would be particularly helpful to the student who is preparing to choose a field of concentration.*" This last statement, which I have italicized, does not indeed flatly contradict the previous one, but it does assert the widely held view which the former remark seemed to deny. The fault no doubt is purely rhetorical, but is not on that account the more easily excused in a plea for General Education.

Instances of this sort could be readily multiplied,

and on points as deserving of definiteness as the merits of Latin, the true character of modern-language study, or the worth of departmentalization in colleges. The more controversial the issue, the more regrettable it is to find it straddled; and the easy flow of discourse, praiseworthy in its way, becomes reprovable when it leads to repetitions that tend to make the main subject not so much fugue-like as fugitive.

The least exacting reader must feel baffled when, a hundred pages beyond the clear definition of General Education as dealing with common standards and common purposes, he finds: "It is clearly of much more importance that honest thinking, clearness of expression, and the habit of gathering and weighing evidence before forming a conclusion be encouraged than it is that students be required to take any particular group of introductory courses. We believe that there are altogether valid reasons for requiring students to have some things in common, but the reasons for a common body of learning and of ideas should not be confused with the quite different reasons for an approach to learning more conducive to the objectives of a general education than are courses designed primarily for specialists or would-be specialists."

The second error is philosophical and has to do with what is perhaps the one most pressing subject of reform in our schools — the teaching of science. In making the humanities and social sciences serve General Education, much experience has already been acquired, as I shall point out later. But turning science, which is specialization par excellence, into a source of general culture is relatively new and unmistakably difficult. President Conant having said some admirable things on this question, one had a right to expect that the committee would build upon them to give the academic world a full and clear declaration of principles.

This was Harvard's peculiar opportunity, for less authorized critics are usually dismissed as incompetent or as harboring evil designs against science — quite as if anyone could wish to make away with the ocean or could be blamed for calling it salt. It should by now be plain that to criticize the teaching of science implies a very lively interest in science itself. The wish for reform in fact comes from seeing that, because science and mathematics have branched out into complexities beyond the grasp of the child gathering pebbles on the shore, we must do something through General Education to reunite the scientific and the humanistic halves of our culture.

This effort need involve no violation of the canons of science, and I am ready to believe the revolution can be achieved without shooting any scientists. But it does involve the removal of prejudices on both sides of the possible barricades, and it is here that the Harvard report unhappily fails us. Its suggestions about suitable courses and readings in science are obvious and acceptable enough, but its general views are for the most part vague and mistaken.

It keeps talking of science as the exclusive realm of precision, and that is to confuse precision with measurement. Or else it unravels the threadbare by telling us that science is organized common sense and that "the scientist . . . ensures himself, when he can, the proper circumstances for pursuing his inquiry by ordering the conditions of the natural event himself. This is the point of scientific experiment." Or again we are informed that the social sciences have hitherto failed to develop techniques for certainty comparable to those of science.

All of this implies that science is the model for human thought in all fields, which in turn contradicts the committee's sensible wish for a science teaching which shall describe "the nature of the scientific enterprise" and distinguish scientific from other modes of thought. I would add here: modes *equally precise* and using techniques *equally serviceable*. For until the equality in diversity of the three branches of learning is established, the cultural and educational confusion will not cease. To harp on the precision of science and the failure of other disciplines to imitate it is not only to forget that art, history, and science can each be precise and truth-giving where the others are crude and false; it is also to throw away the whole case for a threefold General Education.

3

AFTER this it may seem a small matter that the Harvard writers steadily use the word "pragmatic" in a popular and wholly erroneous sense. Yet this is possibly a clue to their fumbling about science, at the same time that it argues some disregard for one of their visible inspirers, William James. And this brings me to my last and most serious criticism: their neglect of certain historical facts to the detriment of the report's practical usefulness.

The facts I have in mind belong to the history of American higher education during the last thirty years, but I might remark in passing that the substantial quotations found in the Harvard text are chiefly from the ancient Greeks. Except for a few ornamental phrases, one has little sense of a world of modern thought since the Renaissance, though that is clearly the culture which General Education is to lead us into. In the same way, the educational philosophy and the devices here proposed seem to come mainly out of anonymous social and economic factors, and hardly at all out of the work of American educators since the turn of the century. It is true that at the outset the committee disclaim originality and pioneering, but this is not enough to dispel the ambiguity which attaches throughout 200 pages to the words "our views," "our position." Nor is the case bettered when the report casually mentions certain details of plans in force elsewhere as having afforded valuable hints; for this is bound to suggest that the cultural connection has been acknowledged in full.

One such reference is to the "Introduction to Con-

temporary Civilization" given since 1918 in Columbia College, Columbia University, a course which the Harvard report terms "very successful" and comparable to its own proposed work in the social sciences. I believe that this much having been said, the writers would have found it of *practical* importance to go on and say that every feature of the proposed Harvard plan, comprising the three two-year introduction courses, the balance between specialization and general education, the handling of English composition, the advisory and tutorial schemes, had been in operation at Columbia College for periods ranging from seven to twenty-seven years.

I am not raising the question of credit, for ideas are in the air and not subject to copyright. I raise the question of practical utility. To examine the Columbia College offering, even to criticize it in the light of the recent adoption or adaptation of some of its courses by such colleges as Yale and Princeton; to deal with what the University of Chicago has done on a similar threefold plan for nearly a decade; to digest what colleges like Swarthmore and Scripps have achieved in their Honors and Humanities programs, and what Wisconsin has done in the sciences — all this and more was relevant, for several reasons.

First, it would have put behind each feature of Harvard's proposal to the nation the weight of actual experience gathered at many places. This would have disposed of the notion implicit in any manifesto that here is a new enterprise, untried and, to that extent, untrustworthy. To offset this idea, the committee merely nod to an "era of experimentation," excusing their haste by the wish to stick to Harvard business. This is neither helpful nor in keeping with the broad title chosen for the report, and the brief listing of "five major approaches," preceding their own, unhappily confirms the impression that an era of synthesis is about to begin. The fact is that we are well beyond experimenting, that synthesis has been achieved, and that stored-up truths are on hand to help others avoid mistakes.

Had these truths been sifted and incorporated in the report, they would have been made widely available in a way that no other document or agency could rival. This was indeed the point of publishing such a report at a time when nearly every other college and university is tackling the same problems and producing similar blueprints for its private use. Moreover, by discussing the context of various types of courses in General Education, the report would have achieved a concreteness it now lacks; and by distinguishing the essential from the incidental in any given aspect of the new curriculum, it would have served the interests of the diversity it preaches.

Having visited a good many places of learning during the past fifteen months, I think I know what deans and faculties want to find out. They are familiar with the background and the drawbacks of older practice; they want to hear about the background and the advantages of the new. They believe in the desirability of at least some General Education,

but they foresee difficulties and want practical solutions. At times they underestimate the obstacles or *consider certain things impossible*, such as organizing the sciences into one introductory course or subjecting every American undergraduate to an encounter with music and the fine arts. It is on these points precisely that the Harvard report disclaims competence or is silent. It touches, very gingerly, on the problems of administration and budget arising out of its grand design, but these are only two out of the host of problems that General Education brings in its train. After much trial and error, many of them have been met; yet one would search in vain through the report for a sign that they and their solutions exist.

One is almost tempted to conclude that, having accumulated a staggering mass of evidence, the committee could only by-pass it to reach their goal. But in doing so they apparently lost sight of what their report truly signifies. It signifies the final break with the German tradition of higher learning imported into the United States in the eighties, and the tacit recognition after twenty-five years that a substantial

sum of native ideas, pragmatically worked out, fit our conditions best.

What Harvard "proposes" is a truly American undergraduate curriculum, equidistant from Oxford and Heidelberg, and maintaining the perpendicular between them. Here again, had the reporters been more interested in educational history, they might have found in the writings of the late President Lowell the full doctrine and the first lineaments of such a college. Lowell began his theorizing as early as 1887 under the Eliot regime, which was committed to the older view. The present committee, in choosing General Education, continues what Lowell called being "at war with academic traditions in America" — a war in which he did not lack allies outside his own university. The country today can still profit from seeing the victorious gains enshrined in the Harvard report; but before that imperfect summary can be a landmark in our educational philosophy, it will have to be filled out with the recorded experience of the past, the elsewhere, and the future — by which I mean the Harvard adventure of the next ten years. We can confidently await the Report of 1955.

NOCTURNE

by ELFORD CAUGHEY

Down in the valley, one by one
Windows flower with light.
Past altering, day's work is done;
Men's dreams unfold toward night.

Evening dark is raw and chill,
Breath steams on the air;
A white moon soars over the hill,
Silence is everywhere.

There on a silver branch of maple,
The owl with burning eye
Commands a field of grass and stubble
Under the moonlit sky.

A sudden drop on silent wing;
Silent the helpless die,
Betrayed by dead leaves whispering,
By the moon full sail on high.

Down in the valley, window-muted,
The voice of a radio:
Peace discussed, rights disputed,
Then to deep slumber go

Elder and younger, dog and bird
With dreams of peace, while still
The owl, sharp-billed and saber-spurred,
Patrols the midnight hill.

ITALY'S BAD DREAM

by GEORGE DE SANTILLANA

1

HERE," said Paolo, "is where we get off." Disreputable yellow tenement sections and broken pavements have yielded to dirt roads and truck gardens. These are the city limits. We clamber off our jeep and set out on a country lane in the limpid Roman dusk.

At a bend of the road a boy of fifteen in a blue short-sleeved sweater gets up casually. "Hey, where you going?"

"I got a word for Augusto," says Paolo. His hand is firmly in his coat pocket.

The boy hesitates for a second, then says, "All right." There is a rustle in the foliage behind him. I get a glimpse of a sub-machine gun covering us.

"By day," says Paolo, "you can come and go as you like, but this is near curfew time. After that it's a better idea to keep away altogether."

He looks hardly older than a boy, with the rounded face of a sophomore — soft features and fresh, turned-up nose. But his eyes are too hard. He is the only man I know of who escaped the torture chambers of Via Tasso by killing his SS guard. A few days later he was back on the job and blew up a munitions train in Ostiense Station. His handiwork is still there for all to see.

He has kept good contacts with the underground. "They made wonderful killers," he explains. "I never was able to kill a man in cold blood. By now they have gone off into all sorts of private enterprise. Some of them raid Allied garbage dumps. They scrape the remains out of the cans and press them together into other cans for resale. New-style Russian salad. Others go in for more high-class jobs."

The road now goes down steeply. At a turn we find ourselves overlooking a shallow vale, full of widely spaced hovels. This is Shanghai Village. Why Shanghai? Nobody knows. A Hooverville where

walls of tufa combine with old planking and tin plate, it is a cross between Southern shacks and adobe huts. A dirty rivulet runs across the main street, in which dirty children play.

Augusto's house is just another hut. But in addition to the usual straw mattresses, there is a bed. Augusto, alias Ertinea, has the right of requisition over womenfolk. He's a swarthy, athletic-looking tough. "How's business?" Well, not so bad. After courteous greetings Augusto sits down heavily on the bed. He taps with his heel on a heap of a dozen tires lying all unconcealed under bedsprings, more than ten thousand dollars' worth at present prices.

But things have not always been easy. A short time ago a carabinieri nabbed a couple of the boys, and the village had to rescue them. It took an hour's shooting, and they had to use mortars. That was not so good, because after that the police decided to put on a big show with tanks, armored cars, and what not. They rounded up two hundred men.

"What happened to them?" Well, didn't we read about that revolt in the Rome jail, where they set fire to the central building? Togliatti, the Communist, who is also Minister of Justice, — a regular guy, — went down to harangue them. Most of them were able to get out. But these troubles are not good for business.

"Gas?" Sure, he had some gas for us. Ten dollars a gallon, as usual. No, no trouble at all. They were going into Rome next night to collect some more. As for the police — if they really decide to get tough with the village, there will always be a way of bringing up those from Primavalle. There is another Communist group down there — why, those boys have got land mines, hand grenades, even anti-tank guns. No danger really.

Here again is an old classmate of mine, who is a high school teacher. He used to have some money, a nice house. The house now looks strangely bare. Is he moving out? "No," he replies with a grin, "it's moving out on me." The story is the usual one that I have found everywhere. It takes a hundred dollars a month for each person in a family. His salary is slightly less than one hundred — every employee from high to low is practically on that same level.

A graduate of the University of Rome who was born in Italy in 1906 and who became a naturalized American in 1945, GEORGE DE SANTILLANA is a physicist and philosopher whose opposition to Mussolini drove him into exile. He found refuge in this country; and early in his stay, while teaching at Harvard, he wrote for the *Atlantic* a memorable picture of the Germans in Italy, entitled "Should Tigers Have Wings?" With his bilingual accomplishments, and with his knowledge of Italy and of his adopted country, he is well qualified to identify for us the dilemma of a land that is walking in a nightmare.

He has to find another three hundred dollars through trucking or borrowing. That leaves no margin. The children needed shoes, so the bureau had to be sold. Then there was sickness in the family and the Persian rug went. The radio will have to go next. But they still have some reserves — there are the bed sheets.

The ration is still that of a year ago — half a pound of bread daily, a third of a pint of oil a month. Everything else has to come from the black market. "And we have to have meat from time to time," he says. "I teach fifty hours a week. We have learned how to live beyond our means."

"Die beyond your means, my friend — that's what it looks like to me."

"We can't afford to die," he says gravely. "Too expensive. But we have certainly given up any thought of the morrow. All of us are either thieves or receivers of stolen goods. Did you see anyone not smoking American cigarettes, which cost two-eighty a package? We just let things slide. The labor situation is choked with unemployment, but try to find a good worker. He will have discovered that he can make more money on the black market. If fathers are selling their daughters — I've seen it happen — why shouldn't teachers sell grades, employees sell permits, or judges hitherto unbribable sell justice? What hope can we have from this government that cannot govern?"

"And yet," he adds after a pause, "do you know, this is a wonderful country. It's a waste land — betrayed, disillusioned, left to itself — yet there is very little violence. There is only as much chiseling as is strictly necessary, and lots of understanding all around. The country runs itself without a police force. It works its way through. Where there is no way, it follows its own unwritten laws. A strange country. It seems to expect of us only that we should live reasonably and meet our death calmly."

2

THE food situation is obviously crucial. Here are some relevant facts on a zone of central southern Italy, among many that I came across or tracked down. The peasants are not only hiding their grain: they are hiding their cattle as well. The heaviest, most publicized penalties have not brought out more than 10 per cent of the quota to be delivered at ceiling prices. It is no use arguing with them, for what will buy them black-market shoes and clothing except black-market food? How can you scour the countryside without a reliable police? But fodder is growing terribly scarce.

True, some provinces like Rome and Cassino, which have been emptied of cattle by the Germans, have fodder available. But what prefect would dare allow the precious cattle to move from his province? It is a reserve against worse times. Bonomi sponsored the policy of provincial blocs. So the peasant

slaughters cattle for himself and moves what he can to the city, on stolen trucks operating on stolen gas, rolling on stolen tires. He bribes inspection on the way and the meat reaches the black market. With tires and gas the price they are, and the risk of Allied MP's confiscating your tires, leaving you jacked up for keeps by the roadside, meat will not go below two dollars a pound.

Only a few food trucks venture on the roads, while the railroads are still almost wholly for Allied use. Meanwhile, the hungry Italian watches the interminable flow of Allied transport and joy-riding soldiers, and draws his own disconsolate conclusion. Few trucks mean great numbers of unemployed truck drivers. A short time ago in the province of Ancona, a delegation from them brought heavy political pressure on the prefect for the expulsion of all truck drivers not natives of the province. The prefect called the hapless aliens together and told them they must get out. The aliens, used by now to direct action, simply closed in on the prefect and beat him up thoroughly. The damaged prefect notified Rome that that measure, like so many other measures, was unenforceable. Could anything be done?

Why, yes, thought the Minister of Transport. Maybe we can borrow from the Army 4000 trucks that it is supposed to get from the Americans. But the Army in its turn had run into difficulties. United States authorities had agreed to release trucks only if the Army showed coöperation by recovering its own trucks liberated by the population during the months of chaos.

The Army wanted to know how it was expected to do it. That's simple, said the Allies; we'll give you a few hundred jeeps to go gather them in. Several squads of police sallied forth in the jeeps. Trucks that had once belonged to the Army were seized and their loads dumped unceremoniously by the roadside. In no time at all, trucks all over the country had vanished — they were hidden in barns or taken to the woods, dismantled, and buried. Transportation was at a standstill. Under threat of famine the order had to be revoked.

Thus things stood when Japan sued for peace. Soon the Allies announced they were going to release 22,000 old trucks. The Minister of Transport promptly got in touch with the Industrial Committee and asked them to submit a plan for quick repairs. But the industrialists stalled. The fact was that they were in no hurry to resume work so long as shops were saddled with three distinct committees: the Union Committee of Workers, a mixed executive committee on administration, and an overall liberation committee. Their pleas for resuming full control having failed, they just sat back and waited. At least their leaders did. So did the Minister of Transport.

"Why," said an incautious correspondent who had dropped in, "don't you just go ahead and requisition the Fiat works?"

"We couldn't think of it," replied the official in

astonishment. "Good God, we'd have a deadlock in the Cabinet and a political crisis on our hands."

He was entirely right, for the so-called leftist parties, who are not overinterested in promoting a revolution, must at least show participation in the government by blocking decisions, and they have several departments and a vice-premiership in their hands.

At last the Minister of Transport decided to appeal for bids from all the small repair shops throughout the country. This was announced as a return to private initiative. But apart from the difficulties it entails of insufficient equipment, of delays, of pooling of trucks to be cannibalized, it means a chance lost to set up a yardstick in transportation, for stock will slide into the hands of new capitalists who are black-marketeers. They can buy all the permits they need, for they know the addresses of the obliging officials.

Thus the country's life takes care of itself in total anarchy. From this single strand, picked out of an inextricable mess, one can surmise that it takes all the inexhaustible boondoggling genius of the Italians to keep alive at all.

It is true also that the situation is beyond any planning. A country, however impoverished, can always scrape together some produce to load on ships and funds to exchange against urgently needed things. But Italy has no shipping. It was confiscated by the Allies down to fishing boats with auxiliary engines. The Allies have no intention of giving it back. They are not lending any of their own either. Everything has to come from theft or charity.

3

WHICH were the real Allied mistakes? Even in the wisdom of hindsight, most of them appear pardonable in their inception. Snafu is the unavoidable result of two years of dragging, ruinous war and military control. Against that there is the prodigious job done by the engineers of AMG in technical reconstruction. The one unforgivable error, one would say, lay in retaining the King. I mean the American error, for on the part of Churchill it was clearly done in malice prepense. Our public opinion saw it as an error even then, but one must come to Italy to realize the staggering effect of that one decision.

In September, 1943, Italy was undergoing actual rebirth. Even Naples, that most unheroic of cities, staged a truly heroic, if doomed, insurrection. Italians look back to those months as the one really beautiful period of their lives. Those were months of starvation and terror, but also of companionship in risk and sacrifice, of great deeds and shared trust, of hopeless duty obscurely done, of tenderness and mutual respect. Even the thieves of Shanghai Village, who might have profited greatly from the Germans, accepted the leadership of a Jeffersonian Paolo.

On this new life, struggling to be born, the Allies

dumped the sinister, leaden figure of one whose record as it emerges now into history puts him among the chief war criminals. The people in their unerring instinct decided long ago that Mussolini was only an incidental character, and a tragic one at that, an adventurer in the throes of necessity. All their hatred is reserved for the King, the man who in their eyes had a free, easy choice between retaining his integrity and becoming a traitor, the man who chose to betray his constitutional trust and deliver them over to Fascism. As soon as the people realized that the business of retaining him had been officially fixed, public opinion slumped into cynical apathy and has not recovered since.

Having laid proficiently the groundwork, the Allies felt that a democratic gesture was needed. They suggested a broadly representative government.

What was the upshot, as we can see it now after two years of vicissitudes and false starts? The Allies had actually unloaded on the anti-Fascists the political administrative responsibility, while refusing them executive facilities. They had prescribed an "institutional truce" which did not allow for even the most urgent reforms, and left the decaying corpse of monarchy to poison the air. That point was made explicit when an investigation of the responsibilities of surrender was quashed by order of the Allies. General Roatta, one of the worst war criminals, was snatched away from a firing squad, and turned up a few days later in Lisbon, where he presumably went by bicycle, since the British claim they know nothing about his escape.

Political parties were allowed to develop no action by which people might judge them. They were allowed no initiative, only talk, irresponsible talk. They were handed the useless machinery of a powerless state to run. The amazing thing was that they accepted. The result could have been foretold, given the state of southern Italy and the old tradition of papal Rome. Hordes of politicians swooped down on that machinery and clawed it to pieces in their haste to get good jobs. One party grabbed banks; another insurance companies; another public works; and so on.

Six party caucuses sat by and watched to see that the spoils should be evenly distributed. Then in a grand spree of purging, some top Fascists were thrown out. With them went vast numbers of executive and service personnel — drivers, secretaries, janitors — whose Fascist responsibilities would have been hard to discover. Into the void thus created there poured a flood of new patronage: ex-Fascists turned Communists, ex-profiters turned democrats, ex-protégés of Poletti turned something else, and the unavoidable monarchist clique — all the rag, tag, and bobtail of a demoralized, spavined, betrayed, plundered country scrambling for the safety of job protection from its own past.

Having found a berth and being wholly ignorant of his new functions, everyone was concerned not only with doing as little as possible in order to avoid giving himself away, but also with checking any

attempt at action from anyone above or below who belonged to a rival party. In this atmosphere even excellent men who had been drawn in were stultified, and experienced public servants who remained held their breath and refrained from word or deed, lest the purge descend on them too.

This was the Bonomi administration, of which we read vaguely in our press as a hopeful sign of democratic birth. Bonomi himself had been picked by the masters of the hour to succeed Badoglio because of his well-established reputation as a dud.

Then came the liberation of the north. Short of civil war, there was nothing that could be done by the capable northern group to dislodge the self-appointed, thoroughly discredited Roman outfit. After many attempts at bluffing, the politicians in Rome did the expedient thing. They asked the north for a prime minister, hoping resourcefully to turn him in time into the king pin. So it was that Ferruccio Parri, patriot leader of the north, the legendary General Maurizio, was made Premier.

Parri is no fool. He accepted the job warily and in a sacrificial spirit. He has set his mind on steering the country into its first elections and preventing dangerous monkey business or an explosion in the north until then. But he is checked in turn by a cabinet a large part of which is united only in sabotaging his initiative and putting off decisions. He can only play off the unreliable, unctuous maneuvering of the Christian Democrats against the tub-thumping double-talk of Nenni, Vice Premier and Socialist leader, who acts already as if he were Parri's successor. He can expect at any time the double cross from the Communists, who are playing fast and loose with Nenni in order to disrupt any orderly political activity.

The Communists are strong and well organized. They have piled up huge armaments: they have even hidden tanks and flame-throwers in the mountains. They are tied up with terrorist bands of so-called partisans, mostly former Fascists turned bandits, whom all real partisans would like to clear out. But Parri has no police to disarm them. He would not think of calling in the King's army with its unmentionable generals. He would much rather rely on the widespread aversion of the Italians towards revolution, and on their distrust of bosses. He also knows that a few shiploads of raw materials would deflate any extremist threat. He still has faith in the Allies.

Meanwhile, however, Parri works himself to death on picayune problems, with the economic life of the country shrinking, falling apart into smaller and

smaller units which withhold or steal reserves from each other. The ship of state is foundering, and the Fascist mentality is rampant again everywhere, while the last good men are using up their credit in vain. There is a point beyond which you cannot stretch the fabric of a civilization and still hope for a comeback.

"Parri, tell me what are you doing here." The Prime Minister smiles sadly. Under a shock of silver-white hair his face is long, gaunt, sallow, and deeply creased around the mouth. Were it not for that sensitive mouth, he would look like one of Cromwell's colonels. His style is that of a simple, unbending Puritan, but behind him there is a traditional Mazzini. "You know," he replies, "I would much rather have been shot by the Gestapo the time they arrested me. I am a soldier on sentry duty — a soldier without a gun."

Parri has a flicker of an impish smile that may be saying, "Perhaps I have side arms." He has strange gray eyes with very wide pupils that do not seem to focus on the outside world — the eyes of an ascetic. His face is a mask of deathly weariness, but he is not tense. When he has to answer urgent questions on the phone, he does so in a quiet, competent manner, almost relaxed.

As I wait, my eye is caught by a slip on his desk. "Inspector A begs to submit again for impelling reasons his request for a pair of trousers."

Parri looks my way. "Yes, that's the kind of thing. You don't know the difficulties of doing anything when all effective authority is in the hands of the occupant. But the real problem is getting something shipped to us — never mind too little, never mind too late; so long as body and soul still hang together there is a chance. But by November we shall be at the end of our rope. We need at least a billion dollars' worth of stuff in order to get back to work. Of that, we can pay for about half. The rest has to come by way of loans. I hope the Allies will understand in time."

"Let's put it before American opinion," I suggest.

"We should," he says with great earnestness, "and out loud. We cannot get anywhere without democratic support from abroad. I think I can hold the country together until election time. I intend to do it. After that —"

Parri knows only too well the difficulties of the task. By November, food stocks will be gone. Inflation will be added to other problems. The country is already bracing itself for authoritarian putsches from the right or the left. If the Allies don't help soon, there will be grave trouble in Italy.

COURAGE AND CONVICTIONS

by GRETCHEN FINLETTER

I

CERTAIN principles are confused in the mind of a child. Grown-up people are busy; but unless issues are properly explained, great walls of misunderstanding can arise. Children are loyal; and if their parents feel deeply about some cause, they will feel deeply also, though often they haven't the faintest idea what it is about.

When I was very little, I felt that there was something wrong about being a Democrat. I didn't know what a Democrat was, where he fitted in, — I wasn't even sure he was an American, — but I did know he was an outcast. My mother was the daughter of a great Republican leader, James G. Blaine, and I knew that that was something to be very proud of. I had heard my mother and my aunt talk over campaigns and elections where his leadership had been challenged. Even when I was very small I knew the bitter feelings that can arise in political life.

One summer day my cousin Walker and I — we were about five years old — were walking through the woods at Bar Harbor. We were considering adventuring on a new path where with luck we might get lost. As we debated this possibility, we saw coming toward us a young man in white flannels — Amos Pinchot. We told him of our problem. He was sympathetic and pointed out a new path that he would take us on some day, and where he promised us we should be well lost. Then he pulled out of his pocket two buttons and pinned them on our chests.

"Wear these and your mothers will do what you ask," he told us.

"Anything?"

"Anything," he promised us.

On each button was the face of an eagle-eyed man with hair that curled over his collar. Underneath the face were some letters, but we did not know how to read.

We wore our buttons hopefully in to lunch, eager to see how soon their magic would begin. My aunt was the first to notice them.

"What have you got on?" she asked.

The daughter of Walter Damrosch, GRETCHEN FINLETTER has an inherited love of music and New York, where she spent her girlhood. Over the past two years she has gained an affectionate place for herself in the *Atlantic* with her series of reminiscences, which are to be published in book form in the course of the coming year.

"Mr. Pinchot gave them to us," I told her proudly. My aunt started to laugh. "Margaret, look. They're Bryan buttons!"

My mother did not take it so lightly. "Get rid of them immediately!" she cried. "No one can wear a Bryan button in this house. Destroy them."

Walker and I bolted upstairs to the bathroom, where we disposed of the buttons. Walker was more informed than I. "He's a *Democrat*," he told me.

I had often heard the Democratic Party spoken of with great disapproval. To me a party meant ice cream and chocolate cake, so I assumed from the gloomy reports that when the Democrats gave their parties they were always failures. I often wondered what went wrong. Did the guests not arrive, or was it like so many parties — not quite so much fun as one had expected? The Republican parties, I gathered, were great successes. Everyone came.

When I grew a little older and did begin faintly to understand that this all referred to a political structure, the first picture was so engraved on my mind that when the parties were referred to, I continued to see a lace cloth and candies and the ever present threat that something was going to spoil the occasion. To this day I cannot rid myself of that first impression. My mother imbued us with so strong a feeling of loyalty to the Republican Party that when I have deviated and voted the Democratic ticket, I have done so with a sense of wrong toward her, and I am still nervous about telling her.

At the last election, I confessed to her that I was going to vote again for President Roosevelt. My mother told me to do what I thought was right. This gesture on her part, which was a big gesture, only increased my old sense of guilt; and as I stood in the polling booth, the same picture rose to my eyes again, of the tables covered with snappers and cakes, and I was sitting at the table where something might go wrong. I wasn't at my mother's party.

2

MY MOTHER told us not to talk about Catholics at table. I am not sure that it was as direct as that, but if the word "Catholic" came up in conversation she would say, "Hush," and look at the pantry door. We

frequently had nice Irish maids and my mother must have been afraid that something carelessly said might hurt their feelings. Actually I do not think any of us would conceivably have made an attack on the Church, because, except for a little colorful reading on the Inquisition and some history of the Holy Roman Empire ("Give its boundaries"), we were completely ignorant about Catholicism. But because of the "Hush" and the look at the pantry, I became convinced that there was something very wrong and quite unmentionable about being a Catholic.

If my father suddenly sang "The Pope, He Leads a Happy Life," I was in a panic. The fact that the current Lizzie or Norah smiled broadly did not matter. My father was doing something dangerous, and the Pope — well, almost like the Holy Ghost — should never, never be mentioned.

Alice told me she had a friend at school who was a "you know what."

"She goes," said Alice, letting her voice sink, "to Confessional."

"What does she confess?" I whispered.

"Her Sins!" said Alice.

I was back in a novel of Sir Walter Scott.

"Point her out to me," I begged. "I just want to look at her."

One day I took my courage in my hands and went alone on a weekday to a Catholic church. I was as furtive as any criminal. I had prepared a speech if I was challenged at the door. I was going to say, "Sure, I'm waiting for me aunt, Lizzie Dougherty."

I felt I could make it right with Lizzie later. My father had taken me to a performance of *Manon*, so I suppose I expected to see a number of ladies in satin evening dresses, with black veils over their heads, adoringly following an abbé as they sang: —

"Quelle éloquence!
L'admirable orateur!
Quelle abondance!
Le grand prédicateur! . . .
C'est lui, c'est l'abbé Des Grieux,
Voyez comme il baisse les yeux!"

No one spoke to me. I sat down in a pew fearful of making a flagrant mistake which would unmask me. Then I knelt and looked about. A woman lit a candle by an altar and placed it with some other candles. Then she sank to her knees and prayed. A man with two children sat quietly in another pew. A couple were walking up one of the side aisles looking at the religious paintings. A priest followed by two little boys passed in front of the altar, genuflected, and went through a door. I was left alone, to think, to watch. I found I liked it.

This visit weighed on my conscience like going to a matinee on a schoolday and I finally told my mother. She received the news calmly.

"I used to go to the services when I lived at the convent," she told me.

"When you lived *where!*" I exclaimed.

"When I was at the Sacré-Coeur at school," said my mother.

My mother then told me of the winter she had spent at the Sacred Heart Convent in Paris. This turned my world upside down. My mother had lived in a convent. What was more, she made it sound human and not strange at all. Why then was there such a conspiracy of silence when the word "Catholic" was mentioned?

3

ANOTHER "Hush" was given if anyone spoke of a summer plan, particularly if there was a hint of a trip to Europe involved. Apparently at the mention of a foreign country, a walkout strike might occur on the other side of the pantry door. My mother and father would start talking to each other in rapid French concerning "Londres pour deux semaines," but I used to wonder if a smart maid didn't catch on even more quickly than I did as to what was up.

It is hard to keep secrets in a big family. Children are unconscious detectives and have their own methods of getting information. One great help to my sisters and me was the registers that went like an internal communication service through the house. When they were opened they blew out medium or cold air, according to the floor, some coal dust, and human sounds.

My mother's register was directly below Alice's and mine and we learned a great deal of what she and my father were up to, particularly when we dried our hair. Before the days of movie stars, hair was not washed every twenty-four hours. It was washed — hard — at rare intervals by Minnie, with ammonia and tar soap. Then we dried it by the register, where a little coal dust was added to it again, and we listened to my parents. January was the best month for getting the news. The house was always freezing and everyone opened every register. The sounds were mingled and it took a certain ingenuity to separate the reports accurately. Alice and I would crouch on the floor with towels over our shoulders and listen.

"Will ye kindly use the knife for the butter and keep your big spoon do re me fa sol why don't you meet me in Denver for the California tour the children will be all right for a few play B flat for God's sake Anita you took the cream I saw you Alma Gluck will be soloist and we'll have a jolly time."

So my mother was going to join my father on the orchestra tour. This was the big news. We listened to it with mingled feelings. It would mean more freedom for us, but it would also mean, we knew from experience, that the household would temporarily fall to pieces.

When my mother left on these trips, life continued normally for about five days. But Minnie, a suspicious dragon, was waiting, as we all were, for the crack-up. The first warning came when our ring was not answered for a long time and the front door was finally opened by the cook in a pink peek-a-boo

blouse. We apologized because she had been put to this trouble, and she answered that she did not know where Jenny was. Jenny appeared late to serve supper, and her head was covered with curls.

That night the "cousins" arrived. The cousins were all young men of about twenty-three, handsome and assured, and were waiting in the areaway. The next night they were inside the kitchen and giving a dance. The house shook from the pounding of feet; wild shrieks, laughter, and the sound of an accordion came up registers and hallways. Minnie, walking up and down like a Cassandra in an apron, cried out warnings on the Irish, my parents, America, and said she would call the police. But the police were cousins. The next morning we did nothing. At supper whipped cream appeared on the cocoa as a reward for keeping our mouths shut, and for two days everything was calm again. Then there was another party; card games, prizes, a reel, and a late supper.

As the time drew near for my mother's return, a mysterious change took place. The floors were waxed, my mother's curtains were washed, and Jenny told us how lonesome and silent the house had seemed without "your dear mother attending to things." It was as though we had dreamed about the gayeties. And when my mother appeared, tired from a long continental trip, we couldn't meet her with bad news. We kept to our whipped-cream agreement of saying nothing.

My mother in terms of today was tough on her household, and the word "appeasement" had not yet been invented. Maids either left in a series of quick turnovers or stayed for many years. My mother was not only clear-cut on what she wanted, but she expected the work to be done in what she called "a cheerful spirit." With what seems to me now incredible courage, she would inform a heavily breathing cook, who had climbed three flights of stairs to hear the good news, that my father had invited sixteen people to a late supper and it must be hot because my father loathed cold food. I would listen, trembling, to the dialogue.

"Sure, Mrs. Damrosch, that stove won't heat right and it's my Thursday night off."

"Norah," said my mother, "the stove has never had anything done to it for twenty years. I will try to give you another night out if I can arrange it, later in the month. But smile, Norah, take that frown off your face!" And unbelievable as it sounds, Norah produced a watery smile and tottered down again quite cheerfully to her basement kitchen.

The maids all respected my mother for her fairness and knew that she would go to endless trouble if they were sick or in difficulties. But what they admired her for was her courage. My mother had moral courage but she possessed what I think is the rarer trait, great physical bravery.

Many children seem to have very beautiful early impressions of their mother — a *berceuse*, a figure in white picking roses. A first memory of my mother was seeing her in the dead center of a dogfight trying

to separate a bulldog's jaws from a Scotch terrier's throat. The sounds were hideous, a high, hysteric yelping, as my mother whirled both dogs around several feet off the ground, occasionally stopping to put her fist into the bulldog's mouth in an effort to pry it wider open.

Over the years we had many dogs and there were many fights. At one time we kept a hose permanently coiled and ready for an eternal feud that went on between a police dog and a Scottie. As the hair on Kebo, the police dog, began to rise, we started the water trickling through the nozzle, which was turned on to full power only when Locky appeared, walking stiff-legged and muttering to himself.

Once a cacophony of sounds broke out beyond the music room where my father was playing the piano. He stopped abruptly. "Get your mother!" he shouted. "She likes dogfights."

It took my mother, whose wrist carried the imprint of several teeth, a full week to forgive him.

The dogs loved my mother for this fearlessness, and when one of them was badly hurt, he would limp to her knowing she would pick him up in her arms no matter how much he was bleeding. And when the end drew near for some old friend, my mother would put him away herself, alone in the stable, holding his paw till the last.

My sisters and I went through a period of great tenderheartedness for animals, which reached the last stages of morbidity. Polly decided that she knew how it felt to be a horse. She took the checkrains off all horses that she saw in the village and hid or stole the whips. A drive with Polly was a slow affair. There were frequent stops to give the horse water, to brush the bluebottles off him, to let him eat some grass because he must be hungry; and when a little hill appeared, Polly would force her passenger to get out with her and walk beside the horse so that he wouldn't get tired.

I was worried about the fate of flies. Instead of killing them, I tried to let them out through the screen door so that they could rejoin their families. I had to shepherd them as a flock through two rooms, and the flies would not stay in a compact group. I destroyed flypaper as soon as it appeared because the death buzz was so agonizing. I tried to argue this out with my mother, winding up with the question: —

"How would you like to be a fly?"

"Gammon!" said my mother.

4

AT THIS time cars were not common, and country homes could be lonely places at dusk. For many years we had only oil lamps and candles, and it was not possible to snap on lights over doorways or along passages. We lit lamps in the rooms that we were using, and carried candles elsewhere.

One twilight a tramp came through the grounds and wandered up to the back door. Polly and I saw him

from an upper window and our hearts welled over for this poor, shabby man. Norah looked at his red eyes and blue chin, got a whiff of his breath, and immediately as a matter of course called for my mother. Norah was younger than my mother and about seventy-five pounds heavier.

When my mother appeared, the tramp began to tell her in a low, whining voice that his feet hurt, that he was out of work, sleeping God knows where —

"Take off your hat when you are speaking to a lady!" commanded my mother.

Startled, the tramp pulled off his cap.

"You can't get work?" asked my mother.

"It's food I need to get my strength back, and a bed, and a little money for shoes —"

"You may split that wood into kindling," announced my mother, "and when it's done I'll give you thirty-five cents." My mother, for some unknown reason, always made her financial arrangements in odd figures.

The last thing the tramp wanted was work. He wanted a couple of dollars and with no trouble to himself. He then made a big mistake. An ugly light came into his eye and he started to threaten my mother.

"It's the rich like you in your fine homes that will deny a poor man a crust. I won't be treated like a dog. I want a dollar and you'd better get it quick!"

My mother's face turned the color of claret.

"I am going to stand here and count to ten, and if you are not off my property by the last count, I'll throw you off the place myself!"

The tramp looked at my mother. My mother looked back at him fiercely. It was growing darker. Norah had slunk inside the door, while Polly and I from our window watched with absorbed interest. We didn't know which we wanted to win.

"One — two — three —" began my mother.

The tramp stood his ground.

"Four — five —" my mother continued at the same pace. "Six — seven —"

By eight the tramp wavered and at nine he was shambling down the road muttering to himself.

"Sure, you're the fighting cock!" exclaimed Norah admiringly.

"That poor, hungry man," Polly and I cried out. "How could you be so mean and scare him so!"

"Double gammon," said my mother.

Once a fracas took place which assumed considerable proportions. It was in the city on election day, and our windows were filled with campaign posters. A man who must have started the morning with a good many drinks came weaving down the street, saw the posters in our windows, and decided that this was his polling booth. Just as he was about to enter the house, my mother opened the door prepared to go out.

"What do you want?" asked my mother.

The man did not answer but tried to push past her

so that he could cast his vote quickly. My mother jumped in front of him and barred the entrance.

"You can't come in here like this!" she cried.

"Ish my right," said the man thickly, "my inalienable right."

"Get out!" cried my mother.

The man gave a big shove. "Ish my right," he repeated. "Ish inalienable. I'm coming in."

My mother tried to throw him back again but he was bigger than she, and she saw that she needed help.

"Children," she shouted, "there's a man out here who wants to kill your father!"

I do not know what made her reach this conclusion so rapidly, but she was excited and had apparently convinced herself that this must be his intention.

Two of us ran out and saw my mother and a murderer locked in a struggle in the entranceway. We jumped beside her and tried to push him down the stone steps so that he would fall on his head backwards. The man was now aroused. The spirit of the Constitution flamed up in him, and come hell or high water, he was determined to get in and cast his vote.

"I'm an American shitizen. I'm the only one that's got the right to go in there."

"How dare you!" exclaimed my mother.

"You haven't got the franchishe!" And he gave her a baleful but triumphant look.

This was too much for my mother. Not only was this man an assassin but he was an anti-suffragist.

"You'll get the electric chair for this," she told him briefly.

At this moment my father came up the street and saw his wife and two of his daughters battling on the stoop with a stranger whose hat had been knocked off and whose tie was on backwards.

"Stay away, Walter!" screamed my mother. "He wants to kill you!"

My father was infuriated — not against the man, but because my mother assumed that he needed her protection and couldn't fight for himself. He came rushing up the steps to join in but was still sufficiently cool to tell one of us to run to the election booth at the corner and get a policeman.

It took a good deal of explaining when the policeman came pounding down the block to drag the man away. Weakly my mother sat down on the top step.

"But, Margaret," protested my father, "why didn't you listen to his story and find out what he wanted?"

"There wasn't time. I thought he was going to shoot you."

"He was going to vote, probably the Republican ticket, and now they've taken him off and you've lost that vote for your side!"

My mother looked more stricken than if he'd killed my father.

"He was a Democrat," we comforted her.

"Then I did right," said my mother.

GETTING DEMOCRACY IN POLAND

by ANNA LOUISE STRONG

1

THE naked rooms stood up in the air as if on stilts. Under them, over them, around them probed searching blasts of the December wind. These two rooms, a kitchen and a bedroom, were all that was left of the house. Some freak of the bombing had left them intact on the second floor. A side-swiping blast had gutted the little bakery on the floor beneath them, leaving only sections of its walls. These were enough to support the second-floor apartment and the steep little staircase by which I climbed to my lodging for the night.

That afternoon in a big bare hall with broken windows, the peasants had received their title deeds to the parceled-out acres in Radzyn County. A celebration was held that evening — the first Christmas party. The high school was open again. The young folks crowded its small assembly room to suffocation for the first performance of their drama club. The spirited singing and dancing were painfully amateurish, and the teacher apologized: "It takes time to learn proper singing and dancing. These are the first steps of freedom in more than five years."

In the general dancing that followed I met a fascinating Polish colonel, and discovered by a chance remark that he was the Szaniawski who, after Bor's surrender in Warsaw, led the escaping insurgents over the river. I tried to date him for an interview in Lublin. He explained that he seldom went to Lublin. He had to be back in camp next morning, but he was free for the rest of the night.

I hauled him mercilessly off the dance floor into the principal's office, where the dancers' coats were piled on a couple of tables and chairs. We shoved the coats onto the floor and sat down, closing our ears to the music that tempted down the hall. The Lublin guests drove home about midnight, but I was still writing down Szaniawski's story.

When the Radzyn County officials promised that there would be another automobile leaving for Lublin

sometime in the next two days, I decided to stay over, so they discussed the housing of their American guest.

"What interests me" — I was quite blunt about it — "is neither the food, the bed, nor the privacy, but the heating." I shivered in retrospect when I thought of that afternoon meeting in the freezing hall. So they put me up with the vice-president of the Rada because he had a Holland stove. They issued two days' extra fuel for me.

That was how I came, about one o'clock in the morning, to those two rooms of Marian Potapczyk, vice-president of Radzyn County. He slept in the kitchen, with his wife and grown son and a male guest, giving me the combination bedroom and dining room. I gathered that they didn't use it anyway in winter, for lack of fuel.

The rooms looked well enough inside. They had once been a neat, modest apartment for the owner of the little bakery shop below. The pale-blue kalsomined bedroom was unstained, even by five years of war. The roaring fire built for me in the big Holland stove made the tiles so hot that I could not touch them, but it could not beat back the cold that penetrated the room through the broken walls. Two doors that should have led to adjoining rooms led straight into zero space. In these rooms the vice-president of the county Rada was coughing his life away.

I slept warmly enough under the big feather bed in the cold bedroom, but as soon as I rose I hastened to the kitchen for warmth. Mrs. Potapczyk served me some ersatz coffee made fairly palatable by quantities of milk. She seemed to have enough sugar — Poland has beets and refineries — but she brought in a small pat of butter with such reverence that I took from it sparingly.

Then Marian Potapczyk told me his story — how he organized the underground government and how he took power when the Red Army came in. I wrote it down in his kitchen as well as I could with freezing fingers. Sitting in these two rooms in the bombed town where the county vice-president functioned, I couldn't help thinking that it was much more comfortable being the Polish government in London than being the one on the spot.

When the Germans overran Poland, Potapczyk

Long a sympathizer with Soviet Russia, and author of many books recounting her experiences in that country, ANNA LOUISE STRONG was the first American to follow the advance of the Soviet armies which liberated Poland. In Lublin, Warsaw, and the little villages, so many of them reduced to scorched earth, she has been gathering material for the past eight months for her new book on Poland.

was a mechanic in a textile mill in Lodz. His German fellow workers told him: "You'd better clear out; your activities in the trade union have made you a marked man." He took the hint and disappeared just before the Gestapo raided the workers' houses.

"I came to a village in Radzyn County and worked at repair jobs. When the Germans began raiding the villages I moved from place to place," he told me.

One hundred and ten thousand people lived in Radzyn County when Potapczyk moved in. There were eighty-four thousand left when he sat in his bomb-ruined house reporting to me. Nearly a quarter of the population — the usual proportion in Poland — had been murdered by the Germans in various ways. "They began with the Jews and then the Poles who befriended Jews and then all leaders of the Polish people who were not completely subservient — these they called Communists."

2

POTAPCZYK, a wiry, energetic fellow in those days, joined the underground Home Army, under orders of the government-in-exile in London. "But I got fed up with their policy of watchful waiting. There was a time when a couple of Gestapo officers could come to a village by night and take fourteen or fifteen men away. The Home Army did nothing to prevent them. It was 'saving its strength' to take power when the Germans, beaten by the Allies, should withdraw from Poland. Meanwhile some of the county leaders of the Home Army were getting on very well with the Germans. But we of the rank and file were being deported and killed.

"It also made me angry when the Home Army betrayed Russian prisoners who escaped from the Germans. There was a camp of these Russians not far away. They were starving. Sometimes a few escaped and went looking for help on the roads and in the woods. I had my fifteen-year-old boy out looking for them. We hid them in the village, armed them, and sent them east. These were the first fighting partisan bands in Poland. The Home Army leaders considered them enemies, but I considered them allies."

Proudly Potapczyk got out a long sheet of paper to show me. Crisscrossed with pale blue and red lines, it was originally a page from a school copybook. It was entitled "Protocol Number Three" and was written in Polish on one side and in Russian on the other. It reported a secret meeting of escaped Russian prisoners together with Poles on May 1, 1942, in the woods near Sewernułka village. Among the Russians were two pilots, a radio-telegraph man, two political workers, and several officers. They had formed a partisan band of twenty-seven men called by the name of the famous Cossack partisan, Chapayev. According to the report, they had nine rifles, three pistols, and fifteen grenades.

"We collected these arms from supplies that the

soldiers of the Polish Army had buried in the earth. The Chapayev band started east, hoping to fight its way through to the Red Army. A man of the Home Army betrayed them before they had gone twenty miles."

"How did you know who betrayed them?"

"Three of them escaped and told us everything. The twenty-seven Russians were in poor physical condition after that German prison camp. They reached a village eighteen miles away and saw an isolated cottage near the woods that looked like a good place to rest. The old peasant who owned it said O.K. He had a wife, two small children, and a grown-up son. The son went out while they were all resting. Soon Germans came and surrounded the cottage in force. They threw grenades into the house, killing the partisans and also the old man and his family. Three Russians escaped; they were in the woods at the time, looking for berries. They saw the son with the Germans. We knew that he was a member of the Home Army."

Potapczyk dropped out of the Home Army. He began secretly to form a band of partisans with a different brand of politics. The county leaders of the Home Army suspected that he had become active in another direction. They tested him by proposing to give him important work on their illegal paper and then by offering to make him their township commander. Both of these offers he refused.

"I knew that they would hold this against me, so I changed my residence to a village where there were no Home Army members. My next-door neighbor betrayed me. Forty-five Home Army men came by night, stripped me mother-naked, and beat me up. They beat up my son and six of my partisans, but they gave it to me hardest, for they suspected that I was the leader. They left me for dead."

Ill-health did not stop Potapczyk's underground activities. He could no longer easily move through the woods, but he became the partisans' contact in the village. He drew in new members. He affiliated his band with others of like persuasion and brought them into the newly organized "People's Guard" under General Rola-Zymierski.

"Our local bands were all small ones, but there were many of them. We could not have large groups like the partisans in the big forests and swamps of White Russia. Our woods are smaller and villages are nearer to each other. There is no place for big bands to hide. But even in Radzyn there were highways where the woods came close on both sides and where for months the Germans did not dare to pass."

Friction between the Home Army and these newer partisan groups increased. When the Germans were routed at Stalingrad, the Home Army's attitude of watchful waiting turned into a clear hostility to the Russians, which grew with their victories. In part, this change reflected the broken relations between the Soviet government and the Polish government-in-exile over the Katyn Forest incident. In part, it derived from a jealous fear of the new partisan groups

who hailed the Red Army as an ally. Throughout 1943 the armed forces of the Home Army made many attacks on the new partisans.

Captain Meluch, who commanded the operations in the woods after Potapczyk's injury, came to our kitchen conference to give examples of these attacks.

"I was one of nine who took a room in a village one Saturday night to rest up after a long time in the woods. Early next morning a man of the Home Army went away as if to church. Soon a hundred men came, disarmed the nine of us, and took us to the woods, where they questioned us about our politics. Then they said: 'We don't need people like you. It is better to kill you than Germans.' Two of us got away. The others were killed. They were loyal patriots and good friends."

Another incident related by Meluch occurred in Boruv village, south of Lublin, in early autumn of 1943. Thirty partisans of the People's Guard, seeking for unity against the Germans, secured a conference with representatives of the Home Army. Armed men suddenly appeared, who rounded up members of the People's Guard and killed them in the woods.

"They didn't shoot them, but cut off their heads with an axe. They yelled: 'We don't have to fight the Germans now, they're beaten anyway. Now we have to fight the Russians and you damned Communists.' A man of the Home Army came over to us later because of his disgust with such actions. He gave us the details of the deaths."

In such a situation the orders Potapczyk received in January, 1944, were amazing. By this time he was leader of fifty-four armed men and affiliated with many more. After the New Year's Eve meeting in Warsaw that set up the Rada Narodowa and the People's Army, Potapczyk's chief called him into the staff of the area and told him to organize a Rada for Radzyn — a People's Council for the county. Potapczyk asked what organizations to include and was told to invite the Home Army, the People's Army, the Peasant Battalions, the Polish Socialist Party, the Peasants' Party, the Polish Workers' Party, and reliable non-party people.

"I went to all of them and got their delegates."

It seemed to me that he was passing rather lightly over what must have been a fairly dangerous endeavor. So I asked how he got the Home Army delegate. He went to their county leaders — they were in another village — and found some of the men who had beaten him up.

"Are you still alive! Perhaps we'd better finish you now," they taunted.

"Can do! But then you won't live long either. For now I have fifty-four armed men out there in the woods."

The Home Army chiefs looked at him with more respect. They even decided to send a delegate to his Rada. "He wasn't a very useful delegate," commented Potapczyk. "He was just sticking around to see what was going on."

Secret meetings in villages chose other delegates. During February, 1944, Potapczyk engineered the secret elections of village and township chiefs throughout the county, and of a county council of fifty members. "They could not be really democratic elections," he apologized, "for they had to be held in secret and we could not trust everyone. The first task of the secret Rada was to hide food from the Germans, keeping it for ourselves and for the Red Army. Our mayors were ready to take over when the Germans left."

3

THE Red Army came in on July 21. Radzyn was quickly surrounded and there was very little fighting in the town. When the Red tanks roared into the airfield outside the town, the thirty-three German planes had not even time to take off. The pilots either raised their hands or ran away to the woods. The partisans hunted them and turned them over to the Red Army. "Later we had a celebration and gave a swell banner to the liberators of Radzyn. They were Cossack motorized cavalry from the First White Russian Front.

"When the Germans began to flee, my colonel ordered me into Radzyn. He made me emergency *starosta*. I came in with nine armed men even before the Red Army. Our job was to prevent fires, bury corpses, stop looting, grab the Gestapo documents, and find spies. One of the nine was captain of the partisans; he became police chief. Another was a learned fellow who could write protocols. We chose at once a citizens' militia to help us, giving them arm bands but no arms. We were not yet a regular government. We could not yet disclose our Rada. We were right at the front; the Germans were bombing the town and might return.

"So for a week I ran the county." A glint of pride flashed in Potapczyk's face. "I went personally into the Gestapo jail cells and examined the documents. I got the proof that four of the men I had lost had been denounced by leaders of the Home Army."

When I pressed for details he replied calmly, but repressing deep feeling: "On the walls of the cells were many inscriptions, such as 'Jesus Christ, save me from this torture!' In one place were two prisoners' names written together with the same pencil. One, a very good friend of mine, was dead. The other was alive in a village. I went to him and asked what happened to the other. He told me what he had learned in the jail. The Germans tortured my friend terribly but he persisted in denying that he was either a partisan or a Communist. Then they brought in a certain member of the Home Army, who said to his face: 'I saw you in the woods with weapons and with a Russian prisoner of war.' So of course they killed him. But he told his cell mate the traitor's name."

"Where is the informer now? Did he flee with the Germans?"

"He is still in the village. He does not even know

that we know." Answering my look of surprise, Potapczyk explained: "Some day we will try him. It is not yet time to have so much trouble in the village." I learned that Potapczyk's personal betrayer, through whom the forty-five came to beat him, was still at large.

After six days of emergency rule, the first open session of the county Rada was called on July 27. "The Germans were still bombing us here — that was the week when most of the ruin here was done — so the Rada met in a near-by village. Delegates came from all the townships, and many ordinary citizens came to listen. We chose a president and vice-president, a *starosta* and a deputy *starosta*, and five others for the presidium. These nine came into Radzyn and took power."

The six-day county dictator became the new vice-president. When I asked the reason for this demotion Potapczyk answered simply: "I was from Lodz, and we needed a local man."

All the next week they were holding village elections. "Open, legal ones, for the first Rada elections were secret and in conspiracy. Now everybody over twenty-one could come to the meetings. They chose their village chiefs (*soltys*) and delegates to the township Radas."

"Were the village elections by ballot or by show of hands?"

"In some villages everybody agreed, especially when the old chief that the Germans put out was still alive. Then they just put him back again. If anyone asked for secret voting and a second person supported him, they had to find paper and ballot. This was not an easy task, for there was little paper and few pencils. In Davida village, where there were seven candidates for *soltys*, they had to have paper ballots. I myself attended fifteen village elections. Ten of these were by secret balloting."

To my query whether the different political parties put up the opposing candidates in such villages as had parties, Potapczyk gave a negative answer. "These first elections were without parties because no parties were yet organized in our county. The parties were organized later and had the right to add their representative both to the village and county Radas."

The full-grown Radzyn County Rada had fifty members at the time of my visit. Thirty-two were chosen from the sixteen townships, two from each. Fifteen were delegates from various organizations: the political parties, the teachers' union, the doctors, the merchants, the association of small peasants. Three members were "experts," coöpted by the Rada for technical work.

The kitchen fire had long since burned out, so we left Potapczyk's quarters for the county offices. In Radzyn three highways meet. Right at the junction stood a woman soldier of the Red Army on a tiny circular platform, twirling her baton smartly to guide the passing traffic down roads marked "to Warsaw," "to Lublin," "to Brest." Behind her the charred

gray walls of what had been a gracious county building stood roofless and windowless against the winter sky. The former market place with its rows of shops was indicated only by jagged walls and heaps of rubble.

All this ruin was Hitler's going-away present. It was done not in war but after retreat. They had not been fighting for Radzyn. They had been destroying it only to remind the Poles that Germans could still injure them, and to make life harder to rebuild.

At the edge of the frost-bound park under thin bare branches were three graves marked with large crosses. Six "liberators of Radzyn" were buried there, two to a grave. All were Russians. Poles also had been killed in the freeing of Radzyn, but they had been buried in the churchyard as good Catholics. Everybody knew that Russians weren't Catholics, so they seemed to belong in the park.

We continued our discussion in the ramshackle building where county and municipal departments crowded each other, a dozen civil servants to a room. To create a county government from scratch must have been more difficult, I remarked, than my host's easy account implied.

"It was very hard because we had no paper and pencils and the townfolk ran away to the villages because of the bombs. It is still hard because so many buildings are destroyed. You saw how our big beautiful county building was bombed and burned. We wanted to take over another big building of former Jewish shops whose owners are dead. The Red Army needed that. When they move on west we'll have more space. The Committee in Lublin has given money to repair our county building, but it will take many years. Five engineers are working on the plans.

"We haven't our democracy very perfect," he continued. "Last week we had a bad complaint."

He showed me the "complaint." It was a document of three pages in single-spaced typing. Various investigators had made their comments at the end. These remarks showed that the rather worn paper had been from a village to Lublin and back again. Potapczyk explained that at one of the township meetings in October, the president of the county Rada threw out seven of the elected delegates and put in his own appointees. Villagers had sent a complaint to Lublin, where the department dealing with local governments forwarded it to Radzyn for report. The president of the Radzyn County Rada had been deposed for his dictatorial action and a new president had been elected. "A very good man," said Potapczyk. "A peasant." The villagers had forwarded a vote of thanks, saying: "Now we see that we are getting democracy in Poland."

4

IN one of the rooms of the county building was a long line-up of peasants. They were receiving their title deeds to land, since only a small proportion of the

transfers had been made at the formal meeting the day before.

"Where are all those former landowners?" I didn't suppose that anyone had kept track of them, but I, as an American correspondent, wanted a general idea.

I got much more than I expected. Potapczyk, quite unembarrassed, replied: "Better ask Jan Zaorski. He's one of them, and he'll tell you about the others. He's next door in the land department."

Strictly speaking, it was against the law that Zaorski, who formerly owned four hundred acres, should remain in the county at all. Landowners were expected to leave lest they interfere with the land reform. But all laws have exceptions, and Zaorski was an honest man who knew so much about the farms of Radzyn County that the county wouldn't let him go.

He was having a hot argument with two Polish Army officers as I entered. They bullied each other, shouted at each other, and finally slapped each other on the back and shook hands. I gathered that they were fighting over the transport of Army grain. It was also clear that Zaorski knew his stuff; he took no back talk from anyone.

How did it happen that a former landlord was allowed to remain in an official capacity in his home county? Was he a member of one of the partisan bands or of the influential political parties? Zaorski explained.

"I'm a hundred-per-cent non-party man, but I'm known as a progressive democrat or they wouldn't have put me in. I helped the partisans with food and shelter. That was only being a patriotic Pole. I'm known here as an engineer and agronomer, and perhaps as a man more interested in administrative problems than in private property. Besides my own former estate, I had been receiver for several other estates here that went bankrupt and that had to be put on their feet. I am supposed to know how to make a farm succeed. At first they made me chief county agent. I refused that job because it included handling the land reform. I told them I was a former landlord and it wasn't proper for a man to hang himself. They put somebody else in to confiscate my estate while I took on questions of production and supply."

Zaorski had just finished his accounts with the Red Army. "They are very friendly and liberal in their accounting. They accepted receipts that I would never have taken as a private businessman." He explained that when units of the advancing Army took food from the peasants, they gave receipts which were later honored by the Lublin authorities against the food deliveries.

"Some of these receipts are very informal. A peasant will turn in a paper bearing the words in handwriting: 'I, Lt. Ivan S., got a cow from so-and-so.' There is no seal, no address, not even the number of the division. The Red Army accepted these receipts as authentic since they knew that they had units in that area and that advance patrols are in a hurry and don't identify themselves."

Zaorski knew every farm and every former landowner in Radzyn County. He gave me a full survey. The confiscated land totaled 40,000 acres of which 10,000 were woodland taken over by the forest reserve, leaving 30,000 to be divided among the peasants. The land had been reckoned in fifty-seven estates but held under only twenty-eight separate ownerships. Eight of these — including the fourteen largest and best farms — were seized by the Germans during the occupation. Confiscation here was simple, for the Germans moved out as the Red Army moved in.

"There were thus presumably twenty Polish landowners, but only six were actually in possession when the land reform came in," Zaorski summed up, adding as an afterthought: "That's including me."

The fate of the three largest Polish-owned estates indicated what happened to landowners during the occupation. The largest estate in the county, 4300 acres, belonged to Milanow. The Germans threw the owner into a concentration camp, where he died. His wife and children went to live with a married daughter across the Vistula. The estate was under an overseer when the new law came in.

The owner of the Rudenecz estate — 4100 acres — lived in Warsaw. "Where he is since the uprising, nobody knows."

The third-largest estate comprised 2000 acres. "The owner was a young fellow recently married and very much devoted to his bride. He left when he heard the guns of the front approaching. He was afraid for his wife."

Summing up the seventeen remaining Polish landowners, Zaorski stated that six had been jailed by the Germans, five went away "in the last twenty-four hours when our fate was being decided," and six remained on their land until ordered to leave. Two of the latter had been jailed for hindering the land reform.

"Those who were jailed by the Germans — can you tell me why?"

"Because they were Poles," shrugged Zaorski.

"And those who fled with the Germans? Do you also think them pro-German as charged in Lublin?"

"I hate to think any Pole is really pro-German," considered Zaorski after a moment's thought. "That's too simple a way of putting a very complicated set of facts. Five years of German occupation winnowed out all conspicuous Poles. Those who openly opposed the Nazis landed in concentration camps. Those who compromised with the Nazis even a little became suspect in the eyes of Polish patriots. At the last moment when the front approached with inevitable casualties and chaos — well, it is hard in such a moment to decide what to do. Many perhaps fled in a moment of panic."

Thus he explained his fellow landowners. The fact remained that in that moment of panic some people stayed on their farms and others fled. The choice was perhaps made, not in that moment, but by actions during five years. In any event, the land reform in

Radzyn, as elsewhere in Poland, had been greatly simplified by the absence of most of the landowners.

5

CHILL and exhaustion were setting in as I finished my talk with Zaorski. I had been too long in cold rooms. The ersatz morning coffee did not give me my accustomed stimulus. After a skimpy lunch in an unheated restaurant, I went back to Potapczyk's apartment. I was frozen to the bone. In overcoat and knitted cap I crawled into the feather bed.

Half waking some time later, I was aware of someone in the room. Turning my head drowsily — I had no strength to raise it from the pillow — I saw through the mists of sleep a man in a sheepskin jacket and peasant cap, standing in the middle of the room with feet firmly planted, motionless, looking at me. He was of medium height, solidly built, with hair just beginning to turn gray and a dark, bristly chin. His face was that of a man who has known and survived everything that can be endured.

I wanted to talk with him but only half succeeded. I was still drugged with sleep. He said something that sounded like "I am the Rada Narodowa." This did not surprise me at all, for I was too dazed to remember that the Rada Narodowa was a council of fifty people and that probably he said he was its president. At the moment I thought he was really the Rada Narodowa incarnate in that room.

He said something about the different ways men had of looking at life and the world. Something about Americans having many illusions. "Here in Poland after five years of war we see things as they are." Or perhaps I should put it: "Here we see reality." It was the impact of his thought I got, rather than exact words.

Then he was gone. I was still too exhausted to rise. Half an hour later I really awoke and wanted to find him or to know whether it had been a dream. At the county building I learned that the new president of the Rada — the one that Potapczyk said was "a good man, a peasant" — had come to town on some official business, dropped in at Potapczyk's to meet the American guest, and, finding me sleeping, had gone back to his farm some fourteen miles away. He would not be returning, they thought, for several days.

Not in all my sojourn in Poland have I so wished to continue conversation with any man. It was as if, in that half-trance between sleep and wakefulness, I had met and known the essence of a man and of a county.

I understood now why Marian Potapczyk could be only vice-president of the Rada. Potapczyk had come from Lodz. He had fought well for Radzyn. He would probably die for Radzyn. But this man was Radzyn itself. He was peasant Poland. Not the dark, isolated peasant of the past, but the peasant of today and tomorrow, acting and understanding.

Potapczyk came in a little later and his wife set out supper in the kitchen. I managed to consume the huge dish of cabbage-and-potato soup and some of the boiled potatoes — butterless, for that precious morning portion was gone. I balked at the raw chunks of fat back that she pressed upon me as a delicacy. She saw through my pretense of eating and kept insisting that I was not taking enough.

Watching our friendly conflict, Potapczyk's eyes dwelt lovingly on his wife. "She wants that Americans should think Poles are nice people," he said with the ghost of a smile.

"And aren't they?" I smiled back.

To my surprise his face clouded. When he spoke, it was slowly and with a deep sigh. "I also could wish you to think so." His eyes probed the ruins outside the window as he put the question: "Is that a nice town?"

Taken aback, I sought for words. I said something about "heroism." He shook his head.

"It is a broken town," he said heavily. "It will take long to rebuild. But the breaking of the buildings is nothing to the breaking of the people."

"We are people who hid in cellars. We are people who were slaves for five years. How do slaves live? Some by bribing or cheating their masters, some by selling the loot of murdered Jews, some by selling their neighbors. Some got away to the woods and fought. Many — and these were our best ones — died.

"Those men who took away my health, who were they? Peasants with big families, selling me perhaps to save their children, or ignorantly deceived. Some day we shall have time to prosecute them. Not now. They are not our chief danger. They are people with whom we have to build."

"What is your chief danger?" I asked appalled. I thought of enemy spies, of graft in high places, of stark hunger and cold.

Potapczyk spoke slowly, considering: "I think it is those who believe that we have won the victory already — that we can stop."

Startled by this sudden turn, I thought of millions in my own country who see the victory won or as tomorrow's easy gift. It was clear that to Potapczyk victory was something for which he fought but which he would never live to see. A terrible fit of coughing stopped his speaking. He leaned back heavily in his chair. His wife, alarmed, hovered over him with hot tea and eager attention. He seemed to me at the moment a tragic figure. Destroyed already, and without vengeance on those who had destroyed him.

Did he guess what I was thinking? Or was his answer not to me but to some regrets of his own that he ruthlessly suppressed? When he spoke, it was with firm assertion.

"I am one of the lucky ones. How many died under torture, seeing only the masters' boots! But I was *starosta* in our first week of freedom. I organized elections in sixteen townships. I began the people's rule!"

WHO WANTS TAXES CUT?

by KARL F. ZEISLER

In submitting his article KARL F. ZEISLER, who is the Managing Editor of the *Monroe Evening News*, Monroe, Michigan, gave us this thumbnail sketch of himself:—

"I have written editorials urging economy in government, and articles on the city and school budget, pointing out extravagance. I have also watched government operate, from the close contact of a small-town newspaper office. And I have become a homeowner and a parent.

"Economy in government is fine, but too much economy is like too much of a powerful drug. Low taxes are fine, but for lack of revenue I have seen the schools deprived of their best teaching talent, the city deprived of ideal park sites. Gradually I have become convinced that we unwittingly starve good government in embryo; we feed it just enough to keep it alive, and not quite enough to make it vigorous and effective.

"And I have seen the low-tax lobby operate, usually behind the scenes and always for selfish purposes. So I think it is time to say a word for the other side of the picture, on behalf of those of us as individuals who would really benefit from the better government adequate taxes would make possible — though not inevitable. I am not a political science expert. But for over twenty years I have studied government at the practical level, and this is my diagnosis of its greatest ailment — malnutrition."

— THE EDITOR

1

PERSONALLY, I am a high-tax man. I believe taxes should be much higher than they are, and I believe the "demand" for low taxes and economy in government comes from interests opposed to me and to other individual citizens. Don't get me wrong. I am not and have never been on any public payroll. I do no business with any governmental agency and never expect to. Furthermore, I am a taxpayer; I pay income taxes, state sales taxes, local property taxes, nuisance and luxury taxes on the things I buy, and in addition I pay a rate that would astonish most Americans to the Dominion of Canada on the income from some bank stock I inherited. So what I have to say about taxes is not influenced by any salary or business I might get by boosting them. I should inevitably pay my full share if my advocacy of higher taxes bore fruit.

The other day in my state the legislature soundly defeated a measure to permit — not force — schools to extend their curriculum to fourteen grades. The objective of the bill was to enable smaller communities to offer home-town educational facilities to boys and girls who cannot afford college. It was in answer to the widespread complaints of businessmen and industrial employers that the average high school graduate cannot spell, make change, or read instructions. Yet its defeat came about largely because the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, a farmer, asserted that the people were paying all the taxes they could bear, and that if this business of expanding the burden of supporting the public schools went on unchecked there would be a taxpayers' revolt. He neglected to say which taxpayers would re-

volt — whether parents, farmers, businessmen, property owners, industrialists, or bondholders.

Taxes are the prorated cost of things we can buy only from government. We get about what we pay for. We should get more and better fire and police protection, education, sanitation, recreational facilities, food inspection, control over fraudulent transactions, and reduction in the risk of our investments if we paid more taxes. Yet by listening to the low-tax people all these years we have cheated ourselves out of the essentials only government can give us. It is time we examined the economy-in-government interests and determined whether we as individuals should listen to them or decide for ourselves how much government service we actually need and want and can afford to buy.

Granted that government has accumulated a lot of frills, and that government regulation of the New Deal variety is onerous; nevertheless we owe too much of our well-being to monopolies we have placed in government to deprive ourselves by joining in the low-tax hue and cry. When you consider, for instance, that the farmer-legislator who blocked the extension of educational opportunities in my state serves the people in a key post for \$3.00 a day, do my fellow citizens have any reason to complain of the leadership they are employing?

And what does the low-tax lobby really gain by "saving" the money it would take to attract legislative leadership of the caliber called for by these times and their problems?

Take education. A nation can't rise above the level of its average citizen any more than a river can

rise above its source. And the source of citizenship in America is "free" public school education. Are you satisfied with the public schools in your community and the job they are doing, whether you send your children to them or pay the tremendously higher cost of private schooling?

Are your public schools, in the town in which you live, instilling the ideals of Americanism, training boys and girls to fit into community life at the highest level of their ability, giving bright pupils the opportunity they deserve and doing what can be done for the dull ones? Are they giving adequate social readjustment to the incipient delinquents, maintaining standards of pay and advancement and community recognition and social security to attract the most competent teachers, and planning ahead to provide adequate buildings in the proper locations for the growth of your community? If you are satisfied that your school system is meeting all its obligations, you can rest assured that your tax rate for education is higher than the nation's average.

Recent disclosures by Selective Service regarding rejections of men for military service point an accusing finger at the low-tax lobby. They show that the percentage of rejections is highest in the areas where public school education has the lowest tax support, while the lowest rate of rejections comes from the sections of the country where school taxes are highest and schools are doing the best job. In other words, we are sacrificing our most effectively trained youth in this war because those areas willing to foot the bill for education are producing the men most capable of defending the country. Must we suffer this drain on "superior" offspring in all our wars because the tax lobby is powerful enough to cheat certain sections of America out of educational facilities they could afford? Is property more valuable to the republic than its potentially most productive citizens?

The Army and Navy are skeptical of the product of the low-tax interests' school system. They have had to put candidates for pilots and navigators and engineers through simple arithmetic courses, and some draftees through all the three R's, to equip them to fight. It isn't only the hillbillies who have had to be taught to read and write in this war of machines and technology and precision. Comic-strip techniques, visual education in the form of indoctrination movies, hipped-up textbooks, and all forms of brain-jogging devices, including the undraped female form, have been pressed desperately into service to get training across to soldiers and sailors who can't read ordinary texts and get sense out of them, or listen to lectures and retain precious information.

The progress of this war against the enemies of civilization was slowed by the prolonged training needed to make up for the failure of our tax-starved public schools to educate.

Any schoolman can tell you why the schools fall down on their job. Poor salaries and slow promotion keep teaching standards low. Niggardly school budgets make for bargain education, the one thing Amer-

ica, of all nations, can't afford. Money doesn't inevitably buy the best in schooling, but the best schooling naturally costs money. High enough taxes for adequate school plants and competent teaching staffs can spell the difference between education and a futile waste of time.

Nor does this mean that a marble-front building complete with swimming pool and cafeteria is essential to teach children reading and writing and the fundamentals of democracy. A modest one-room rural school can turn out Grade A citizens if it has a capable teacher, but the tragedy is that one-room rural schools usually get only enough of the tax money to hire inferior teachers.

What should education cost? I don't know, but I know we have paid too little and got only what we paid for. As a parent I would gladly pay twice as much in school taxes if that would assure my youngsters of the kind of education I think they deserve and know they aren't getting. If the Army and Navy can afford effective education, I can.

2

TAKE municipal government. Have you ever been bawled out by a traffic cop for going north on a south-bound street or parking in a restricted zone? Are you satisfied that traffic rules are sensible in your town and traffic officers trained to make drivers want to observe them? If so, you live in a rare community — and pay for it. The point is that if you pay enough taxes you can hire traffic engineers to lay out a sensible system, and intelligent traffic officers to make traffic safety and law observance compulsory by virtue of logic rather than invective.

Municipal government today is a science. Colleges give graduate courses in it and men have devoted their lives, for no great reward, to studying and practicing it. A town can be run so that all the citizens enjoy the benefits of competent, skilled administration, regardless of whether the mayor is a Republican, a Democrat, or a Socialist. It isn't even essential to have a streamlined charter or a city manager; towns with good old partisan aldermen can and do hire experts to run the fire, police, health, and water departments — when the people insist and provide the wherewithal.

Perhaps you have heard the sirens scream and heeded the boyhood urge to follow the fire trucks. A warehouse is smoking. Hose is whipped out and water played on the building. But as a layman watching the process, are you satisfied that the firemen know their business — that they have studied that building in advance to know where fire is likely to occur, how the drafts will sweep the flames, what kind of material is stored inside, and how best to quench the blaze? If so, again, you live in a rare community — and are paying for it. There are fire schools, and modern methods of fighting fires, and marvelous new equipment — and still most towns

pay only for horse-and-buggy fire fighting. Too many taxpayers would rather watch a good fire than pay the cost of a really competent fire department. Yet they pay the difference in insurance rates.

Suppose an epidemic of typhoid should break out in your town. Whose responsibility is it to see that it is checked and the sources eliminated? Who inspects your hospitals? Who guards the health of the school pupils? Public health protection is so cheap that it makes ridiculous other bills we foot ungrudgingly. Few towns, and still fewer rural communities, pay for such protection. It would add a few cents to taxes, perhaps; and the real-estate organizations, the chamber of commerce, the landlords, the merchants, the industries, all scream to high heaven at the very mention of higher taxes. A factory or an apartment building isn't much affected by a typhoid epidemic, but you are, and you can buy protection from it with your taxes or you can listen to the low-tax lobby and think those people are saving you money.

Be a little bit suspicious next time you hear or read some argument for keeping taxes down and for running the city on a business basis. Who's making the argument? What have they to gain by lower taxes and what have you to lose?

Of course, cities have extravagance and waste and graft and payroll padding. Show me a business that operates with 100 per cent efficiency and no nepotism and I will show you cities that have achieved equal perfection. But don't nurse the myth that all business wears a halo and all government is full of graft. Moreover, a government can't be run as a business is run. Business operates for profit; government operates for service. Some government employees may loaf, and lots of them probably do, but most of them are loyal, hard-working, and eager to do a good job if they have the opportunity.

You can live in a city with snarling traffic cops, street congestion, juvenile delinquency, underpaid teachers, dirty streets, and pinochle-playing firemen; you can have graft and patronage and crooked assessments. Or you can have a spick-and-span city with intelligent policemen, trained firemen, alert teachers, adequate parks and playgrounds, a minimum of crime, safe milk and water, efficient city services and able, courteous city employees under sound civil service, and competent department heads, free from political interference. It all depends on whether you want to pay low taxes or high taxes, whether you listen to the low-tax lobby or decide for yourself that you want decent surroundings in which to bring up your family.

3

HIGH taxes, I admit, are a temptation to the grafters and the machine politicians, but a city deserves nothing better if its people are unwilling to assume their responsibilities as citizens to keep the government on the up-and-up. Low taxes, on the other hand, invite the chisellers, the incompetents, the mis-

fits, and all the evil influences which seek to avoid their fair share of the cost of living communally.

We live in counties without being particularly aware of the fact. We pay taxes to county governments which maintain courts and roads and law enforcement agencies and collect dog taxes and issue marriage and fishing licenses and record deeds. Counties are an anomaly in the American system of government; they were borrowed from England, which has no state governments. In most of our states we have counties with no administrative head, and we have a legislative body which represents townships and cities with little responsibility to the county as a unit. It might be a worthy reform to get rid of counties altogether. In our scheme of things, however, only counties can plan and regulate land use and build traffic arteries, or extend health protection and provide school supervision over rural areas and villages, or police rural zones and maintain parks and administer the numerous licensing and supervisory functions that fall between the municipal and state levels.

Most important of all, counties alone can govern in that twilight zone of rapidly spreading suburban areas around cities where municipal government and municipal services do not extend. These fringe areas are our greatest governmental problem; often they are populated by people who want the advantages of both country and city with the obligations of neither. Consequently they have inadequate schools and improper sanitation, no zoning or building restrictions, haphazard road maintenance, poor fire and police protection, and no planning of their development.

Having fled their municipal obligations, these fringe dwellers might be left to stew in their own juice except that they are a health, crime, fire, and property-value menace to the cities they surround, and no particular asset to the country on which they encroach, with their garage homes which never quite become either garages or homes, their chicken coops, their septic tanks, and their manure piles. Moreover, they inevitably, as low-assessment property, pay less than their share of the increased burden they put on government.

Possibly counties, provided with adequate tax revenues, may find their proper function and fulfill it. Some of the wealthier ones containing large cities, and some with stable agricultural resources, have shown the way.

State government has been seduced by tempting offers of Federal aid and, in accepting Washington money with strings attached, has yielded many of its prerogatives and lost much of its initiative. States-rights properly resent this tendency, but some good has come of it. State standards have necessarily been raised, and the states have been forced to look more critically on their functions and to appraise them more realistically. State government is in a transition period just now.

Sound, enterprising state government, under inspired leadership, and freed of the shackles of under-

paid, underqualified legislators, could unsnarl inter-city traffic jams, improve education, raise standards of local government, develop natural resources, preserve wildlife, encourage new industries, make beauty spots and recreation areas available to all the people, improve sanitation and public health, abate mental ills, regulate business transactions to ensure fair dealing, encourage better housing, develop air-travel facilities, promote planning, better the farmer's opportunities, and do a host of other things, between the municipal and Federal levels, that have the support of the people.

But it is axiomatic that the farther a government is from the people, the more remote it is from meeting its responsibilities. A state with an honest, sincere administration, adequately supplied with revenue, can do wonders, as has been demonstrated by Frank Lowden, Alfred E. Smith, Hiram Johnson, and Tom Dewey. Notably these able governors first set the state's financial house in order, swelled its revenue, and then set out on comprehensive improvement and expansion programs. A recipe for better state government might be: First find your governor, then give him ungrudgingly the taxes he needs.

4

WE COME at last to that tax-consuming behemoth, the Federal government. Am I daft enough to open the purse strings to it? Well, the states need never have been seduced by Washington if state and local governments had had the wherewithal to do their jobs, from relief through the whole gamut. The low-tax lobby at home must share the blame for starving local and state governments and forcing Washington into the picture. And when we are willing to pay enough to have schools, cities, counties, and states function properly, much of the embroidery on the Federal system can be trimmed. Low taxes have merely forced many of these functions into the lap of the government which has access to the most revenue — and is farthest removed from the people.

The Federal government can reward us with better services in proportion to its income just as city government does, provided we are alert to our citizenship responsibilities. Some services can be bought only in Washington, such as the FBI, the National Park Service, the ICC, the Post Office Department, the FCC and the CAA to regulate radio and aviation, to say nothing of the Army and Navy.

We'd all pay higher taxes if they meant attracting into Treasury the most competent economic and tax authorities, into Interior the ablest conservators

of natural resources, into Justice and the Federal court system the best legal minds, into Labor the most skilled practitioners of industrial relations, into Agriculture the wisest dirt farmers and ablest food and soil scientists, and into State the best diplomatic brains to help us keep the peace. For government now can't compete with business and endowed institutions in engaging top men in every field. We pay just enough to train thousands of good men, only to have them attracted into better-paying fields where many of them are retained by interests opposing the public interest. This is penny wisdom.

Finally, I favor higher taxes because I am convinced you and I can't afford the penalty of low taxes. We suffer hidden as well as all too apparent disadvantages from starved or subsistence governments at all levels. I know I don't pay enough in taxes, and what I do pay is largely wasted because I don't get in return the services to which I feel entitled as a citizen and a parent.

We citizens have been propagandized into a mistaken low-tax philosophy by powerful interests which profit by low taxes. Their argument that government is graft-ridden, wasteful, unscientific, and unfair in its assessment and collection of taxes would disappear if we all paid enough to buy good government. You don't mind being gypped out of a couple of dollars at a carnival, but you certainly insist on getting honest value when you buy a hundred dollars' worth of clothing or furniture. The same idea applies to taxes and government.

The low-tax lobby is well entrenched and will be hard to beat. It has influence over most of the vehicles of public information. It has the advantage of seeming to defend the people from being victimized by spend-minded politicians. But it is a lobby opposed to your interests and my interests as citizens of a democracy.

The individual voices of the citizens must be raised to be heard above the voices of the corporation, the business, the institution. We need to say loudly and repeatedly that our children need a better education, our block needs better police, fire, and health protection; that we want to spend our vacations in better public parks; that we want our gasoline supply conserved, our game and fish protected, our passage to and from the city made safer, and our grandchildren's peace made secure. Low taxes, niggardly budgets, and penny-pinching won't buy these things. High taxes won't guarantee them, either; but if we all pay high taxes we shall do a better job of insisting that the money is spent for what we can buy only from government for our own — and the nation's — benefit.

THE THREE SAILORS

by JAN STRUTHER

I SAW three sailors drinking beer
In a Seventh Avenue bar:
The first one had a parakeet
And the second a new guitar —
But the third had nothing except a look
That he'd brought back from afar,
Where the bloodstained islands are.

The first one talked with a Midwest burr;
He was big and broad and fair;
The blue Great Lakes were in his eyes
And Norway in his hair.
He came from a state where the earth lies flat
As far as a man can stare:
He had a plainsman's air.

The second one was a mountain man
And he spoke with a mountain drawl.
His hair was red and his eyes were green;
He was narrow, and middling tall.
He was born with a chip on his shoulder bone
In a shack with a mud-chinked wall,
Where the Blue Ridge foothills fall.

The third one's voice had an East Side tang:
He was swarthy and slim and neat.
He was got in a Bowery rooming house
And born on Delancey Street,
Where the kids lie out on the fire escapes
At night, in the August heat,
And the sidewalks scorch their feet.

The first was Olaf Christiansen;
The second was Pat McCoy —
But the third was Simeon Salvator,
The child of an hour of joy:
So some of the kids yelled "Wop" or "Kike"
And some of them whispered "Goy"
When he was a little boy.

Olaf's kin have plowed their land
For ninety years or more,
And Patrick's folks were backwoodsmen
Before the Seven Years' War:
But Simeon's mother passed the Lamp
Beside the Golden Door
In nineteen three, or four.

Olaf played with the parakeet
And tickled it with a straw.
It pecked a pretzel out of a dish
And held it in its claw.
"Of all the gals in those gosh-darned Isles,
She's the cutest one I saw —
So I'm taking her home to Maw."

Patrick hitched his foot on the rail
And tuned a slackened string.
He sang of the land where his forebears lived
When George the Third was king:
Of the Bonnie Banks where "the broken heart
It knows no second Spring" —
The way all hill folk sing.

But Simeon, he'd brought nothing back
By way of a souvenir.
He'd scarcely heard of Dan'l Boone,
He was hazy on Paul Revere,
And Ellis Island was where his folks
Had faced their worst frontier:
So he listened, and drank his beer.

Simeon, he'd brought nothing back
He could carry in arm or hand,
But only something he'd never had
And still didn't understand:
Through sweat and blood he'd begun to feel
Like a man with a native land.
It was new, and kind of grand.

I saw three sailors drinking beer
In a Seventh Avenue bar:
The first one had a parakeet
And the second a new guitar —
But the third had nothing except a look
That he'd brought home from afar,
Where the bloodstained islands are.

CAVE HUNTING

by THOMAS BARBOUR

I

I HAVE often dreamed of the pleasure I might have had exploring the Cuban caves with Don Felipe Poey. Poey, who was born in Havana the twenty-sixth of May, 1799, and died there the twenty-eighth of January, 1891, was one of those old-fashioned naturalists with a curiosity about every living thing. He was a friend and correspondent of Professor Louis Agassiz, and I have in the archives of our Museum any number of letters written by him to Professor Agassiz, demonstrating his widespread interest in natural history.

Poey wrote in French as if it were his mother tongue; and better than that, he consented to deposit in the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge a great number of the types of his new species of fish. He collected insects of a number of different orders. He made one of the first really great collections of land mollusks and was the first person to point out the prodigious number of species represented in Cuba.

Poey was a teacher as well as an investigator, and although he did not have a doctor's degree, an exception was made in his case, and he was allowed to hold a professorship in the University of Havana. Under Spanish law, possession of a doctorate was supposed to be a *sine qua non* for holding such a position. I have heard many a story about Poey from his favorite pupil, Dr. Carlos de la Torre, who later occupied Poey's position in the University with great distinction.

The modesty and unbelievable industry of Poey are bywords with us. His two-volume work entitled *Memorias sobre la Historia Natural de la Isla de Cuba* appeared in Havana in 1851. The book is beautifully illustrated with colored plates depicting the new fish, butterflies, land shells, and other discoveries which he made known for the first time. His second outstanding work, *Repertorio Fisico-Natural de la Isla de Cuba*, is the rarer of the two, though both are extremely difficult to obtain—probably because the great majority of copies were

in Cuban libraries and so were singularly liable to attack by termites.

Don Carlos de la Torre has told me so much about Don Felipe Poey that I feel as if I had known him. He had a real and firm desire to make known the natural wonders of the island where he lived. From the letters that have gradually fallen into our hands, it is apparent that he was better known to the great naturalists of the continent of Europe than he was to his colleagues in the United States. Nevertheless, he had firm friends and admirers in Spencer Baird and George Lawrence, as well as Professor Louis Agassiz. It was his keen intelligence that caused him to deposit his specimens in the museums outside of Cuba, for he knew perfectly well that the time had not yet come in Cuba when such things as specimens of natural history would be appreciated.

2

THERE are two sorts of blind fish to be found in the caves in western Cuba and they belong to two distinct genera, the one called *Lucifuga* and the other *Stygicola*. They were first described by Felipe Poey in 1860, but he must have known about them for some time before he actually got around to giving them names, for he lists a very considerable number of caves in which they had been found up to that time. All of them were in the general vicinity of what was then the jurisdiction of San Antonio, near the present towns of Guira de Melena and Alquizar in Havana Province.

In only one case, in the Castle Cave near the plantation La Industria, does he mention both fish being found in the same cavern. My experience bears out this fact that both fishes do inhabit some of the same subterranean waterways. In the great cave at Unión de Reyes, of which I shall speak a little later, we found that both forms were about equally abundant. They are good valid genera as we interpret such matters now, although Poey thought them congeneric. They are both derived from marine forms of the family *Brotulidae*, a family of somewhat cod-like affinities.

I wanted to secure specimens of these cave fish for

DR. THOMAS BARBOUR, Director of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard for thirty years, has been making periodic visits to Cuba, there to study the reptiles and mammals, the bats, birds, insects, and the flora which make the island such a paradise for a naturalist. This paper has been drawn from his forthcoming book, *Naturalist in Cuba*.

the Museum of Comparative Zoology very much indeed, and I visited many caves whence they had been reported as having been found in the past, but without success. Finally my friend Dr. Victor Rodríguez of the University of Havana and I found a cave located in the black belt of the southern part of Matanzas Province near the little town of Unión de Reyes, where we were to have good luck.

The way leading into this cavern was through a great arched portal, and the entrance passage sloped gently downward. We went in with our electric torches and our dip nets ready; and after walking some distance, we came to a wide body of water which seemed to be covered with thin ice. The water was supercharged with lime, and evaporation had left a film on the surface. We cracked this film very carefully and slid the sheets aside, one under the other. Peering down into the absolutely clear water, we saw a great number of our fish.

They are so extremely sensitive to any disturbance in the water that they are not easy to catch with a net. Ultimately, however, after wading about and after much effort — and, I may add, much perspiration — we garnered a rich booty. Then we gathered together our gear and prepared to make our way back to the railroad station.

To get to the cave, we had chartered a funny old broken-down victoria, which we found at the station. Evidently we had no sooner entered the cavern than our jehu had hastened back to town and reported our strange actions to the officer commanding the local post of the rural guard. As we walked out of the cave, a sergeant and a platoon of guards on horseback promptly surrounded us. We had wisely provided ourselves, before we left Havana, with the most excellent credentials and as a result were very courteously treated by the sergeant. He, however, begged us if we ever again came back, or went elsewhere cave hunting, to go first to the officer of the rural guard and report what we were about.

Apparently the impression we made on the populace by appearing from nowhere was bewildering, but our immediate disappearance into a cave indicated quite certainly a search for buried treasure. Naturally, all and sundry wanted to be in on this hunt. Legends regarding buried treasure to be found in the caves of Cuba are as numerous as they are improbable. We were amazed by the episode, but profited by the good advice we had received. On many subsequent occasions we often got much help from the *rurales*.

3

SUCCESS does not crown every hunt for blind fishes. Here now is the story of one which brought no results and pretty nearly ended my career. Dr. Felipe García, the Port Medical Officer of Matanzas, once was kind enough to lend me his launch to go to La Maya Point. There, in a deep well near the light-house keeper's house, blind fishes are to be seen. I

saw one on the day when I went there, but it was too deep to take with my net.

We started homeward in the afternoon and were on our return trip across the great wide-open bay when a norther suddenly began to blow great guns. Before we had gone very far, the engine of our launch stopped and the sea fast grew rougher and rougher. I thought that we were surely done for, but one of the Negroes on board was a first-class seaman and with a single oar he at last brought us safely to town.

I may add here that the Bay of Matanzas has a wide, open mouth and is very deep. Most of the harbors of Cuba, like Havana, Santiago, Banes, Cienfuegos, Guantánamo, and several others, are "bottle-neck harbors" and represent drowned valleys which were cut out and flooded when the water which was tied up in the great polar ice cap was returned to the ocean at the end of the last glacial period. This raised the level of the surface of the ocean. If a little more water had been returned to the sea, the famous Yumurí Valley near Matanzas would be another perfect bottleneck harbor.

The Bay of Matanzas, as I have just said, is very deep and does not afford much holding ground for ships; it is not like Cienfuegos, for example, which could shelter all the navies of the world and provide holding ground to anchor all. Matanzas Bay opens almost directly northward; hence it is very unsafe when heavy northers blow. To be sure, as long as the wind is from the northwest, and not from due north, there is a certain amount of shelter. But northers begin in the northwest with the wind always swinging through the north to the northeast, and so finally back to the normal southeast wind which prevails a good part of the year.

The water of the harbor is so deep that the local fishermen have developed special methods of taking fish from great depths, and for this reason Matanzas Bay is famed throughout the world among students of fishes for the many rare and peculiar forms which it has produced.

The Kentucky fish, *Amblyopsis*, is evidently derived from a normally formed stream inhabitant called *Chologaster*, which is found in the southeastern part of the United States. A still more remarkable case is that of a species which has recently been discovered in Mexico, called *Anoptichthys jordani*. A stream, really a small river, in the state of San Luis Potosí, Mexico, enters a large, dark cave. In the waters of the stream outside, before the river enters the cavern and out in the open air, fishes of the genus *Astyanax* occur. These are quite commonplace little minnows, as far as appearance goes. Near the mouth of the cave, however, individuals are found in a modified form showing distinct evidence of a tendency toward becoming blind; then deep in the cave, where it is really dark, still others occur in a completely blind state. This wonderful little creature, named in memory of Dr. David Starr Jordan, is certainly the most remarkable case of the sort ever recorded.

Off the shores of Southern California, one encounters occasionally a blind fish which lives in cavities of rocks and under stones right alongshore in shallow water. This is *Typhlogobius* — and why on earth it ever saw fit to become blind is most difficult to understand. It has innumerable allies all over the world, for the gobies are a most abundant cosmopolitan family and many live in exactly this same sort of situation. But everywhere else they are perfectly normal in every respect.

In the Old World, in the caves of Carniola and Carinthia in the Alps of Austria, two forms of blind amphibia are found. They are long, slender, pallid, newt-like creatures which have been known to science for many years.

4

OF ALL the cave-inhabiting creatures of the world, Cuba has more than its share. There are almost as many species found in Cuba as there are in all the Old World, and I suspect that very many more remain to be discovered. The little I have done in cave exploration has been a source of great interest and stimulation to my imagination.

The first blind shrimps to be found in Cuba were collected by the late Professor C. H. Eigenmann, of Indiana University. He was searching for blind fish with the idea of making a microscopic study of their degenerate eyes. This he did and the paper he wrote is a classic. As a by-product of his collecting in the caves, he found that blind shrimp which has turned out to be the most common and widely distributed species known to the present day. He took specimens in four caverns in the general vicinity of San Antonio de los Baños in western Cuba.

In 1912, my wife and I were at Madruga with our friends Professor and Mrs. J. Lewis Bremer, he of the Harvard Medical School. We annexed a local guide named Serapio Hernández. One day he said, "I will take you to a cave where I am sure you will find something interesting." We all rode on horseback out on the highway leading toward Matanzas. When we came to where the road leading to Aguacate branches off, we turned to the north. We had proceeded only a mile or so towards Aguacate when we saw, beside the roadway, the tops of some tall trees reaching just about to road level. These obviously grew up from the bottom of a deep sinkhole, and this one had steep rocky sides. Finding that we were able to scramble down one of the trees to the bottom of the sink, we discovered the entrance of a cave. It was apparent that we were not by any means equipped to explore this. So we went home and returned the next day with candles, a ball of heavy string, nets, and containers for whatever specimens we might find. Then we climbed down the same tree and again entered the cave.

Bremer and I, with the help of our friend the late Elliot Bacon, who had just joined us from Havana,

were girding our loins for the task ahead, while my wife and Mary Bremer found a flat rock in a shady spot and sat down to play a game of cards. They had not been playing very long before our guide Serapio, who turned out to be a bit light in the upper story, strode up to them and began striking what appeared to them to be most belligerent attitudes, brandishing his machete. He had a so-called war machete, which was quite a fearsome-looking weapon. The girls spoke little Spanish, but soon realized that all he wanted was to have his photograph taken. Rosamond accommodated him, taking his picture over and over again to please him — even long after the film in the camera was all run out. Finally contented, he went to sleep in the shade.

The cave which my companions and I were now entering was indescribably foul and stinking. Sometimes the gallery was very narrow, and at other times the roof was low and the bat dung was so deep that we sank over our shoes in the unsavory material at every step. Even so, progress was infinitely more unpleasant when we had to crawl. We pushed on and on, unwinding our twine as we crept along, so that we should surely be able to find our way back.

At last we came to a subterranean river and here, to our joy, we saw any number of pale, delicate little shrimps. These had appendages so fine and so slender that they looked almost like threads. The antennae particularly were long and so extremely sensitive that it really was difficult to bring a net near one of the little beasts without its scooting away, but we managed to catch several specimens.

We had hoped to find blind fish but did not, and finally we made our way back out of the cave. On the return trip I had another bit of luck, for I found several pure white, blind, and happily very slow-moving pill bugs. I caught them easily and found that they had become highly modified for life underground. The shrimps were new. The pill or sow bugs had been taken but once before.

To this very moment, I can recall how inexpressibly pleasant was our emergence into the fresh air. It was a very hot day outside, but in comparison to the heat in the cave, it seemed when we emerged like coming into another fresh, cool world. We were thoroughly tired.

I must say Elliot Bacon was a sad sight to behold when we all crept out. He had on really high-class store clothes. My wife tells me that I looked like a terrible tramp. She reminded me the other day of what I had forgotten. The containers which we took into the cave were all filled with blind shrimp in water to keep them alive and I had managed to pick up a lot of mollusks — and some very good ones, too — as well as other odds and ends. Whenever I found a handful of specimens which I wanted to keep separate, I would cut off a large piece of what I was told afterwards was a very expensive linen shirt, for material in which to wrap them. With the bat guano in which I had waded up to my waist and with my shirt pretty well cut away, for not much of this

was left except what was on my arms, I must have been a dreadful-looking object. Finally, sweaty and tired, we climbed up the tree and out of the sink, mounted our horses, and returned to Madruga well pleased with our day's collecting.

To sum up what we know about these creatures to the present time, there are twelve species of blind prawns known from the Americas. One is from Kentucky, one is from Texas, and two are from South America. Two more come from Yucatán, a limestone country, in many respects like Cuba. There are five Cuban forms of the eleven species mentioned which are Palaemonids, the pale white species; to these, of course, the red Hippolitid is to be added. Thus as many cave dwellers have been found in Cuba as in all the rest of the Americas put together, and I'll bet anyone a hat that there are a number of new forms still to be discovered in the island.

I wish I could rewrite this essay some fifteen or twenty years from now, for we are on the verge of great additions to our knowledge. A group of young

men affiliated with the Geographical Society of Cuba in Havana have formed themselves into a union called the "Speleologists." These wise and fortunate young people have started a systematic study of the caves of the entire island; they have already entered and studied more than one thousand caves of which we have hitherto known little or nothing, and they are only beginning.

There is good reason to believe not only that additional cave dwellers may be found, but that a vast amount of new material is going to be added to our knowledge of the distribution of life in the caves. It is not fair even to talk about the rumors which I have heard concerning the discoveries, but little birds—no doubt chattering little sparrows throughout the scientific world—have begun whispering the news hither and yon that a good many of the cave creatures have a considerably wider distribution than we have ever dreamed in the past. The story of the distribution or the scattering of blind creatures beneath the territory of Cuba is in for a great amplification before long.



"OPERATION MINCEMEAT"

by REAR ADMIRAL R. K. DICKSON, D.S.O., R.N.

I

THIS is a tale of the Mediterranean in the middle of those long grim years between the fall of France and the Battle of El Alamein. At the eastern end of the Mediterranean, the Fleet under Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham guarded the Suez Canal. At the western end Force H, under Admiral Sir James Somerville, guarded the Straits of Gibraltar. But all through the central Mediterranean, from Sardinia to Crete, the Italian Fleet and the German and Italian Air Forces had overwhelming superiority of numbers; and they dominated the waters of the Adriatic, the Riviera coast, and the Gulf of Genoa. No British ship, other than a submarine, could enter those waters without being reported from the air. Besides, the tragic attack on the French Fleet at Oran was only a year old, and we knew very little about what was going on in Toulon.

ROBERT KIRK DICKSON, D.S.O., R.N., joined the Royal Navy in January, 1911, and served in the Battle of Jutland on the flagship of Vice Admiral Sturdee. The rest of World War I he spent on destroyers with the Grand Fleet. He assumed command of H.M.S. *Manxman* in the summer of 1941, and for his services on that ship was awarded the D.S.O. In January, 1943, he returned to the Admiralty to take up the post of Deputy Director of Plans. He was promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral and is now serving as Chief of Naval Information.

That was how things stood when Admiral Somerville conceived the idea that the fast mine-layer *Manxman* (she was one of a new class of mine-laying light cruisers, the fastest ships in the world) should disguise herself as a French cruiser, steam openly and alone along the Riviera coast in daylight, dash into the Gulf of Genoa by night, lay a mine field on the very doorstep of the great Italian port of Leghorn, and then somehow find her way back to Gibraltar.

This plan he called "Operation Mincemeat." I've never discovered whether he meant that code name to indicate the intended condition of Italian shipping after the operation, or the certain condition of the mine-layer if this fearsome gamble should not come off.

On the fourteenth of August, 1941, H.M.S. *Manxman*, which I commanded, was lying in the Kyle of Lochalsh on the northwest coast of Scotland. Rear Admiral Robert Burnett, who commanded the Squadron based there, happened to be on board the ship that morning. We were talking in my cabin when my secretary came in and handed the Admiral a telegram from the Admiralty. This is what it said: "For her next operation it is desired that *Manxman* should re-

semble the French cruiser *Leopard* as far as is reasonably practicable."

Admiral Burnett had been well known in his earlier years as a producer of naval theatricals, and this sort of thing from the Admiralty tickled his fancy. "Well," he said, "I don't know what their Lordships mean by 'reasonably practicable,' but I'll give you just twenty-four hours to be the French cruiser *Leopard*. You can use the entire resources of this Squadron," he said, "and of this Base. Do what you like and make any signals you like in my name, but I don't want to see any of you again today. I'll come on board you at 11.30 tomorrow morning and I'll inspect you — as a Frenchman." With that he departed.

Our only guide was the 1940 edition of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, and from the photographs there didn't seem to be any resemblance at all between the *Manxman* and the *Leopard* except that they both had three funnels. However, by this time the histrionic talent which I always associate with a Chatham crew was fully aroused. Everyone had ideas, and there was labor in plenty, for we were boarded by 120 extras from the Squadron, each equipped with a paintpot and brush and more ideas.

We began by raking the masts and funnels — not actually, of course, but we gave them that appearance by the use of canvas, 40-foot spars, and black and white paint. Then our flush deck had to be given a false break, the upward trend of our forecastle had to be corrected, and characteristic French funnel tops had to be fashioned out of sheet iron. It would take too long to describe how all this was done in twenty-four hours without structural alteration to the ship, but by dark that night the general opinion was that so far it looked pretty good — from the stalls, so to speak, but less so from the gallery.

At midnight we started to change the shape of our bow and stern. Our stempiece was straight; but a false curved one, which had been made for us by the Base, was sent off in a lighter. It was a grand affair of steel plates, but nothing would induce it to fit properly over the paravane gear. So it was angrily thrown back into the lighter, and instead we made a substitute of shaped canvas, spread on wires between a bowsprit and heel fittings welded each side of the stem at the waterline. We had a false stern too, also of steel plates, but the darned thing fell off the first night out from Gibraltar and had to be replaced by a more durable structure of wood and canvas.

Then there was the little matter of French uniforms. This had not been specified in the Admiralty signal, but it seemed best to go the whole hog. It would have been unfortunate if our French appearance had attracted the close and friendly attention of French aircraft, only to find the upper deck thronged with British sailors. So a hundred uniforms were fabricated, consisting simply of white singlets, painted with blue horizontal stripes, and red bobbins to be pinned on top of blue caps. There were enough for

everyone likely to be on the upper deck at any one time.

Punctually at 11.30 next morning the Admiral arrived. "Ah, mon Capitaine," he said as he came over the side. "Ah, cher Admiral," I replied, as I embraced him and invited him to inspect the extremely French guard which were fallen in on the quarterdeck. He was satisfied and reported to the Admiralty that their instructions had been complied with.

Then we unrigged the whole thing and laid it in-board. We had to do that, partly because we didn't want anybody to see the disguise until we had to use it, and partly because it would not have stood up to the Atlantic weather on the passage to Gibraltar.

We left Kyle next day; and after loading mines at Milford Haven, we sailed for Gibraltar on the evening of August 17.

Our object now was to avoid being identified by friend or foe. We made a big detour out into the Atlantic, and whenever we sighted any other ship we altered course to keep our hull down. When we got Admiral Somerville's outline plan by wireless, we were not surprised to find that his orders to us were to approach the Straits of Gibraltar after dark, and to make false identification signals when we arrived. Gibraltar was always a nest of spies. We were not to enter harbor or have any communications with the shore, but were to fuel from an oiler which had been anchored out in the Bay; and we were to deposit on board her all our secret books and ciphers to avoid the risk of carrying them into dangerous waters. Finally, we were to be away into the Mediterranean and out of sight of land before daylight.

While we were fueling in the darkness of Gibraltar Bay, we read the detailed operation orders which Admiral Somerville had left behind for us in the oiler. He had planned the operation to cover four days — Friday to Tuesday. It was now one o'clock on Friday morning and we were to lay the mine field at Leghorn in the early hours of Sunday morning. Admiral Somerville himself had just left Gibraltar with Force H — the *Nelson* and *Ark Royal*, the cruiser *Hermione*, and the destroyers *Nestor*, *Encounter*, *Foresight*, *Fury*, and *Forester*. His intention was to trail his coat to the southward of us and generally do all he could to distract the enemy's attention from us, while we slipped along the Riviera coast and round the north end of Corsica.

2

WE SAILED accordingly, and next night, as we passed between the Balearic Islands and Spain, we rigged our French disguise and put on our French uniforms. And at sunrise on Saturday, being then fifty miles northwest of Minorca, we hoisted French colors. There we were, a French cruiser steaming north at moderate speed on the route between Oran and Toulon; correct — or so we hoped — in every detail, from the French pendant at the mainmast head to the

washed clothing flapping on the quarterdeck. Even the ship's cat was dolled up in a neat little tricolor jacket and cockade.

The really tense period of the operation now began. We were trusting entirely to our French disguise, and we were under no illusions about what would happen to us if it failed while we were quite alone up there in the northwestern Mediterranean. But there was no use doing the thing by halves, so it was arranged that if any aircraft — French, German, or Italian — zoomed down close to us we should just wave to them in a friendly way. If a bomb was dropped, the plan was to flash "Attention! Vichy!" on our biggest daylight signaling projector; but if the attack continued, then we should have to hoist the White Ensign and do our stuff.

Whether any of these ruses would have worked, I cannot tell. I was greatly relieved that they were not required. During the whole operation we sighted only two aircraft. The first was a Dornier and the second was probably French. Both passed quite close, but they evidently took us at our face value; for they paid no attention to us. If either of them had made an enemy report, we should have had a hornet's nest around us in an hour.

By teatime on Saturday we were within forty miles of Toulon, and the Riviera coast was well in sight to the northward. So we turned east and steered as if for the French port of Ajaccio in Corsica. Never have I waited so impatiently for the sun to set.

At last, when it was quite dark, we dismantled our false bow, streamed the paravanes, and increased speed to 30 knots. Patches of mist made it difficult to get close round the north end of Corsica; but once east of it the weather cleared, and there was enough diffused starlight to let us see what we were doing all the time we were inshore.

We found the place all right and the lay began at 2.00 A.M. The sky was thickly overcast, but the sea was glassy calm. The blackout on the mainland of Italy was very good, but the land was plainly visible, and once we saw the masked headlights of a motorcar on the coast road just opposite us. It seemed so much closer than it was. The black cloud shadows on the water were disconcerting at times, but were in themselves a protection. In short, conditions were perfect. Once there was an explosion of some kind in the sky above Leghorn, twice flares were dropped over the land, and twice we thought we had been

challenged by destroyers. But these alarms came to nothing and we completed the lay at 3.30.

I remember the next three quarters of an hour as being the most trying part of the whole performance, because we had to make our getaway past Gorgona Island, where we suspected the Italians of operating hydrophones. Since it was essential to reduce our propeller noise to the minimum when passing it, the first part of the retreat had to be done at 10 knots — with daylight getting nearer and with all the horsepower of the fastest ship in the Navy waiting to be unleashed.

But at 4.15 we were clear of Gorgona and then we could leap on to full speed. Soon afterwards we sighted three ships in line ahead, but it was easy to avoid them and we had no cause to suppose they had seen us. At daylight we reduced speed to 33 knots, so as to be sure of making no funnel smoke; and an hour later, when we were anxiously searching the sky astern of us, we ran into thick fog. We held that speed of 33 knots right through the fog which enveloped us, on and off, until we were west of Toulon six hours later. That really *was* the protecting hand of Providence, because fog in that part of the Mediterranean in August is very rare.

We thought then that all our adventures would be over. But in the afternoon, as we were steaming down the Spanish coast, we sighted on the eastern horizon the masts and funnels of a ship which had every appearance of being a real French cruiser on passage from Oran to Toulon. There was nothing for it but to look the other way and step on the gas.

We had wonderful luck in that operation and we owed much to the diversion caused by Force H, whose aircraft from the *Ark Royal* made a night incendiary attack on the cork woods at Tempio in Sardinia, just as we were approaching Leghorn. The enemy could have eaten Force H if he had meant business, but he never came west of Sardinia.

That's the end of the story. We got back to Gibraltar after dark on Monday night, oiled in the Bay as before, picked up our secret books, got clear away into the Atlantic before daylight, and so back to Kyle of Lochalsh. In due course the Admiralty learned that important Italian ships had been sunk in the mine field, but the enemy never knew what hit him.

The following signal was sent by Admiral Somerville to the author on completion of the operation: "Operation successfully completed — there is now enough burnt cork in Sardinia to provide every man in the German Army with a Hitler moustache."



AN ATLANTIC STORY

SAW GANG

by WALLACE STEGNER

THE sun had not yet risen above the woods when Ernie started, and the grass on the little road up through the hemlocks was crisp with frost. As he topped the stiff climb and came out onto Thurson's meadow, above the town reservoir, the first flat rays hit him in the face.

He put his double-bitted axe through the fence, climbed through after it, crossed the meadow, and jumped the swamp from hummock to hummock until he entered the cedars. Cattle had been among the low growth; their split tracks were sucked deep into the ground and half frozen there.

On the other side of the rail fence belting the cedars he came again into open meadow, still green after a late mowing, and saw the long hill ahead of him, winter-black spruce scattered through the dying color of the maples. October was a very taste in the air of smoke and frost and dried seed pods, and he filled his lungs with it, walking rapidly up toward Pembroke's farm and the crown of woods behind it where George Pembroke was cutting wood.

He did not trouble to stop in the Pembroke's yard, but ducked under the last fence and went on up the brown skid road George had worn hauling limb wood down to his circle saw. As he climbed, the sun climbed with him, but the air still had its winy sparkle, and there was a smell from grass and weeds as the frost thawed.

Just where the skid road turned left up a little draw toward the sugarbush, he saw Will Livesy and Donald

Swain coming across from the other side, both with axes. Their greetings were brief.

"Hi, kid," Donald said.

"Hi, boy," said Will.

They walked along together, not talking. Ernie, matching his behavior to theirs, walked steadily, watching the woods. Only when Donald Swain breathed his lungs full of air, shifted his axe to the other shoulder, and said, "Good workin' weather," the boy looked at him and they grinned. It was what he had wanted to say himself.

Ahead of them, back in the woods, the saw engine started, and a minute later they heard the blade rip across the first log. Will Livesy took out a turnip watch, turned it for the others to see. It was seven-thirty. "Ain't wastin' no time," Will said.

The saw was set up in a clearing at the bottom of a slope. Behind it was a skidway piled ten feet high with logs. George Pembroke was there, and his brother Howard, and John LaPere, the sawyer. George, dogging a log forward under the upraised saw, spat sideways on the ground, unsmiling.

"Up late last night?"

"'y God," Will Livesy said, "I was up all night. Got any wood to chop to keep me awake?"

George looked at the mountainous skidway behind him. "Just a mite," he said.

Ernie stood his axe against a tree and jumped to roll a chunk, solid and squat as a meat block, from under the saw. Donald and Will squared away. Donald spat on his hands, swung: the blade bounded from the hard wood. A second later Will's axe came down on the other side, in the mathematical center of the chunk, and got a bite. Donald swung again, his blade biting into the crack his first blow had made, a quarter of an inch from Will's axe, and the chunk fell cleanly in two.

Everybody found a job and went at it. Howard

An American novelist whose latest narrative, *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, deserves wide reading, WALLACE STEGNER has a natural familiarity with rugged country. He spent his boyhood in Saskatchewan, went to secondary school in Great Falls, Montana, took his B.A. at the University of Utah in 1930 and his M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of Iowa. After five years of writing and teaching at Harvard, he accepted a professorship of Creative Writing at Stanford.

Pembroke rolled logs down onto the track, George dogged them through and braced them, LaPere dropped the saw onto them and whacked them into stove lengths, Ernie cleared them away, Donald and Will split. In the leaf-and-chip-strewn clearing, under the thinning maples, the pulse of the saw went up like the panting of a man.

Every hour or two, without talking about it, they changed off jobs, all except LaPere and Donald Swain. The work went on without pause while the sun climbed higher above the hill and the air warmed. Once in a while, seeing the lower part of the skidway bare, Ernie left his job and helped roll a new supply of logs down the skids with cant hooks. Nobody said anything.

About eleven, as Will was poking a six-inch pole under the saw, LaPere raised his denim cap and looked down his nose at the thing. Most of the logs they had been sawing were birch and beech and maple anywhere from eighteen to thirty inches through.

"Call that a log?" he said.

Will grinned. "George lost his fishpole."

A few minutes later, as Ernie rolled a big twisted knotty rot-sided maple log onto the tracks and Will dogged it forward, LaPere let the saw down experimentally and raked it across the crumbling bark. "Kind of gone by, ain't it?"

"Best George could find," Will said. He dropped the bracing lever across the log and threw his weight on it. LaPere bore down on the clutch and the jerking blade came down. Halfway through the pulpy log it hit a hard knot, the blade bent almost double, the log kicked sideways off the track as Will's lever slipped on the rotten bark and flipped upward like a swung bat. By the time LaPere could raise the saw the blade had jumped free and hung quivering, shaking shredded pulp from its two-inch teeth. Will was standing with his head down, feeling his jaw.

"Thunderation!" George Pembroke said. "That was a whack."

"Lever kicked up," Donald Swain said, watching Will. He said it for nobody in particular; they had all looked up instantly at the warning howl of the saw. "Took him right under the chin," Donald said.

Will felt his jaw tenderly. His hat had fallen off, and his thin red hair stuck up on end. Looking down from the platform, LaPere chuckled.

"Lose any teeth, Will?"

Will shook his head to clear it, felt his chin again, and cackled with sudden laughter. "'y God, I didn't have 'em in!" he said. He rolled the log back with a hook, and they were working again so abruptly that Ernie had to jump to get the chunk from under the saw.

2

AT NOON, without comment, LaPere cut the switch and the engine stopped with three lunging coughs. Donald and George sank their axes in the chunk they

had been splitting, they all collected their frocks from the trees where they had hung them, and within three minutes they were strung out along the trail on their way to the farmhouse.

Ernie did not push himself up with the others. Though he had known them all his life, he knew better at fifteen than to take it for granted he was one of them. In silence he followed the silent file until they came into the open opposite George's sugarhouse. There John LaPere, walking with George Pembroke, stopped and stared, and the rest piled up behind him.

"Great God, George!" LaPere said.

A little clump of spruces had been chopped down by the side of the road, and Ernie, coming up behind the clot of men, saw that the trees had been whittled and chewed and mangled with a dull axe and finally broken off instead of being chopped off clean.

"That city kid I had this summer," George said. "I think he used his teeth."

One by one, as they started again, the men looked at the mangled butts, then at each other. They whistled, grinning a little, and walked on. Will Livesy, a black clot of blood like a beard under his chin, turned and shook his head at Ernie, calling his attention to the stumps.

The table was set at the Pembrooks'. George changed from gum boots to slippers and turned on the radio while the men went one by one to the sink to wash. Ernie went last. By the time he sat down, the governor from Montpelier was discussing with the state the provisions he was making for coal supplies, and they listened to him in silence for twenty minutes, steadily consuming two plates apiece of Mrs. Pembroke's meat loaf, baked potatoes, hot biscuits, string beans, carrots, and sweet pickle.

They finished neck and neck with the governor, loitered briefly outside in the sun while George got back into gum boots, and then went silently back up the skid road past the sugarhouse and the gnawed spruce stumps and into the woods. Before LaPere had his engine started Howard Pembroke and Donald Swain were swinging splitting hammers on the tough and knotty chunks that they had rolled aside earlier.

In midafternoon George's hound wandered up muddy-footed from chasing through a swamp. It went around to each man, and each stopped for a second to scratch its ears, until it came to LaPere, up on the shaking platform. Then the hound sat down. "Hi, Sport," LaPere said.

About three-thirty, with the saw halfway through a big yellow birch log, the engine died. LaPere looked surprised. "'Nuts,' said McGinty," he said. He opened the gas cap, stuck a twig down, raised his eyebrows, and reached for the gas can. Ernie, straightening up to ease his aching back, saw that none of the others were stopping. Howard and Will were rolling down a new supply of logs, Donald and George stacking stovewood against the spreading pile to keep it from engulfing the splitting space.

Ernie got the shovel and cleaned the sawdust out from under the track.

Through the whole afternoon, while the sun rolled down the long slope of the western hills and the hound got bored and wandered away and the stack of split wood got head high, and more than head high, they worked steadily and in silence. Ernie, his back and his belly sore from leaning and lifting, kept his mouth shut and worked with them. He knew they would never have worked like this for any employer, that they kept up the pace only because they all owed George help and would give nothing but their best day's work in exchange. Still, he kept listening, half hopeful that the engine would die again. The great pile of logs had receded twenty feet up the skidway, and sawdust was ankle deep all around the saw.

About four George began jacking the logs thirty inches forward instead of fifteen. "Got about enough stovewood," he said.

The erratic, tearing rhythm of the saw, the panting of the engine, went on, punctuated by the solid, wet *chunk* of the splitters' axes. Behind the splitters another pile began to grow, furnace chunks this time. The hound came back, found no one to scratch its ears, and disappeared again. The logs came faster off the skids now; George's hand on the dogging lever was almost as regular as a hand on a pump handle.

The sun was shining through the maples, almost flat over the hill, when LaPere cut the switch. This time the men did not immediately drop what they were doing. Ernie, looking around gratefully in the expectation that the day was finally over, saw Donald and Howard finishing up a dozen blocks. Donald, who had been splitting steadily, without change or rest, since seven-thirty, was cleaning up all the gnarled and knotty chunks that had resisted him before. LaPere was gassing and oiling the engine and taking out the blade for sharpening. Will was shoveling out sawdust. Unwillingly, because he couldn't help it, Ernie went and helped George roll down logs from the skids for the next day.

It was fifteen minutes before they all picked up their frocks. For a while George Pembroke stood looking at the two mighty heaps of sawed and split wood. "I'm obliged to you, boys," he said. "Way

I felt when I was skiddin' them up, I thought there was a week's sawing there."

LaPere worked his eyebrows. "Can't be more'n about thirty run."

"If there ain't fifty already split I'll eat all the bark and sawdust," George said.

Winking at Donald Swain, LaPere drew his mouth down sorrowfully. "Never make fifty in a day, not without better help'n we had."

"Guess the help got to it fast as you could saw it," Donald said.

LaPere looked at the remaining pile of logs. "Only another half day," he said. "You'll have about enough to last you till mud time, George."

They shouldered into their coats, grinning a little among themselves. Ernie, following their lead, looked at the piles of wood and knew that they had done a day's work that amounted to something. George already had enough wood there to last him two years.

His back ached as if a log had dropped across it, and a hard sore spot had developed under his left shoulder blade, but he followed them out of the woods feeling good, feeling tired and full of October smell and the smell of fresh-sawed wood and hot oil. As they left the woods he jumped for a limb and shook down a patter of beechnuts around him and Will Livesy. They stopped and gathered their hands full before following the others out.

Ernie, peeling a beechnut and popping it in his mouth, looked at Will, small, skinny, his chin still clotted with dried blood, and it was respect as much as anything else that made him say, "How's your jaw feel, Will?"

"Feels all right," Will said. "'T ain't as bad as last time I got kicked. Wa'n't any horseshoe on it this time."

In the dusk they strung out into the open above the sugarhouse. Ernie, looking ahead, saw John LaPere stop momentarily beside the chewed and whittled spruce butts, turn his head and stare. His voice boomed in the quiet, tired twilight, loud with wonder and laughter and disbelief.

"Great God!" he said, and walked on shaking his head and laughing.



WHEELS IN HIS HEAD

It Shouldn't Work—But It Does

by M. M. MUSSELMAN

I

WE WERE living in Chicago, on Monroe Street, just south of the Midway, when A. J. bought his first automobile. This mongrel vehicle, called a Pope-Bullet, theoretically accommodated four passengers, back to back, two riding forward and two facing the rear. It was powered by a two-cylinder motor under the seat, and was steered by a tiller. It was cranked at the side — often and strenuously.

I forget the details of the deal by which A. J. became the owner of this antediluvian auto-buggy, but he was elated over his great bargain. I think the Pope Manufacturing Company made this one model and were so discouraged by its performance that they never made another.

A. J. drove it home from the freight house one Saturday afternoon. We took a ride that evening on the Midway, causing two runaways and quite a stir. A. J. and Mother rode facing forward, while Aunt Ora and I faced the rear. The car performed beautifully except on a short incline, where all of us except A. J. got out and walked. After that the engine overheated, making the seat slightly uncomfortable. But aside from those trivial inconveniences, our first automobile ride was a success, with no hint of the unhappy experiences we were to endure in this and other motorcars.

In fact, A. J. was so delighted with the Pope-Bullet that he wanted to show it off. He telephoned his cousins, who lived on the West Side, to learn if they would be at home to Sunday callers.

"We thought we might take a drive in our new automobile," A. J. explained casually. The cousins were so impressed that we were invited for Sunday dinner.

A. J. Musselman, known to his family by his first initials, is one of that rare tribe of Americans to whom invention is the spice of life. To the consternation of his family and the neighbors, he produced, like rabbits from a hat, the Tearless Onion Peeler, a self-rocking cradle, the La Mode Pneumatic Bosom, a coaster brake for bicycles, the Fut-Shift for automobiles, the Gyroscope golf club, a pneumatic tire and a brake for airplanes, and numerous other inventions.

What it felt like to live with such a genius is told by his son, M. M. MUSSELMAN, a professional writer for the radio and motion pictures. The incidents he relates here will form part of the biography of his father, to be published by Whittlesey House. This is the last of three installments.

After A. J. had hung up, Mother began to worry about venturing so far from home in the new car.

"It's quite a trip," she reminded A. J. "Must be nine or ten miles to where they live."

"There's nothing to worry about," A. J. assured her. "I bought a map of Chicago today and you can see for yourself there are boulevards every inch of the way."

He spread the map out before Mother. "This is where we live," he explained, "and right over here on Washington Boulevard is where Cousin Della lives."

Mother examined the map critically. "They've got this map all mixed up," she said. "Lake Michigan is on the wrong side of town."

A. J. turned the map around so that Lake Michigan was on the proper side of town. "Don't worry," he told her.

"But I do worry," Mother insisted. "This map is very confusing."

A. J. went to some pains to explain that driving to Cousin Della's was simplicity itself. All we had to do was follow the green lines on the map: they represented Chicago's wonderful new boulevard system.

We started out after Sunday breakfast. It was a fine summer day and we chugged westward along the Midway in gay spirits. But when we came to Washington Park, Mother insisted that the map directed us to go left. A. J. convinced her that we must turn right.

Somewhere in the vicinity of Ashland Avenue and Garfield Boulevard, Chicago's wonderful new boulevard system petered out on us. As we bumped off the asphalt onto a temporary road that looked like a hog wallow, Mother was triumphant.

"You see," she said, as she opened the map. "I knew we should have turned left."

A. J. pulled up at the side of the road, took the map, and studied it grimly. Then he shook his head. "The map must be wrong," he declared.

Mother nodded smugly. "That's what I told you last night."

"I mean," A. J. said, "that the map shows this to be a boulevard when it really isn't."

"If I were you," advised Mother, "I'd return that map and get my money back."

After a wrestle of about five minutes with the crank, we started off again.

If the Pope-Bullet had springs, they must have been designed for use on a freight car. We were bounced, jarred, rolled, churned, and jerked as A. J. and the auto-buggy fought a desperate battle with the spurious boulevard. To negotiate its bumps and chuckholes, it was necessary to travel in low gear; but traveling in low gear overheated the engine.

Mother protested finally. "Stop!" she commanded. "I want to get out!"

"What's the matter?" A. J. shouted over the roar of the engine.

"Never mind what's the matter," Mother shrieked. "Just stop!"

A. J. stopped and turned off the ignition, while Mother scrambled out. Immediately she began waving the back of her skirts in the breeze.

"Why didn't you tell me the seat was too hot?" he demanded.

"I don't know why you couldn't feel it too," she answered with asperity.

For several minutes the engine continued to give explosive coughs as unexploded gas fumes were ignited by the red-hot cylinders.

"If you think I'm going to ride this rolling stove another inch, you're very much mistaken," Mother declared.

Although the neighborhood was sparsely populated, a handful of curious spectators had already assembled.

"Let's not make a spectacle of ourselves," A. J. muttered hoarsely. "As soon as we get back on the asphalt, everything will be rosy."

"I can tell you something that is already rosy," Mother hissed. "And if I ride another mile, it will be fried to a crisp."

About this time a policeman appeared.

"Do you happen to know," asked Mother, "how far it is to an El station?"

The policeman knew exactly. It was six blocks.

"You can ride that hotbox to Cousin Della's if you wish," she told A. J., "but I'm going to take an El train."

Mother and I arrived at Aunt Della's in time for Sunday dinner, but A. J. barely made it for supper, covered with grease, oil, and sweat. He denounced the Pope-Bullet as a failure and determined to get rid of it as fast as possible.

The next day he inserted an advertisement in the *Chicago Tribune*:—

FOR SALE

Four-passenger Pope-Bullet automobile. Almost new. Perfect condition. Powerful engine. Easy to drive. Owner leaving town must sacrifice.

"But that's telling a lie," Mother protested. "You're not leaving town."

"I certainly am," A. J. answered. "I'm going to Milwaukee next Thursday on business."

Several prospective purchasers answered the ad-

vertisement, one of whom was from Peoria. A. J. selected him as the most suitable victim, figuring that once he took the car to Peoria, he would be too far away to seek physical revenge.

A. J. met the gentleman from Peoria and gave him a demonstration ride down Michigan Boulevard. The car behaved beautifully and the prospective buyer was impressed; however, he had a cautious nature.

"Runs fine on level ground," he said, with a tinge of suspicion in his voice, "but how does she go on hills?"

"Fine," A. J. lied glibly. "This car was built for mountain climbing."

"Will she climb the Twelfth Street Hill?" asked the man from Peoria, naming the sharpest incline in Chicago.

"The Twelfth Street Hill!" echoed A. J., his voice full of disdain. "Why, this car can climb that hill backwards!"

The stranger from Peoria raised his eyebrows in amazement. "You don't say? If she'll do that I'll buy her on the spot."

A. J. drove to the foot of the Twelfth Street Hill, turned the car around, and went up the hill in reverse, the only gear in which the Pope-Bullet could possibly have made it. The man was so delighted he bought the car and started for Peoria that same day.

2

THE next car A. J. selected was called the Paterson 30, and I have never met anybody else who ever heard of one. It was a touring car, covered with lots of shiny brass gadgets and accessories, and had a four-cylinder engine which suffered from anemia.

In those days of dirt roads, the slower your car, the more dust you ate. Every time we went for a ride in the country we traveled in such a haze of dust, as other cars dashed past, that we seldom knew for certain just where we had been.

Another feature of the Paterson was its delicate springs. If we hit a bump when we were going over twenty-five miles an hour, we broke a spring. One Sunday we went for a forty-mile drive and came back with both front springs and one rear spring broken. A. J. discovered that a short length of two-by-four and a piece of wire would replace a broken spring so well that we hardly noticed the difference.

On our Sunday tours we always took a couple of two-by-fours with us under the back seat. When the inevitable broken spring occurred, A. J. would pull up beside a fence; then, while I jacked up the car, he would take his pliers and nip a few feet of wire from the lower strand of the fence. We sabotaged fences all the way from Lake Delavan to Kankakee.

A. J. intended to patent his broken-spring fixer, and to sell two-by-fours with the wire already attached for quick repair jobs. But the idea fell through—I think because vanadium steel springs became

standard equipment about this time and solved the problem of broken springs in a much more satisfactory manner.

The Paterson is remembered in our family, mainly, as the car in which Mother learned to drive. She never wanted to learn, I'm sure; she did it only because she thought it was an economic waste to have a car sitting in the garage all day long while A. J. was at the office. One evening she insisted that he give her a driving lesson. I went along for the ride.

As Mother took her seat behind the wheel, A. J. gave her a few preliminary instructions, to which she paid very little attention. She seemed to believe that an automobile was not much different from a horse and buggy; that the engine would perform its essential duties if just given its head.

"Drop in the clutch," ordered A. J.

Mother dropped it like a hot potato and the car leaped away with a jerk that cracked our necks.

"No, no!" shouted A. J. "You've got to drop it in slowly."

"How can you drop anything slowly?" Mother demanded. "And don't shout at me!" She clutched the wheel and waited for further instructions.

"Shift to second," he implored.

Mother seized the gear shift; there was a clashing and grinding of gears.

"Throw out the clutch!" pleaded A. J.

"What do you mean?" shrilled Mother.

"Step on it!"

Mother stepped on the gas. Again our necks cracked. A. J. groaned and held his head; but somehow, Mother finally got the car into second and then high.

"Turn right," A. J. instructed.

Mother pulled on the steering wheel without slowing one whit and we careened around the corner.

"Slow down!" he clamored. "When you turn a corner, slow down!"

"Stop shouting at me," commanded Mother.

As we neared our house, A. J. ordered hoarsely: "Stop the car! Push the brake! Stop it!"

Mother brought the car to a stop with one wheel over the curb. A. J. leaped out and wiped his brow.

"I'll drive it into the garage," he said.

After a few brief excursions, Mother thought of herself as an expert driver. She piloted the Paterson with nonchalant abandon. The car had a recalcitrant gear-shift lever, and Mother would often turn the wheel loose and seize the lever with both hands to grapple with it; or, if she had left the house hurriedly, she would drive off to the grocery store or the Twentieth Century Club, letting the car meander down the street on its own while she adjusted her hat with one hand and shifted gears with the other.

A. J. was worried. He invented an attachment by which it was possible to shift gears entirely with the feet. He hoped, thereby, to encourage Mother to keep at least one hand on the wheel.

Fut-Shift, as the device was called, was a metal stirrup on the end of an arm, which clamped to the

gear-shift lever. It was really a very handy gadget. A. J. always used it to shift gears. But Mother spurned Fut-Shift. She seemed to feel that it was a device needed only by amateurs and incompetents.

3

MOST of A. J.'s ideas were inspired by some simple observation. Or he might get an idea for some labor-saving device simply because he needed such a device for his own use. For instance, when he found a monkey wrench unsatisfactory for bicycle repair work, he designed a wrench with several fixed openings which would fit every nut on a bicycle. It sold for a quarter, in amazing quantities.

The majority of these ideas were soon discarded. But some would occupy his mind, during leisure moments, for days or weeks before he would either start work on them or decide to abandon them as impractical.

Once he read in the newspaper about a man who fell and broke his neck while stepping out of a bathtub. Such an item would have no more than passing interest to the average reader, but it set A. J. to thinking about bathtubs and how many accidents they caused. A safety bathtub, he reasoned, would be a boon to mankind and worth millions to its inventor.

It would be nice to say that A. J. solved the problem of how to build a safety bathtub, but he never did. He thought of putting a door in the side of the tub, but that, obviously, was not the answer. He thought of bathtubs with safety railings, tubs with pneumatic cushions inside and out, and tubs with hoists. But in the end he decided that the bathtub was one of those refinements of civilization which would always be a menace to life and limb.

A. J. learned by bitter experience that many of his best ideas, when patented and put on the market, failed to capture the public fancy. The public would have none of the best device A. J. ever invented — his Pneumatic Auto Bumper. It was a honey. He installed the first hand-made job on a Model T Ford which he had acquired for transportation to his office. It worked so beautifully that, in traffic jams, A. J. used to give the car ahead an intentional bump just to advertise the superiority of his bumper over other kinds.

The Pneumatic Auto Bumper absorbed minor collisions without noise, jar, or jolt; and in major crashes it helped preserve the original shape of both cars. At the Underwriters' Laboratories, where all automobile bumpers must pass certain crash tests, the gentlemen in charge were amazed to find that their battering ram, which bent and mangled ordinary bumpers, had no effect whatever upon A. J.'s bumper.

The construction of the Pneumatic Auto Bumper was quite simple. It consisted of a four-inch hose, mounted on a metal cross-member and inflated to

fifty pounds of air pressure. In black and white, or in colors, it was handsome; the superiority of its performance was unquestioned; but for some reason the fickle public preferred less practical bumpers of steel. The failure of the Pneumatic Auto Bumper was one of those things nobody could explain.

Probably it was a search for some way to soften the homicidal attacks of his Model T Ford that inspired A. J. to invent the Pneumatic Auto Bumper. For on more than one occasion the Model T, which originally had no bumper of any kind, tried to mash him against the rear wall of our garage. This was a family trait of Model T's. As they grew old and cantankerous they would often attack their owners while being cranked, by slipping out of neutral and into high gear. It was not uncommon, in those days, to see a Ford pushing its owner down the street.

In the coaster-brake business A. J.'s worst headache was the basic defect of all friction brakes: they wear out. Next to tires, brakes were the one part of a bicycle that needed to be repaired most often.

But that had always been so and it was assumed it always would be so. For the theory of friction brakes had been well established for many years: one braking surface should be relatively hard, the other should be as soft as is consistent with the factors of wear and heat resistance. On an automobile, for instance, a shoe of asbestos, impregnated with a soft metal, and a steel brake drum are typical braking surfaces. On A. J.'s coaster brake a bronze shoe was used against a high-carbon steel hub.

With little hope of finding anything better, A. J. suggested to Mike, the mechanic in his experimental shop, that he have several brake shoes made out of different alloys, try them on the test apparatus, and tabulate the results. A few days later the experimental brake shoes were ready. Among them, A. J. was surprised to see one with a distinctive gray sheen.

"What's this?" he asked. "It looks like chromium."

"That's right," Mike answered. "Somebody made a mistake and gave one of the regular shoes a coating of chromium. I was going to try it along with the others."

A. J. snorted impatiently. He explained that chromium was one of the hardest substances known; that although it would withstand friction, it could not, for this very reason, act as an effective braking surface.

"But go ahead and try it," he instructed. "I'd like to know the results."

The results were astonishing. Chromium against carbon steel not only made an efficient brake but seemed almost impervious to wear. The whole idea was ridiculous, of course, because nobody had ever used two ultra-hard metals for braking surfaces. But whether the theory was right or wrong, chromium against steel worked.

After numerous tests had shown that the chromium was superior to anything he had ever tried before,

A. J. called on his patent attorney and asked him to file a patent application. Then he hurried to tell his largest customer about his discovery, and to get an O. K. for a change of specifications.

To his dismay, the company's engineers refused to allow any such change. They began explaining the theory of friction coefficients.

"I know all about friction coefficients!" A. J. roared. "I made brakes before you fellows were out of diapers!"

The engineers shrugged. According to the theory of —

A. J. exploded. "What sort of insanity is this? Does a boy who buys a bicycle care about friction coefficients? All he wants is a coaster brake that won't wear out!"

In the end the company equipped one thousand bicycles with chromium-plated brake shoes. They planned to check on the number that came back for service during a year's time.

None came back. The engineers shook their heads, but at last they were convinced.

4

ON THE day Lindbergh landed in Paris, A. J. and I had lunch together. It was obvious that A. J. had something on his mind and I thought, of course, that it was the sad state of the radio business he was in just then. But it was, instead, the wheels in his head going around.

"The perfect shape for an airplane tire," he said suddenly, as though I had been privy to his preceding thoughts, "is a sphere, with opposite points pushed in so that it looks like a big doughnut."

"Then why don't they make them that shape?"

"They say it can't be done."

"Why not?"

He didn't answer. Like many slightly deaf people, he could only hear when he wanted to. Through the remainder of lunch he stared into space.

Right after lunch he started for the golf club and his usual Saturday afternoon game. But on the way, driving along in his car, he suddenly visualized a completely new method for building a pneumatic tire — a tire that would look like a huge doughnut, so big and fat that the wheel on which it fitted would be nothing more than a hub.

There was only one way to find out if it would work, and that was to build one. He drove straight home, his golf game forgotten. Mother was so surprised to see him that she thought he must be ill.

"What's the matter?" she asked, looking worried.

"Nothing. Got an old piece of muslin?"

Mother found an old flour sack for him.

"Have we got a sewing machine?" he asked.

"Of course we have a sewing machine," she answered, a little wearily. "The same sewing machine I've been telling you we ought to give to the Salvation Army."

"Good thing we didn't," A. J. told her. "I've got something here I want to sew."

Mother frowned over her gllasses at the piece of muslin. "What are you trying to make?"

"A tire."

They went upstairs and Mother sewed up the muslin according to A. J.'s directions. The result was a large sleeve with a wide hem at each end.

"You're going to make a tire out of that?" Mother asked incredulously.

"It's just an experiment," A. J. admitted, as he headed for the basement.

There he cut a hole in each hem and slipped two pieces of iron wire through them, like drawstrings. Then he inserted a broom handle through the length of the sleeve and pulled the wires tight until the sleeve looked like a big tobacco sack with drawstrings at both ends instead of one. The result was not prepossessing. A. J. scratched his head and wondered whether, when it was inflated, that floppy piece of muslin could possibly bloom into something resembling a big doughnut. There was only one way to find out, of course, and that was to make an inner tube for his casing, and try it.

He found some inner tubes, cut several wedge-shaped bands from them, and then began patching the pieces together with rubber cement. It was a tedious task which took until almost ten o'clock that night. The finished tube was a messy, misshapen affair, with a bicycle valve stem projecting from the side of the tube instead of the inner circle.

A. J. removed the muslin tire carcass from the broomstick, stuffed the inner tube into it, and pulled the valve stem through a hole cut in the muslin. Then, substituting an old bicycle hub for the broomstick, A. J. pulled his wire drawstrings tight, so that the ends of the muslin sack were gathered tightly inside the flanges of the hub. It was a ridiculous-looking object.

At this moment, Mother came down the basement steps. "It's bedtime," she announced. "How long are you going to putter around down here?"

"I've just finished," A. J. answered, "and I think I've got it."

"Got what?" asked Mother, looking at the flabby bag tied to a bicycle hub.

"The first real balloon tire!"

"Does a balloon need tires?" Mother inquired.

A. J. explained patiently what he meant and then handed Mother a bicycle pump which he had connected to the valve of this tire. "Just pump," he instructed, "and you'll see."

Mother felt put upon at having to pump air into such a silly-looking contraption, but she did it. As she pumped, the muslin carcass began to fill out. A. J., wearing a worried frown, fluffed it and patted it to make the muslin folds, formed by the excess material at the hub, slip into place. The tire began to take shape; and as it slowly bulged out into a big fat doughnut, A. J.'s frown was replaced by an expression of wonderment and delight.

"Look at it!" he exclaimed. "It works!"

At that precise moment, the tire exploded in his face. Mother dropped the pump and regarded the remains with a just-as-I-expected expression. But A. J. wasn't perturbed in the least.

"Sure it blew up," he admitted. "But it won't when I make it out of tire fabric, cover it with rubber, and vulcanize it."

5

EXCITED by the realization that he had accomplished the dream of every inventor, A. J. had a difficult time going to sleep that night. He had created a process that might affect an entire industry. He had invented a method of tire construction that even the big tire research laboratories had failed to discover.

Then he was tortured by doubts. Could it be that since the first pneumatic tire had been invented, in 1845, nobody had ever thought of making a tire in the same way he had? What about Thompson, Dunlop, Welch, Fleuss, Palmer, and Pye?

For the next couple of weeks, A. J. fretted and worried while waiting to hear the results of a patent search in Washington. He knew from experience that the patent searcher, poring over the descriptions of thousands of patents on pneumatic tires, might discover that someone had already patented a similar tire. He knew, also, that even a patent search was not infallible proof that a similar method of tire construction did not exist. However, when word finally came from Washington that the search had revealed no invention even remotely like his new tire, A. J. was reasonably certain that his invention was original. His attorney immediately began drawing up a patent application.

Meanwhile, A. J. started building a new experimental model of the tire, which would be satisfactory for laboratory tests. To do this it was necessary to design and construct a new type of hub onto which the tire could be firmly clamped. He spent a good many hours in a machine shop on Desplaines Street superintending this job. It was also necessary to design inner tubes of a size and shape that had never been seen before, and to find a small rubber company that would take the trouble to make experimental samples.

Last of all, a good many yards of cord fabric had to be cut and sewn in a West Side bag factory, while A. J. hovered over the workmen. The latter job was the most difficult, since the cutting and sewing of the fabric involved mathematical problems which were beyond A. J. But by a tedious process of trial and error, a carcass of the proper size, with the cords laid on the proper bias, was achieved.

The new model tire was twenty inches in diameter, with a cross-section of ten inches, and tests showed that two tires would support a 3000-pound plane with only ten pounds of air pressure. Tires then in use on similar planes were thirty inches in diameter,

with a cross-section of five inches, and the required air pressure was fifty pounds.

This first experimental model was still not a finished tire, for the casing was not sheathed in rubber. But that made its construction easy to see, and showed clearly the way in which the fabric formed the desired doughnut shape.

A. J. was like a child with a new toy. "Isn't she a beauty?" he would say. "Pretty enough to hang in the Art Institute."

When the patent application had been filed, A. J. put the big tire in his car and drove to Akron, Ohio, where five large tire companies were located. He headed for the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company. He was a total stranger, and asked to see the head of the development department. A few minutes later a group of engineers were examining the tire with envious appreciation. That same week A. J. signed a license agreement and a contract as research engineer in charge of the development of his own tire.

When A. J. came home and told Mother that the ridiculous muslin contraption she had helped to make had turned out to be worth a lot of money and that they wouldn't have to mortgage the house after all, she was pleased but skeptical.

"How can those people in Akron be so sure your tire will work on an airplane?" she asked.

"Don't you think it will work?" A. J. demanded.

"I hope so," she confided, thoughtfully, "but I keep worrying about the way that first one blew up."

In 1939 A. J. sold his business and retired to an elaborately equipped farm near Hudson, Ohio. It had sixty-five acres and enough power-driven agricultural gadgets to till half the county. He built two houses — one for Mother and himself; the other for my sister, her husband, and their three children. Appurtenances were installed that Grandma never dreamed of: oil furnaces, water softeners, electric butter churns, and roomy electric refrigerators. The basement of his house was designed as a workshop and office, into which he crowded tools, workbenches, golf trophies, filing cases, half-finished experiments, comfortable chairs, and a desk.

"This is the only way to be a farmer," he said with a grin, when I visited him. "If I feel like it, I go out and do a little work; if I don't, I just loaf or fool around in my shop. Of course I operate at a loss, but I can deduct it from my income tax. Now, if farming had been like that back in Kansas, I never would have quit it."

During the next three years he wrote to me occasionally in Los Angeles, where I was living, and I could tell that he was as contented and free from worries as any man could be in these times. And

then, one Saturday afternoon, came a long-distance call from the farm that left me stunned. A. J. had been run over by a tractor and was dying.

It was Wednesday morning when I arrived in Hudson. My sister met the train and raised my hopes; A. J. was still alive. While we drove to the hospital, she told me the details of how he had managed to throw her three children out of the path of the tractor, which had got out of control in the hands of an inexperienced hired man; and how A. J. had slipped and fallen under its wheels. It had crushed all the ribs on his right side, as well as his collar bone. Pneumonia had developed and he had been placed in an oxygen tent.

When we arrived at the hospital, it was still early in the morning. We went directly to his room without seeing anyone who might tell us whether his condition had improved or not. I opened the door and walked in.

He looked white and haggard; his eyes were closed; the oxygen tent had been removed. I was frightened as I crossed to him. Then his eyes, dulled by the morphine they had given him, opened slowly and looked at me. It was a moment or two before his face lit up with recognition, then crinkled in a smile.

I took his hand and tried to smile encouragingly. He gripped my fingers till they hurt.

"What're you doing here?" he asked hoarsely. "Somebody tell you I was going to kick off?"

"Yes, but I never believed it. Where's Mother?"

"In the next room sleeping," the nurse interposed.

"Doesn't he need the oxygen tent any longer?" I asked.

"Last night he swore till we had to take it off."

"Damn nuisance," A. J. interrupted. "Too hot. Anyway, I'm not gonna die. Got something that has to be built first."

"Take it easy," I warned.

"I'm O.K.," he insisted. "Last night I got an idea for a new airplane brake. You know those big babies — the 17's and 24's? Brakes are no good. But I've figured out a brake that'll stop 'em. Get some paper; I'll draw you a picture."

"You'll have to let him rest now," the nurse cut in.

"You can show me tomorrow," I told him.

"Why doesn't she go away?" grumbled A. J. "All right, tomorrow. Damnedest brake you ever saw. Got a —"

"Time for your drops," the nurse broke in.

Outside we saw the doctor.

"I don't know how he pulled out at his age," he said. "But last night he suddenly started yelling to take off that tent. Completely unorthodox." Then he grinned and shrugged. "Oh, well, he's that kind of a guy."

AN HISTORIAN LOOKS AT THE YOUNG ENTRY

by ROGER B. MERRIMAN

I

IT WAS the end of the second week of May, 1940. On the tenth, the Germans had crossed, without warning, into Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg. Two days later their advance guards were pouring over the Albert Canal, and in the interim Neville Chamberlain had resigned the premiership of England.

In addition to these harrowing world events — enough to take the heart out of any man — I had personally had a very trying day. Two lectures in the morning, then a “Departmental Lunch” (far more tiring than any two lectures), and finally, and much the most fatiguing of all, an oral examination of a candidate for the doctorate, which lasted from 3.30 to 6.00. At 6.30, I got back to my study in the Master’s Lodgings in Eliot House, provided myself with a long, cooling drink, and then sank back into an armchair, with a happy feeling that the bulk of the day’s work was done.

Just then the telephone at my elbow rang. A courteous, well-modulated voice addressed me and said, “I was one of your old pupils in History I, Professor Merriman. You know that an anti-war petition has been started in Lowell House and is being circulated among the students in the University. I’d like to be told what you think of it, and what you think the United States ought to do about this war anyway.”

Well, I suppose that depression and fatigue made me careless, for I neglected even to ask my young friend’s name, or what organization — if any — he represented. Instead I poured forth the thoughts that were uppermost in my mind. “The petition should be tossed into the ash-barrel”; “The United States can and should send money and supplies to the Allies as soon as possible”; “The students totally fail to see the moral issue, and, apart from that, they fail to discern that a Hitler victory would vitally affect the United States.” These, and, I fancy, many other things, I said, but my interlocutor had already had enough. When I ceased to speak, he said, “Thank you, Mr. Merriman; all this will immediately

be given to the Associated Press!” And then, without another word, he rang off.

The repercussions were swift. I was presented with a miniature tank — now one of my proudest possessions — inscribed to “Professor Merriman, armchair strategist.” Then came newspaper clippings — from all across the continent and also Canada — and a sheaf of comments thereon. Many of the favorable ones were sent by old friends and pupils, but a goodly portion of them came from people that I had never heard of before, and from all quarters of the land; needless to add, they warmed the cockles of my heart.

The critics, on the other hand, were all unknown to me; many of their missives were illiterate, and the more violent of them were unsigned. A considerable portion of them were unprintable, but a few expurgated excerpts may not be amiss. “Please let us be able to hold our heads up — proud that we can live and work out our problems intelligently here in the United States.” “The advice of George Washington, to keep away from Europe, should be adhered to at all times.” “The moral issue was settled back in the 20’s when the republican form of government in Germany was done to death by the Allies in their role of balancers of power.” “When you, and others like you, get me in the army to fight for a bunch of — — — Jews, we will have something to say about what will be done with you monkeys.” “Get out of Harvard and go to England; you are merely a — — — ignorant man. All Europe is not worth an American boy’s death!” And so on. It is also worth noting that all or practically all of my supporters (I took some time to track down those I didn’t know) were forty-five years old or more — in other words they were people who had lived through, and many of them fought through, the last World War; whereas my critics, as far as I could make out (three of them volunteered their ages — two were under thirty and one of them “just nineteen”), were mostly very young men. They had heard enough of the horrors and futility of World War I to be certain that they didn’t propose to sacrifice their lives in another, and they hadn’t the background or education to realize how “squabbles in Europe are any business of the United States.”

ROGER B. MERRIMAN taught history at Harvard beginning in 1902, and was the first Master of Eliot House. A veteran of the First World War, he watched the students react to the international crises in 1917 and again in 1940. His death this September was a loss to the College and the many graduates who loved him.

Let me make it clear that the anti-war petition with which this story started was by no means a Harvard monopoly. One was being circulated at Dartmouth at the same time, and I cannot doubt that many more were brewing in other American colleges and universities. The same sentiment, though differently expressed, was distressingly prevalent among the young men of England in the years 1935-1939. "Preparedness" was at its lowest ebb. Lord Lothian saw what was coming plainly enough, long before he became British Ambassador to the United States; he dreaded its implications, and spoke, pathetically, to President Roosevelt about it, when he was passing through Washington in 1938. Of course large allowance must be made for what was then the fashionable pose, but there can be little doubt that there was deep feeling underneath. And now, after the ordeal of five years, we all know what a superb record those boys have made.

What served to wake us up? Obviously, in both England and the United States, a terrific national jolt, which shook the nonsense out of thousands of doubters, and made them realize, for the first time, what tremendous issues were at stake. For England, of course, it was the series of catastrophes that culminated at Dunkirk. For us the jolt came a year and a half later at Pearl Harbor, and meanwhile we had been given time, not only to prepare, but also to begin to grasp the fact that the war in which we were about to engage was in truth a world war in such fashion and extent as no war had ever been before.

I well remember many conversations which I had over the fireplace in my study at Eliot House, with students, some of whom, I strongly suspect, had been numbered among the signers of the anti-war petition of May, 1940. It was interesting to watch their ideas develop. Just after Dunkirk, most of them reluctantly consented to acquiesce in the sending of munitions and supplies to England; in the following autumn this had changed to enthusiastic approval of it; a little later it was: "Well, we'll fight, but *only* if the United States is attacked." Pearl Harbor fulfilled the condition. Almost all of them are in uniform today; few of them waited to be drafted; too many of them are dead.

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As I reread what I've written, I have an ugly feeling that it all sounds like a piece of egotistical self-justification: "You see I was right from the beginning." But that certainly is not my object. What I want to do is to help preclude the possibility of the same cataclysm happening again. The winning of the peace is of course the first essential, and the eradication of the Nazi and Japanese philosophies of life is a close second; but these are no part of my business here.

Nor can I go into the much vexed question of compulsory military training for all our able-bodied young men, save to say that, despite the enormous

practical difficulties and the tremendous expense, I devoutly believe in it. Nothing could contribute so effectively to keep the facts of the situation constantly in the minds, not only of the trainees, but also of their families and friends. But at present my chief concern is to do my best to prevent the oncoming generation of American youth, which has not participated in World War II, from growing up as blind to patent facts as were its predecessors when World War II began. "For," as a wise man said to me the other day, "it is, after all, only a question of education."

It seems to me that there are two fundamental points which must be constantly reiterated and emphasized, as an indispensable basis for such an education. They have been often made before, and at this moment few sane people would question them; but bitter experience shows that we are good at forgetting.

The first is that *in the European war*, America has had a far easier time than England or Russia. I fully realize that this may seem, at first sight, to be a very hard saying. The heroism and gallantry of our soldiers, sailors, and airmen in North Africa, in the Mediterranean, in Sicily and Italy, have been beyond all praise. They played the major role in the battles of France and of Germany. General Eisenhower directed the operations of the Western Allies with military genius and real statesmanship, and his lieutenants accomplished marvels. Had it not been for the funds, supplies, and munitions which we contributed, the war might well have been lost before we entered it; and there can be no doubt that our shouldering of the main burden of the war in the Pacific since Pearl Harbor had favorable effects on the struggle in Europe.

But bear in mind that we entered the war two years and three months later than England, and nearly six months later than Russia; let us never forget that from June, 1940, to June, 1941, Britain "took it," virtually unaided and alone. Then we had the inestimable advantage of entering the fray at the moment that the enemy was about to pass from the offensive to the defensive. (The beginning of the German retreat from before Stalingrad, Montgomery's first big break-through to El Alamein, and the first American landings in North Africa all took place in November, 1942.) Those who have read von Clausewitz will realize what *Angriff*, — the initiative, — and the necessity of abandoning it, have always meant to the German military mind. Third, and most important of all, let us remember that we have not been bombed like England, nor have our fields or our cities been devastated like those of Russia; our civilians and our industries have been practically untouched. In other words, the unutterable horrors of modern warfare have not come home to us as they have to our allies.

The other fundamental point, which seems to me essential to the intelligent education of the youth of the future, is the realization that the conditions under

which we entered this war cannot possibly ever obtain again. The Atlantic is no longer an "insurmountable barrier"; George Washington's *Farewell Address* is hopelessly out of date. (I say this with the deepest respect for the Father of my Country, but also with the firm conviction that, if he were alive today, and apprised of all the incredible things which modern science has provided us, he would alter his verdict.) If there is another European conflict, we shan't again be given two years or more to decide what we're going to do about it. War is no longer a "contentio declarata, armata, justa," as Grotius described it in 1625. We shall have to take a definite line, and take it quickly. Acceleration is the essence of modernity. "Splendid isolation" is at an end for us. We are now too deeply involved with the other nations of the earth to be able ever to withdraw. To an extent that has never been true or even imagined before, we are all in the same boat.

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AND what should be the essential features of the education which will bring our youth to a full realization of its responsibilities? It would be a bold man indeed who would venture, at this moment, to give a definitive answer. Certainly I've no desire to see the oncoming generation converted into a breed of men who think primarily in terms of war, and I fully realize that the program which I am about to offer should constitute only a fraction of the sum total of the ideal education of the age that lies before us. But, within these limitations, it may be worth while for one who has taught at Harvard for the past forty-three years, and has known the undergraduate body more intimately and extensively than most of his contemporaries, to offer a few suggestions.

In the first place, I maintain that the whole educational scheme of our schools and colleges should be recast, and that a much larger portion of it should be devoted to modern languages and to history. It goes without saying that the ability to read, if not to speak, one or two modern languages besides our own is a prime requisite for the man who wants to help his country to shoulder her responsibilities as a world power. Linguistic inhibitions have been, for centuries, a chief cause of Anglo-Saxon isolationism. More important still is a knowledge of the principal events of the past. A careful study of the history and institutions of the United States should unquestionably come first; but a knowledge of the European background is scarcely less essential, and the latter should not fail to include a full account of Germany's conduct in the past eighty years, of her ambitions to expand, of her religion of war, of her broken treaties, of her torture chambers and massacres. It might be advisable to add a few words about how she "got that way"; and it would not be a difficult task to give the main lines of the story. All this historical instruction should emphatically be based on the narration of undisputed facts; "interpretations" and "aspects"

should be reduced to a minimum, or omitted altogether.

This leads me, in the second place, to say a few words in regard to what the historian sometimes rather arrogantly characterizes as "Allied Topics," or as they are more popularly known, the "Social Sciences." Some of these, as, for example, the story of our Anglo-Saxon heritage of liberty and law, if they be well taught, — without too much theorizing, — can be invaluable. But there are others, many of which have recently become extremely popular, which are unnecessary if not positively harmful in the education of a student of eighteen or nineteen.

As I scrutinize the pages of *A Design for General Education for Members of the Armed Forces*, issued in June, 1944, by the American Council on Education Studies, I find the following topics recommended: "Eugenic factors in Mate selection"; "The Common Man and a new Social Philosophy"; "Cultural Patterns of the Family and of the Community"; but I fear I cannot agree. I strongly dissent from most of the proposals for the teaching of the Social Sciences, in school and college, which are contained in the Report of the "\$60,000" Harvard Committee, entitled *General Education in a Free Society*. Many of these proposals seem to me wholly impracticable; I certainly do not share the committee's belief in the effectiveness for freshmen and sophomores of the so-called "area course"; and I cannot help feeling throughout that it would have been the part of wisdom to consult fewer teachers and more students. I still think it has been a mistake to admit freshmen to the course on "Principles of Sociology" at Harvard. Doubtless all these "Allied Topics" deserve careful study by experts; but most of them border on the realm of what the Germans call *Zukunftsmusik* — the imponderables; we really know little about them ourselves as yet, and they are emphatically not the principal things that our very young men need to know.

Thirdly, it is essential that the presidents of our universities and colleges and the headmasters of our schools take far greater care than they have done in recent years in the selection of those whom they employ to teach — not only history and modern languages, but other subjects as well. The influence of the teacher in the years that lie ahead of us will be greater than ever before; and, in the last analysis, it's the personality of the teacher that counts, far more than the topic he expounds.

Many of the young men who came to consult me in 1939-1941 told me frankly that the cynicism of some instructors had shaken the foundations of their faith. "They care for negatives, not positives," said one; "They seem solely interested in debunking everything" was the comment of another. Now I have never wavered in my belief in the famous dictum that it is the first duty of the historical "researcher" to learn to doubt, but that's not the point here. We're not talking, at present, about candidates for the doctorate, or instructors who are writing

monographs in order to obtain promotion, but of much younger men, for whom a groundwork of basic facts — universally accepted as true by the civilized nations of the world — is the first and indispensable essential; after all, one must have a building built before one tries to tear it down. And we have the immense advantage that the fundamental facts which need to be kept constantly before our students' eyes are based on truth and not on lies.

The Nazi educators during the past decade or more had to build on a foundation of falsehood. They all took the same prescribed line; they all misrepresented the past in the same prescribed way; and yet they "got away with it." The pictures and accounts that have come through to us of fanatical Nazi Volkstürmer — sixteen years of age and younger — are tragic proof of how completely a youth's outlook on life, and his conception of his duties to his country and to civilization, can be distorted by evil teachers in his formative years. Shall we flinch from our nobler and more honest task?

If we do, we shall be asking for more trouble. Doubtless the Germans, for some time to come, will not venture again to make open and official profession of their faith; on the other hand, there can be no question that there are many of them today, beyond the boundaries of the Reich, who are determined, stealthily and by devious ways, to perpetuate the legend, if not of Hitler and Nazidom, at least of a *Herrenvolk* and of Pan-Germanism. One reason I am so insistent in opposing the types of "Allied Topics" I have mentioned is that it is largely through such "interpretations" — "psycho-analytical," "socio-economic," "progressivistic," and so on — that German propagandists will get their feet on the first rung of the ladder. Let our academic authorities

fight shy of such topics and of the people who profess to teach them. The plain straight facts of German arrogance, faithlessness, brutality, and beastiality — which everyone is talking about now and which it is imperative for us to keep constantly in mind — are just the facts which teachers of these "Allied Topics" may well try to gloze over, explain away, and, ultimately relegate to the background, if not to oblivion. The employment of competent returning veterans as instructors of our young men might well be one of the best of all ways to see to it that they remember the essential things.

But, I hear my critics say, why devote all this space to the excoriation of Germany, and the recapitulation of her misdeeds? She's certainly down and out for many years to come. Well, as Field Marshal Montgomery has recently reminded us, it is by no means certain that Germany *is* down and out. We thought she was in 1918, and we were wrong. We failed to grasp the real significance of her march into the Rhineland in 1936; not till 1939 did Europe wake up to the fact that she had come back with redoubled power. We in America took still longer to realize it.

Germany has subverted the peace of the world twice in a quarter of a century, and in a fashion to which there is no parallel in the aggressions of Philip II of Spain, Louis XIV of France, or even Napoleon Bonaparte. It is by no means impossible that she may do it again. "Germany," writes General Eisenhower, "is unrepentant, with the majority of her people denying her war guilt." She needs constant, careful, and suspicious watching, and it is a principal object of the educational program outlined above to make certain that that watching remains constant, careful, and suspicious.

HOLY WELL

by ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

ONE green spot in the pasture he knew well
Was holy. Something, any boy could tell,
There was about this place. Here was a square
Wall of turf. A house had once stood there;
A hundred years of grass and the white clover
Had never been able to cover the cellar over.
It slanted down in one place steep and deep;
Never the merriest lambs among the sheep
Dared to venture into this breathless dell,
And what long years ago had been a well
Had gone back into wildness as a pool
With ferns curved over water, blue and cool
As the sky it came from, after the thunder.
But what was the node and heart of this deep wonder
Was a briar rose barbed fierce with thorns,
And it held up some long-dead deer's sharp horns.

Wild branches built by blood! And blood of the deer
Still ran in them among branches with clear
Rose-blood in them. Blossoms on this briar
Were pinker than the sky when set on fire
By summer dawns. No other roses grew
So sweet or large as these. Yet the boy knew
He must never, never pick or touch them,
However hard his fingers ached to clutch them,
Nor ever put his hot feet in the blue
Water there or brush those ferns which grew
Deeply over it. It was not right to do it;
He did not know the reason, yet he knew it.
Somewhere in old books he had read of a thing
That came over men at some pool like the wing
Of a great bird flying. By the water's side
They knelt bowed down in thirst until they died.



WHEN THE OLD MAN GOT MISPLACED

by BEN HUR LAMPMAN

THE old woman, she was pretty well blowed that time, for a fact. She was all out of wind and as mad as one of them bald-faced hornets. Way it happened, she seen six or seven of Peterson's prize Cotswolds in the clover — they gotten in through a gap in the fence somewheres — and she couldn't find the old man right away for to chivvy them sheep off the place. And when the old woman taken the notion for to do it herself, why, sir, that there Cotswold ram, big and ugly, he chased her clean through the bob-wire, a-scratching her some.

Whilst on her way back to the farmyard, for to find the old man and give him a piece of her mind, dagnab me if she didn't diskiver that Lulubelle gotten into the corn. Lulubelle, she was as good-natured a critter as ever you see — but the old woman just naturally couldn't get that there cow out'n the corn patch. The old woman was fitten to tie, time she come through the last gate.

A man knows how they are, even the best of them — they save it all up and then blame it on you. Way they tell it, a man is never around when he should be, and then when he shouldn't be, why, a man is practically underfoot. And him and her, a-living alone away up there on the river, all them years, they was forever a-jowering and a-jawing, one at t'other, anyhow. Seemed like it kept them two from being so lonely most of the while, though he set a heap of store by her, and she by him. But a man knows how they are.

So the old woman come into the farmyard, and she looked all around, but there wasn't hide nor hair of

the old fool, as she says to herself. She was plumb tuckered out, but that didn't lessen her spunk none, and time the old woman had her second wind, she began for to call and to call. "Yoo-hoo!" But there wasn't no manner of answer. The echo come back from the hillside, and sad-like, and the old woman, she began for to fret and to worry. It p'intedly wasn't like the old man not to be somewheres around. The old fool! And she began for to look and to look, a-keeping right on hollering, until after a bit the old woman fairly was on the dead gallop. Her heart was a-thumping like a cock grouse on a log, and her nubbin of hair come undid, and one of her stockings come down to her heel. "Yoo-hoo!" And that there echo a-mocking her, as though it was a-going for to bust into tears.

Well, sir, as a man heerd that story many the time, the old woman she leant over the curbing and she looked far into the well, just in case. And away down there in the water was only her own puckered face a-looking up at her. But one bucket was down and one bucket was up, and the rope was all right, and she figgered that maybe the old man hadn't come to his death by drowning. And she taken a good look all through the barn, and into the haymow, and a wood rat run out'n the hay, and the old woman begun for to shake and to tremble. And she looked into the mangers, and she looked into the tool shed and the feed bin, and then she run and looked under the house. When she got to her feet, the old woman looked all around again, but her glasses was blurred and she couldn't see very well — on account of the cobwebs.

Happened there hadn't ary cross word passed between him and her that morning, so she knowed that the old man wasn't a-sulking somewheres, and she knowed that he wouldn't of left the place without a-telling her. That there was some comfort to her.

As a small boy in North Dakota, BEN HUR LAMPMAN got his first whiff of printer's ink and much of his education in his father's print shop. He knows the Northwest in and out, and the sketches and short stories which he contributes to the *Portland Oregonian* — one of which we reprint here — are in Western accents as authentic as Bret Harte's.

"Dear Lord," the old woman whispered, a-standing there in the farmyard, "if so be there's no harm come to the old fool, I'll never call him a old fool again. Amen." That's the way it is with them, as a man knows, and right then the old woman meant it. But far back in her mind, fearful-like, the old woman already was a-planning the funeral. All them years they been together, him and her, seemed mighty short to her then; mighty dear.

But after a bit the old woman taken holt of herself, like a sensible person, and tried for to figger it out. She wasn't mad no more; she wasn't a-shaking. "Lemme see," she says to herself, "he's got Blinker with him, wherever he is, and no matter what has happened to him, the old dog wouldn't leave him. Yes, wherever he is, this very moment, he's got Blinker with him." So she seen that the thing for to do was to hunt all over the farm, and into the wood lot, and call Blinker whilst she hunted. The old woman had come to her senses, though her heart was cold with what she feared, and she tucked in her hair again, and made it snug with the hairpins, and yanked up her stocking, and she began for to walk, and whilst she walked she called Blinker. She'd nary a thought for Cotswold nor cow.

Turned out that was what she ought to of done in the first place, but first she was too mad, and then she was too frightened, for to think of it. "Blinker! Here, Blinker! Here, Blinker!" She never had thought to be a-calling Blinker like that, with a lump in her throat whilst she called. Lord, she never would call the old man a old fool again. So help her, Lord, she wouldn't. "Here, Blinker! Here, Blinker!"

The old woman's heart, it give a great leap, for of a sudden she seen Blinker far off as he jumped up from the mowing, to stand and look towards her. But he took nary step to come to her. "He's a-standing guard," the old woman says to herself. "Blinker is a-standing guard." She scratched herself some more a-climbing through the bob-wire, and then she began

for to run again. Running wouldn't do no good, she knowed right well, but she had for to run.

And as she drew nigh to the haycock she seen that Blinker was a-wagging his tail and a-grinning. But the idea she had, it was so fixed in the old woman's mind that she didn't realize what he meant. She run up to that haycock and looked over it — and there was the old man, full length, with his hat over his eyes. She like to gone down in a heap when she seen him. But the old man's whiskers was a-rising and a-falling, and a-rising and a-falling, regular-like. And she distinctly heerd him snore.

The old woman was minded for to drop down on her knees, there in the mowing, and thank the good Lord for His goodness — but something flashed through her mind, bright as a bird when the clouds roll by, and she tried for to catch it. "Let's see," says she to herself. "There's Peterson's Cotswolds in the clover, and there's Lulubelle in the corn — and here he is, the old fool, a-laying there a-snoring his head off, in his blue overalls and his blue cotton shirt." It come to the old woman then, from away back in her childhood, whilst she smiled down on the old man — she had half a mind for to kiss him, whiskers and all — and she said that there poem out loud: —

"Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,

The sheep's in the medder, the cow's in the corn;

Where's the boy that looks arter the sheep?

He's under the haystack, fast asleep."

The old man, he never stopped a-snoring. Then she taken a timothy stalk and, a-giggling like a girl, she leant over and tickled one of them fur-bearing ears of his'n. Well, sir, he woke up with a snort, and he jerked the old hat from his eyes, and he jumped to his feet, and he began for to jower and to jaw. He might just as well have fetched her a cuff. Matter of fact, the old man might just as well have cuffed a shebobcat. "You old fool!" she says. And then them two was at it again.

DIMENSIONS OF A PRIMEVAL WORLD

by ELEANOR WELLS

THE ancient seas and rocks are still
And glacier makes a quiet hill.
Where jungle stood are houses now:
Flamboyant tree and flowering bough
Are tangled with pragmatic wire
That carries, by induction, fire
And sulphurous amazing sound.
Primeval trees are underground,
Embalmed in carbon; dinosaurs
Construct the earth beneath our floors.
Yet here upon the civilized street
The angry stalking tigers meet
And pace behind the rigid fence.

Nor is there any human sense
Swift enough to apprehend
Swish of tails as they unbend,
Glitter of the midnight eyes,
Shape of danger where it lies.
We walk safe, not knowing when
Jungles may burst forth again.
We do not quite expect to find
The tigers lurking in our mind,
Or think that we may ever see
Those stripes in plain reality,
Although outside the vestibule
The tigers sit and call us fool.

THE YOUNG TOLSTOY

Student, Lover, and Country Squire

by ERNEST J. SIMMONS

Leo (Lyovochka) Tolstoy was the fourth son of Count Nikolai Tolstoy, a Russian nobleman whose family had been elevated and enriched during the reigns of Peter I and Catherine II. The boy hardly knew his mother, for she died before he was two, five months after the birth of his only sister, Marya (Masha). Leo's golden age was spent on the huge family estate, Yasnaya Polyana, with its thousands of acres and several hundred serfs. There he played with his three brothers, Dmitri (Mitenka), Sergei (Seryozha), and Nikolai (Koko), and with them banded together into the Ant Brotherhood; there he acquired some rudimentary German from their tutor, Pyodor Ivanovich; there he felt the religious zeal of Aunt Alexandra, listened while Auntie Tatyana played the piano, and imbibed what little knowledge he was ever to have of his good-natured but ineffectual father.

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ON A fine January day in 1837, the Tolstoy *brichka* and calash stood at the front door of the manor house at Yasnaya Polyana. The commotion attendant on preparations for a long journey reigned through the house. Servants ran back and forth, angrily shouting directions to each other, lugging boxes and portmanteaux and piling them on the vehicles. A motley group of barefoot children and of peasant women with striped kerchiefs on their heads and babies in their arms stood around the porch and watched the packing with vagrant curiosity. Coachmen greased the *brichka* while hungry dogs furtively licked the smears on the hubs of the wheels.

At last all was ready. Members of the family and domestics assembled in the large living room for the traditional minute of silence before departure. Father Tolstoy, Grandmother, Aunt Alexandra and her ward Pashenka, Auntie Tatyana, and all the children filed through rows of servants to receive their tearful farewells and customary kisses on the shoulder. Then, with much crowding, they arranged themselves in the vehicles. Eight-year-old Lyovochka, with tears in his eyes, tenderly kissed the muzzle of his favorite dog, Milka, and got into the calash with his father. The coachman cracked his whip and they were off, down through the birch-tree avenue, past

the whitewashed brick towers, and out on the open road to Moscow.

The oldest son, Nikolai, was now fourteen, and the time had come to think of preparing him for the university. He required specialized tutoring that could be obtained only in the city. Besides, the other brothers were nearing an age when the instruction of Fyodor Ivanovich would be too elementary.

For the irrepressible Lyovochka this first venture into the great world beyond the towered gates was a memorable event. The road was a child's storybook of scenes and people foreign to his sheltered existence at Yasnaya Polyana. Stolid-faced pilgrims with knapsacks of birch bark on their backs, legs swathed in dirty bands, and heavy bast shoes on their feet trudged by, their staffs swinging in a rhythmical up-and-down movement. The red scarified stump of a beggar's outstretched arm frightened him; and he was puzzled by the contemptuous look of a carter who whipped his shuffling horse past the calash.

The family put up at inns and villages on the way, and no one paid the slightest attention to them. Peasants failed to smile and bow, and often they did not even bother to notice them. All this strange indifference worried Lyovochka.

The journey dates the beginning of Tolstoy's boyhood. The sudden awareness in the life of a child that his family is really not the center of the universe now dawned on Lyovochka for the first time. He began to wonder what could possibly interest all these people if they did not care about him and his father, grandmother, and aunts. This thought led him to speculate on how these strange people lived. Who taught their children? And how were they pun-

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ished? The walls of his own childhood world at Yasnaya Polyana had finally crumbled, and new horizons loomed in the distance. At last the party approached Moscow with the cupolas of its forty times forty churches gleaming in the distance, and his father proudly pointed out to him the famous buildings of the city.

The family rented the large and expensive Shcherbachev house in Moscow. Tolstoy never remembered much of his first winter and spring in the city — only that he saw very little of his father, and that he took long, interesting walks about the unfamiliar streets with Fyodor Ivanovich.

In the summer a terrible event left a deep impression on Lyovochka's mind. His father went to Tula on business. On the way to visit his friend Temyashov, he suddenly fell dead in the street. The theft of papers and money on his person led to the suspicion that he had met foul play at the hands of the handsome Petrushka and Matyushka, the two servants who had accompanied him on the trip. Possibly the suspicions were groundless; in the midst of family grief and distraction they were never followed up, and the body was removed to Yasnaya Polyana for burial.

Lyovochka's thoughts were strangely confused. For some time, perhaps because he had not seen him dead, Lyovochka refused to believe that his father no longer existed. He treasured for a long time the conviction that the next man he would meet, when walking in the Moscow streets, would be his father. When he grew sad over his loss, it was largely in imitation of the grief of the grownups; and this sadness also seemed to surround him with a special importance. He rather enjoyed hearing people say of him that he was now a poor and unfortunate orphan.

Grandmother Tolstaya continually mourned the death of her son. Excessive grief unhinged her mind at times, and she imagined that she saw him in a neighboring room, and held long conversations with him. Her health was undermined and she fell dangerously ill. Lyovochka and his brothers and sister were led into Grandmother's room to take their farewell of her. She lay on a high white bed, clothed all in white, and he remembered his horror when he kissed her still white hand, so swollen that it looked like a pillow.

Grandmother's serious illness, however, did not act as a damper on the fun-loving Tolstoy children. One day, some eleven months after the death of their father, the brothers were in high spirits over the visit of their comrade Volodenka Milyutin. In honor of the guest, Lyovochka, Dmitri, and Sergei invented a new game. They collected a lot of paper which they proceeded to burn in the chamber pots. When the conflagration was at its height, their tutor dashed into the room, his face pale and his lower lip trembling. But instead of giving them the scolding they expected, he solemnly announced to the boys: "Your grandmother is dead!"

The sad sight of his grandmother in the coffin and the grief of the various mourners upset Lyovochka, but the fine new jacket of black material, braided with white, that was bestowed on him for the occasion of the funeral tempered this unpleasantness. And again he enjoyed overhearing the conversation of gossiping female guests who said: "Complete orphans. Their father only lately dead, and now the grandmother gone too!"

11

DEATH worked its swift changes on the diminishing household. Saint-like Aunt Alexandra now became legal guardian of the children. Expenses had to be cut, for the family property was placed in trust. These reverses, however, did not relieve the Tolstoy brothers of the onerous burden of education, and shortly after their arrival in Moscow a rather foppish Frenchman, Prosper Saint-Thomas, was engaged as their new tutor.

He had none of the kindly, generous qualities of humble Fyodor Ivanovich. Lyovochka was soon keenly aware of the difference, and his relations with the new tutor left an unpleasant and ineffaceable impression on him. As a pedagogue, Saint-Thomas was well-informed and fulfilled his duties conscientiously. As an individual, he possessed exactly those traits — frivolous egotism, vanity, insolence, and ignorant self-confidence — that were calculated to arouse his pupil's antipathy. Lyovochka at once recognized in the handsome young Frenchman a theatricality and a hidden contempt for these "barbaric" Russians on whom he was obliged to waste his polished manners and cultural superiority.

Saint-Thomas failed utterly to understand the kind, loving, but essentially proud character of the boy. The climax came when the tutor threatened to whip him. It was not fear that aroused Lyovochka's fury. He rebelled against the very thought of corporal punishment. The childish prank that resulted in his being locked in a dark storeroom under threat of a caning from his tutor, and his hysterical state of mind at the time, are no doubt correctly depicted in *Boyhood*.

How deeply this not uncommon childhood experience burned itself into his memory and affected his sensibilities may be gauged by his remarks about it almost seventy years later: "I experienced a terrible feeling of indignation, revolt, and aversion not only to Saint-Thomas, but towards that violence which he wished to exercise on me. This occasion was perhaps one reason for that horror and aversion for every kind of violence which I have felt throughout my whole life."

There has been a tendency to magnify the importance of this episode, as though as a child Tolstoy had suffered a psychological hurt that left a permanent scar on his psyche. Certainly Saint-Thomas, if

not his pupil, learned a lesson from this first threat. He never repeated it. Henceforth he buttered the self-esteem that always lurked beneath the apparent indifference of Lyovochka. And Léon's studied contempt gradually waned; he began to think that this French dandy, despite his faults, was not such a bad fellow after all. Here the little devil of vanity that Tolstoy was to fight all his life raised its head.

The genius likes to fancy himself as unsuited to conventional education. During his boyhood Tolstoy was a poor student by his own choice. His assimilative powers were prodigious, but one aspect of his knotty originality was his refusal to assimilate unless his intellectual curiosity was aroused.

Certainly the combined efforts of various teachers seem to have made little impression on Lyovochka from the age of eight to thirteen. The reading that influenced him most over this period could hardly be regarded as choice pabulum for a child prodigy. It consisted of the story of Joseph from the Bible, "The Forty Thieves" and "Prince Camaralzaman" from *The Thousand and One Nights*, Russian folk poems, Pogorelski's popular story "The Black Hen," folk tales, and Pushkin's poetry, especially "Napoleon."

The sexual impulse in Lyovochka awoke early; in a few more years it would rage lustily, to his alternate delight and disgust. Pretty house-serfs were often the initiators of Russian boys into the mysteries of love. In *Boyhood* Tolstoy tells of young Nikolai's (Lyovochka's) confused sentiments for the chambermaid Masha, a secret affection that found its sole outlet in peeping-Tom activities in the women servants' quarters.

But when Tolstoy was asked, as an old man, about his early "loves," he made no mention of the pretty chambermaid Masha; his first and most intense love, he said, was for little Sonya Koloshina, who is strikingly portrayed as Sonya Valakhina in *Childhood*. His description of their first meeting at the children's party, their dancing together, and the whole wonderful aura of childish sentiment steeped in a boy's first pure, innocent, poetic feeling of love is done with Tolstoy's superb insight into the minds and hearts of the young. In this incident he draws a brilliant picture that reveals all the joyful, loving, sensitive, life-giving qualities of his nature as a boy.

When little Nikolai goes to bed that night after the party, he sees in the dark his charming Sonya with her large, lustrous eyes and shapely mouth, and he converses with her in his imagination, using to his indescribable pleasure the intimate *thou* and *thee* that he had been unable to say, despite her request, in talking to her that day. Unwilling to keep his secret, he wakes his brother to tell him of his love, only to make the joyful discovery that he too loves Sonya.

But when the older brother translates his affection into terms of a desire to kiss Sonya's fingers, eyes, lips, nose, feet, and all of her, Nikolai is deeply wounded. The pure white poetic image is distorted by this realistic fleshly touch, and he weeps from

sheer mortification. With this incident of boyhood love still green in his memory, Tolstoy jotted down in his diary at the age of sixty-two: "I have been thinking of writing a novel of love — chaste love as with S. Koloshina — in which a transition into sensuality is impossible and which serves as the best protection against sensuality." Unfortunately, this projected novel was never written.

12

AFTER the death of Aunt Alexandra, in August, 1841, the guardianship of the children fell upon her younger sister, Aunt Pelageya Ilinichna Yushkova, who lived in Kazan. She hastened to Moscow and heard the plea of the oldest brother, Nikolai, who was now in the first year of the university, not to desert them. Her immediate decision was that they should all go to Kazan.

When Aunt Pelageya finished appropriating "necessities" for the journey and the future existence of the Tolstoy children at Kazan, Yasnaya Polyana looked as though the Golden Horde had ravaged it. An immense amount of household equipment was sent on ahead, together with carpenters, tailors, mechanics, cooks, and upholsterers from among the skilled serfs. And the "complete orphans" with their various attendants and staples for the road set out accompanied by a long train of carriages and carts.

For the boys the trip to Kazan, in September, 1841, was a prolonged picnic. They halted frequently in the woods and fields on the way, gathered mushrooms, and bathed in the streams and ponds. On one occasion Lyovochka's urge to be a show-off got the better of him. When the coachman stopped to adjust the harness, he leaped out of the carriage and dashed ahead at full speed. Every time they attempted to catch up with him, he strained himself to the utmost, and the carriage overtook him only when he was a thoroughly exhausted youngster.

The happy travelers finally reached Kazan and were all lodged in the spacious Yushkov house, on the site of which a Soviet school stands today. Kazan, a thriving old river port, mellowed with an ancient history of fierce Tatar-Russian strife, was at that time a town of fewer than a hundred thousand inhabitants. Mongol influences still waged an equal battle with Slavic, and a typically small-town society tried desperately to assume metropolitan airs and culture. Here Lyovochka was to spend the next five and a half years of his life.

Through their connections with the Yushkovs, the Tolstoy brothers had a clear title to membership in the ultra-aristocratic society of Kazan. Aunt Pelageya had married V. I. Yushkov, a rich landowner. Her vanity, dearth of brains, and excessive sentimentality were compensated by her kindness and a deep but conventional religious feeling that eventually led her to retire to a nunnery. But there was nothing religious about her husband. His digni-

fied black mustache, whiskers, and spectacles gave an air of respectability to his satyr-like traits, but his weakness for women ultimately brought about a separation between him and his wife.

Since she was the daughter of a former governor of the province (even though his memory was not exactly venerated by the local citizenry), Aunt Pelageya's house was one of the social centers of the town, and she cultivated only the "very best" people. With such an experienced preceptress, the Tolstoy boys would soon be much in demand in the *beau monde*, quite a new experience for them.

13

THE immediate problem was the brothers' future education, one of the reasons for coming to Kazan. The town boasted an excellent university, not on a par with those of Petersburg and Moscow, but sufficiently reputable to attract scholars from Western Europe. Nikolai had failed promotion at the end of his second year at Moscow University, and he transferred to the Philosophy Faculty at Kazan. Two years later, in 1843, Sergei and Dmitri matriculated in the same field.

Meanwhile Lyovochka, too young to enter the university, had plenty of leisure to contemplate a career. His slight experience with formal education did not whet his appetite for more. Conventional book knowledge seemed an unnecessary obstacle to his grandiose schemes for the future. Aunt Pelageya offered her advice. He ought to plan to be an aide-de-camp — preferably an aide-de-camp to the Emperor.

Her greatest joy, however, would be to see him married to an heiress and the owner of as many serfs as possible. Soon this religiously-minded but worldly lady, herself the purest of beings, Tolstoy declared, would strongly urge him to have relations with a married woman, on the principle that "nothing so forms a young man as an intimacy with a woman of good breeding."

But first the university loomed up before him, like some desert through which he must pass in order to reach green fields beyond. Whether he prepared for the army or for a diplomatic career, it was felt that he ought to attend the Faculty of Oriental Languages, one of the most difficult and distinguished fields. In the autumn of 1844 he matriculated at Kazan University.

At last a "man," no longer under the thumb of a tutor, Leo Tolstoy dressed in his new student uniform, with its glittering gilt buttons, cocked hat, and a sword on his left hip; he received his own allowance and a trap with a spirited brown trotter for his private use. No doubt, he also took up cigarette smoking, which was then the height of fashion for a young dandy. With money in his pocket and joy in his heart, he drove to his first class, hoping to meet a policeman on the way who would honor him with the customary salute to a student.

Tolstoy's initial enthusiasm for the university quickly diminished as his interest in the social aspects of student life increased. Often he failed to attend lectures, and at the mid-term examinations he did so badly that permission to return was denied him. This failure was more of a shock than he cared to admit. The glamour of his new uniform had not worn off. Nikolai had graduated in 1844, and Sergei and Dmitri, although not brilliant, had been advanced to the third year. At the moment he wished to emulate his brothers. A happy alternative was suggested: he could forget his diplomatic career and transfer to the Faculty of Jurisprudence. It was notoriously easy — "A man must be a fool who cannot be a jurist" was the way the students dismissed it. At the beginning of the next academic year Tolstoy transferred to the Faculty of Jurisprudence.

This faculty was the scandal of the university and an ancient object of student ridicule. Its professors were mostly crotchety German pedants who mangled the Russian language. Despite the prevailing atmosphere of levity in his new faculty, Tolstoy admits that during this year he began for the first time to take a serious interest in his studies. A few of the subjects, especially criminal law, inspired him to make some effort, and he attended with regularity the lectures of one or two of the most brilliant professors. He acquitted himself very well in the finals and was advanced to the second year. However, the third-rate Faculty of Jurisprudence offered little mental stimulation, nor could it compete at this time with his passion for social activity.

The aristocratic set that Tolstoy frequented in Kazan society indulged in fabulous hospitality. Friends visited each other freely, remained for dinner, chatted, and went home for a brief rest. In the evening they would be off to a ball, theater, or concert, at the conclusion of which a Lucullan feast was sure to be served at someone's house. Guests rarely left before five or six in the morning, slept till noon, and began the whole procedure over again.

As an eligible, titled young bachelor, with the best of connections, Tolstoy was much sought after in this society. The three brothers (Nikolai had entered the army in 1844) had by now taken an apartment of their own and lived in style. Each had a serving boy, a luxury that Aunt Pelageya had foolishly insisted upon.

Although to be *comme il faut* seemed to him the height of human perfection, young Tolstoy had a total incapacity for it. His failure caused him endless grief at this time. Much of the effort that should have been expended on studies was devoted to acquiring those graces which would enable him to shine at the dinner parties and balls of Kazan aristocracy. One look in the mirror would upset all his hopes. The face of a simple peasant stared back at him, and his big hands and feet seemed downright shameful. His muscular physique (he was practicing gymnastics daily in the hope of becoming the strongest man in the world) was not well-proportioned, and

clothes somehow never set him off as neatly as they did Sergei.

Tolstoy tried to make a virtue of such handicaps, and when this failed, he took refuge in queer and original behavior, the customary retreat of the social misfit. To be outstanding was his aim; if he could not gain attention by natural graces, he would do it by calculated rudeness. When all talked, he was haughtily silent. If he elected to speak, he eschewed the usual empty compliments of fine society and endeavored to impress people by a certain impolite frankness. "Old inhabitants of Kazan," writes one of them, "remember him at all the balls, evening parties, and gatherings of fashionable society, invited everywhere, always dancing, but not in the least pleasing to these worldly ladies as were his rivals among the aristocratic students; they always observed in him a stiffness and self-consciousness." One of his rivals remarked: "We called him the 'bear,' the 'philosopher' Lyovochka, awkward and always embarrassed." The "bear" was a highly sensitive young animal, however, and his failure to achieve social success pained him deeply.

14

SUCCESS with the ladies was one of the requisites of being truly *comme il faut*. Here again Tolstoy bungled. Marriageable girls in Kazan high society found him rather boring. His shyness, alternating with moments of boorish behavior and bursts of conversation that was intended to be strikingly original, bewildered and even frightened these young things. If he had been inclined to put into practice his aunt's advice to form a liaison with a fashionable married woman, he would probably not have survived the preliminaries of introduction.

He ogled these ladies of quality from a safe distance, fell in love, and imagined scenes of delightful intimacies with them. But even the offer of an introduction to one of these imaginary victims terrified him, as though he were convinced that by mere acquaintance she would at once become aware of all his shameful thoughts. To his inordinately shy mind these fine ladies seemed clothed in impregnable bronze. How he wished to be like that Lovelace of a brother, Sergei, who seemed able to take with an easy grace all the good things that life offered him.

Yet Tolstoy's passions in his youth, as always, ran high. And the morals of young men of the gentry were, by prescription, singularly unconstrained. Wild oats were to be sown early under the common delusion that they would not have to be sown again. Had not his grandparents served up to his father, at the age of sixteen, a pretty little serf girl for the good of his health? If Tolstoy's unattractive appearance and gauche manners could not win him success among Kazan's marriageable girls or women of quality, then he would take the other way out.

Not much is known about Tolstoy's relations with

loose women during his Kazan existence, but bitter references to them later suggest that his experiences made a deep impression on him. In dividing the years of his life for biographical purposes, he described the first period of "innocent, joyous, poetic childhood up to fourteen; then the terrible twenty years that followed — a period of coarse dissoluteness, employed in the service of ambition, vanity, and above all of lust."

Why did Tolstoy designate the age of fourteen as the end of his childhood and the beginning of a period of his life devoted chiefly to lust? The natural supposition is that he had his first sexual experience at this tender age. In the fragmentary *Memoirs of a Madman*, with its undoubted autobiographical significance, Tolstoy has his hero declare: "I was fourteen years old when I first learned the vice of the pleasures of the flesh, and it horrified me. All my being strained after it, and then all my being, it seemed, was opposed to it."

N. N. Gusev once heard from Tolstoy's close friend, Marya Alexandrovna Schmidt, an interesting account concerning his first sexual experience. When he was writing *Resurrection*, his wife sharply criticized him for the chapter in which he described the seduction of Katyusha. "Old man that you are," she scolded, "are you not ashamed to write such nastiness!" Tolstoy made no reply, but when his wife had left the room, he turned to M. A. Schmidt and said, almost in tears: "See how she attacks me, but when my brothers took me for the first time to a brothel and I accomplished this act, I then stood by the woman's bed and wept."

Fleshly desires were at once alluring and repulsive to the young Tolstoy, but his strong moral repugnance received no encouragement from the dissolute Kazan society that he frequented. Much of his waywardness was in imitation of the corrupt behavior he found on every side. Apparently he paid dearly for it, and not merely in moral suffering. For his first diary in 1847 opens: "It is six days since I entered the clinic, and six days since I became almost contented. *Les petites causes produisent des grands effets*. I've had *gonorrhoea*, had it from that source whence it is customarily obtained."

Young as he was, Tolstoy had a highly developed moral sense, and every violation of it caused him infinite heart-searching. In his youthful meditations he had already dwelt upon the question of love, as though seeking some idealistic conception that would purify his debauched thoughts. With the pedantic precision of a young philosopher, he neatly divided love into three kinds: beautiful love, self-denying love, and active love. His own ideal for the moment partook of the best qualities of all three, and it gained substance in his dream of an imaginary woman. She had a bit of Sonya Valakhina in her, a dash of the chambermaid Masha as he had seen her washing the linen, and the external charms of a lady with pearls around her white neck whom he had noticed long ago in a box at the theater.

The shyness that made Tolstoy uneasy in the company of women also stood in the way of friendship with his fellow students. He carried his stuffy notions of *comme il faut* from the ballroom into the classroom. High school graduates and poor scholarship students he scorned. Their incorrect French, shabby clothes, untidy boots, and dirty nails condemned them. In his pride and affected indifference, he always refused to bow first.

When Tolstoy made friends, and there were a few in this Kazan period, they always belonged to his aristocratic set. The best of them was Dmitri Alekseyevich Dyakov, a youth several years older than Tolstoy. Unusually fervent attachments among young people of the same sex are a common enough experience, but in such friendships Tolstoy's intense emotional nature brought him to the dangerous edge of unnatural relationship. This was strikingly true of his youthful affection for Dyakov, which may properly be described as love. The fact takes on an added interest in the light of his wife's foolish charge against him, when he was a very old man, of homosexual relations.

Some four years after this period, in a remarkably revelatory passage in a loose leaf of Tolstoy's diary that has only recently been published in Russia, he writes: "I was very often in love with men. . . . Of all these people I continue to love only D[yakov]. For me the chief indication of love is the fear to offend or [not] to be liked by the p[erson] l[oved]. It is simply fear. I was in love with [men] before I had any notion of the possibility of *pederasty*; but having learned about it, the thought of the possibility of such a union never entered my head. . . . Beauty always had much influence in my choice; however, there is the example of D[yakov]; but I never will forget the night, when we came from P[irogovo?], and, diving under the sleigh rug, I wanted to kiss him and weep. There was voluptu[ousness] in this feeling, but why it occurred here it is impossible to decide."

In writing about his friendship for Dyakov in *Boyhood*, Tolstoy credits him with having a definite salutary influence on his character. Utter frankness was the first condition of their friendship, and each vowed to tell the other his every thought, no matter how unpleasant. Both worshiped an ideal of virtue and were convinced that man's mission in life was to perfect himself.

The two perfectionists tried out their theory on a pretty girl whom they met in Kazan. Her story of seduction moved them. Tolstoy offered to finance her until she got a job and could earn an honest living. She joyfully agreed and began to thank him. "Not at all," he magnanimously interrupted, "misfortune may happen to every one of us, and we must all help each other." When they met again a few days later, she freely confessed herself unable to lead any other existence than the sinful one she had grown used to. "So I could not convince her to return to an honest life," the worshiper of virtue concluded.

The hours spent with Dyakov were among Tolstoy's happiest in Kazan. Their friendship brought out the finest qualities of his nature, and it is little wonder that the bond between them remained unbroken until Dyakov's death in 1891.

15

LONG before the end of his second year in the Faculty of Jurisprudence, Tolstoy had lost what little interest he had in the professors and their lectures. One of his discriminating instructors, D. I. Meier, who recognized the superior mind of his indifferent student, tried to arouse his intellectual interests by setting him the task of writing a comparison of Montesquieu's *Esprit des lois* and Catherine the Great's *Nakaz*. His enthusiasm caught fire at once, for the task demanded the kind of independent intellectual effort that he had hitherto found no outlet for in his university studies.

Tolstoy read everything he could obtain on the subject. About this time — March, 1847 — he first began to keep a diary, for he felt that it would help him judge the progress of his developing faculties. In the diary he set down the results of his analysis of Catherine's *Nakaz*. His critical remarks are often unusually penetrating and independent for a youth of eighteen. Curiously enough, no suggestion of his future firm opposition to every form of governmental coercion is apparent in the analysis. He accepts the autocratic framework of the Russian state and the legal system that supports it. Only in the matter of condemning capital punishment does he display consistency with his later views.

In the end, this independent bit of scholarly investigation did nothing to soften Tolstoy's mounting antipathy to the university. On the contrary, he gave it as the reason for leaving. "The university with its demands not only did not assist in such a task," he wrote, "but actually hindered it." The professors, he paradoxically maintained, obstructed his thirst for knowledge. The analysis of the *Nakaz* led him into reading an endless quantity of books, but all in one direction. "This reading," he wrote, "revealed to me limitless horizons. . . . I gave up the university precisely because I wished to occupy myself in this fashion. There I was obliged to work at and study things that did not interest me and were unnecessary."

A variety of reasons contributed to Tolstoy's decision. He had done badly in the mid-term examinations of the second year, and now with a string of unsuccessful performances behind him, he could not look forward to the final tests with equanimity. Sergei and Dmitri would finish their studies at Kazan that year, and two more years in the university without their company did not appeal to him.

Moreover, a division of property among the brothers had taken place in this same year. Leo Tolstoy had received as his share Yasnaya Polyana and

several smaller estates, amounting to about 5400 acres, along with 350 male serfs and their families. And at this time he began to express a real or imaginary sense of responsibility for all these human beings under his direct control.

These factors, as well as a moral dissatisfaction with his loose life at Kazan, were no doubt part of the reason why he decided to sever his connections with the university. Yet his disillusion with the opportunities of so-called higher education was real and conclusive. In 1857 he wrote in his copybook: "Talented people are unsuited to learning in youth, for they unconsciously see that they must know something other than what the masses know." On April 12, 1847, before the final examinations of the second year in the Faculty of Jurisprudence, he petitioned to be allowed to leave the university because of "ill-health and domestic circumstances." Two days later his petition was granted. The only memento that the most distinguished alumnus of Kazan University left behind him was his name scratched on a bench in one of the lecture halls.

16

TOLSTOY had read a great deal during this Kazan period and in the summer vacation months he spent at Yasnaya Polyana. He gobbled a quantity of French novels by Sue, Dumas, and Paul de Kock. Their fictions seemed entirely real to him, and he discovered in himself a likeness to their characters, both heroes and villains. Less adventurous fiction and some poetry — Sterne, Dickens, Gogol, Turgenyev, Druzhinin, Grigorovich, Lermontov, Pushkin, and Schiller — he admitted had a marked influence on his artistic sensibilities. There was much more in belles-lettres, but his questing mind favored sterner stuff—the New Testament, philosophy, and political science. He plunged into Hegel, who was then all the rage among the illuminati, and, like most youths of the time, he read Voltaire, whose skepticism, perhaps because it lacked high seriousness, had no pronounced effect on him.

The author who stirred Tolstoy most at this time and had a permanent influence on his thought was Rousseau. In 1905 he wrote: "Rousseau has been my teacher since I was fifteen. Rousseau and the New Testament have been the two great and beneficent influences of my life." He declared to a French professor, who visited Yasnaya Polyana in 1901, that in his youth he read the whole twenty volumes of Rousseau. He worshiped him, he said, and in place of the cross which good Orthodox believers wear round their necks he wore a medallion portrait of Rousseau. The indebtedness was considerable, but Tolstoy could be severely critical of Rousseau. The fundamental difference between them he himself pointed out: namely, that Rousseau repudiates all civilization, whereas Tolstoy simply repudiates pseudo-Christianity.

In his summers at Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoy appropriated some of the more garish aspects of Rousseau's back-to-nature teaching in a youthful attempt to live as befitted a practicing philosopher. With perhaps a feeling of relief he discarded in the country the social straitjacket of *comme il faut*. He rigged up for daily wear a loose canvas garment, with the added advantage that it could be used as a nightshirt, and went about in slippers and bare legs. His favorite occupation was communing with nature wild or lying down under a bush in the garden with a thick lexicon for a pillow.

He allowed nothing to interfere with his philosophical musings or routine. A group of young ladies unexpectedly arriving for a visit, the philosopher was hastily summoned from his retreat in the garden, and he made his appearance in the living room in his Diogenes canvas robe, slippers, and bare legs. When Auntie Tatyana remonstrated, he replied with some heat that conventional propriety was unimportant compared with the comfort of his dress.

Apart from his intensive reading, he was also thinking and writing. Several fragmentary compositions of this time reflect the fearless quality of his mind. In "Philosophical Notes on Rousseau" he expatiates on the powerful influence of women for good in society and on the demoralizing effect of luxury on morality. In another piece, without a title, the young philosopher attempts to formulate rules for living and to define his own nature. On the margin are scribbled notes for future discussion: "From the very beginning I abandoned all prejudices, since I found nothing satisfactory in them." There is an authentic story that a student friend of his brother, pockets loaded with bottles for a carouse, who descended on their apartment, found on Tolstoy's desk an article on symmetry and proceeded to read it. The article seemed so brilliant that the friend was convinced it had been copied from some famed authority. When Tolstoy came in, the student asked him for the name of the author. Tolstoy blushing admitted that the article was his, whereupon the student laughed in disbelief. This article on symmetry has been lost.

Tolstoy tells us in his *Confession* that by the time he was sixteen he had ceased to believe the religious precepts taught him as a child. He still believed in the existence of a God, but what sort of God he could not say. Likewise, he did not deny Christ and His teachings, but the substance of these teachings was not entirely clear to him. In short, while still quite young he refused to accept the Church, but all his reason and senses obliged him to believe in God. This attitude of his youth is highly significant for his later religious development.

The only faith that gave impulse to Tolstoy's being at this time was a belief in self-perfection. All his awakening moral and intellectual powers were concentrated on this ideal of life. By perfecting himself morally, mentally, and physically, he would achieve

happiness. With that perennial faith of youth in the efficacy of "rules of life," he earnestly drew up quantities of them. The first series, in January, 1847, is not very promising: "(1) To get up at five, go to bed at nine and ten, and perhaps sleep two hours during the day. (2) To eat moderately, nothing sweet. (3) To walk for an hour. (4) To fulfil all my written injunctions. (5) To have one woman only, and then only twice a month. (6) To do everything possible for myself."

These elementary rules were soon developed into an elaborate design for living, almost metaphysical in its complexity and discouragingly inclusive in scope. He set down rules for the development of the will, with various subdivisions, rules for the development of the memory, of bodily and intellectual activity, of talents, of judgment. There were rules to scorn wealth, honors, and the opinion of society not based on reason; to love all to whom he can be useful; to care nothing for the praise of people whom he does not know or dislikes; and each day to express his love for all kinds and degrees of humanity in some manner or other.

In youth, as always in his life, Tolstoy's rules of conduct far outstripped his observance of them. Nor did he ever fail to remind himself of the fact. In his diary at this time he jotted down: "It is easier to write ten volumes of philosophy than to put a single precept into practise." Constantly he heard the divine voice in him urging him to perfection. He writes of it in a beautiful passage at the end of Chapter III in *Youth*. All his dreams at that time, he says, were based on four feelings: love of *her*, his imaginary paragon; love of being loved — he wanted everybody to know and to love him; the hope of some unusual good fortune that would make him famous; and finally a feeling of self-disgust and repentance, but a repentance mingled with the hope of happiness.

Yet he believed in the people round him, who fostered his animal instincts, his pride and worldly ambitions, and frustrated his desire for self-perfection. With his life in Kazan partly in mind, he wrote in *Confession*: "With all my soul I wished to be good; but I was young, passionate, and alone when I sought goodness. Every time I tried to express my most sincere desire, which was to be morally good, I met with contempt and ridicule; but as soon as I yielded to nasty passions, I was praised and encouraged."

Tolstoy's desire to escape the corrupting influence of society, however, did not spoil the pleasure of a very liquid farewell that his aristocratic comrades tendered him. They accompanied him out of the town with many embraces sealed by potatoes deep. He left Kazan for Yasnaya Polyana on April 23, 1847.

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UNLIKE Horace on his Sabine farm, young Tolstoy could not sit contentedly among his Yasnaya Polyana

cabbage patches. For there were those everlasting "rules of conduct" to observe and his vast "programme of work" to fulfill. After all, he had not abandoned the city for the country merely to exchange the pleasures of worldly society for those of rustic simplicity. The incessant worm of perfectibility gnawed continually at his conscience.

In a separate "Journal of Daily Occupations" that Tolstoy kept at this time, he obliged himself to list on one side his tasks for each day and opposite them his rate of performance. A typical day's planning, the third after his arrival at Yasnaya Polyana, reveals this debit and credit system of human endeavor in all its pathetic failure: —

5 to 6, practical agriculture	} Nothing done
6 to 9, letters	
9 to 10, drink tea	
10 to 11, set things in order	
copybooks . . .	
11 to 1, bookkeeping	
1 to 1.30, lunch	
1.30 to 3, Italian	
3 to 5, English	
6 to 8, Russian history	

Day after day debits piled up against similar good intentions. He observes plaintively in his diary that it is difficult for a man under the influence of what is bad to develop into what is good. If only he could cease to be dependent upon extraneous circumstances, then the spirit would take precedence over matter and he could achieve his proper destiny. This war of the mundane and the otherworldly, of body and soul, of spirit and flesh, never ceases.

In leaving the university for Yasnaya Polyana, part of Tolstoy's plan was to devote much of his efforts to the affairs of the estate and particularly to the well-being of the several hundred serfs over whom he was now absolute master. From childhood his warm heart and moral sensibilities had often been shocked by the deplorable conditions of these slaves of the gentry. Their emancipation was still some fifteen years away, but already movements were afoot that advocated their liberation.

The young Tolstoy, however, had not absorbed so radical an idea. In his youth his aristocratic notions of social classes permitted him to regard the enslaved position of the peasantry in the traditional manner of the gentry — as something ordained by God. Many changes would take place in his intellectual and spiritual life before he could get himself to believe that peasants were the equals or even the superiors of his own noble class. Now, as their new master, he accepted his serfs as a definite responsibility, and he had simply a humanitarian desire to improve their lot. With the effort to perfect himself mentally in abeyance, he turned with enthusiasm to his new "purpose in life" — to do good for the peasantry. In this, he was sure, he would find real happiness.

Little direct information exists of Tolstoy's first attempt to reform his fellow men. For some reason he discontinued his diary at this time, and no letters

are available. But in this first effort to understand and help his peasants, Tolstoy lacked that experience which is more to be believed in than arguments and rules. All his life the disparity between experience and theorizing confounded him. He was like so many of the young men among the gentry at that time.

Their characteristic traits are brilliantly described in the heroes of nineteenth-century Russian poetry and fiction, such as Eugene Onegin, Oblomov, or the "superfluous men" of Turgenev. They grew up on country estates, completely insulated from the real business of life. The profits of serfdom took care of their financial needs; and politics, the organization of society, or the concerns of the outside world played little active part in their youthful existence, although they were quite capable of talking and theorizing endlessly about them. Even the traditional civil or military careers were regarded as mere gentlemanly formalities that customarily preceded early retirement to the pleasant dead calm of rural seclusion.

It was a parasitic existence compared to the bustling life of activity of modern youth. What would have happened to these dreamy, theorizing, impractical heroes if they had been kicked out into the world and obliged to earn their living is a question that inevitably occurs to the modern reader of this fiction.

This way of life, however, played an important part in the development of Tolstoy. His comparative isolation and severance from practical concerns intensified a natural bent for introspection. His own soul and state of mind became of much more importance to him than anything else in life. He pushed far ahead into the realm of abstract thinking and theorizing, but lagged far behind in those everyday lessons that the hard school of experience knocks into one in the daily struggle for economic security.

Tolstoy's lack of experience prevented him from realizing that centuries of slavery had rendered serfs incapable of believing in the sincerity of a master who desired to help them. Masters had always tricked, abused, and cheated them, and the very fact that Tolstoy was their master made it impossible for them to have any faith in him. In the depths of his soul he began to feel that only by ceasing to be the master of these serfs could he win their belief in him.

Even after the government freed his peasants, however, and he himself tried to enter into their lives on more equal terms, it may be doubted that he ever really succeeded in gaining their implicit faith. For them he was always the aristocrat. In the last analysis, the sufferings of the peasants concerned him less than the people who obliged them to suffer — the gentry, whom he instinctively understood.

18

AT THIS time in his life Tolstoy resembled both the town mouse and the country mouse of the ancient fable, for he liked both places. Rather, he could not

be contented with one while away from the other. Now that he was in the country, all the glittering prospects of the city — fame, love, social pleasures, adventure — drew him like a magnet. The lofty purpose of his rural isolation was soon shoved aside, and his failure with the peasants quickened a desire to escape. So urgently did he feel the need to get away that he galloped after the carriage of his future brother-in-law, who was off to Siberia to clear up his affairs before marrying Marya. Only the fact that he had forgotten his hat, he recalls, prevented him from going along. Shortly after this, Tolstoy was on his way to Moscow.

The twenty-year-old Tolstoy required no introduction to the upper levels of Moscow society. The drawing rooms of the best homes were open to a bright youth of good family and comfortable income, and he could aspire, he said, to any damsel he chose. Numerous relatives supported his claims to attention.

A few letters, only recently published, to Auntie Tatyana at Yasnaya Polyana shed some light on Tolstoy's residence in Moscow during this winter of 1848. He stayed at first with distant relatives, the Perfilievs, but he soon took up quarters of his own. His first letters deal largely with money matters and requests for articles that he had forgotten to take with him, including his hat (in his youth Tolstoy was always forgetting his hat, overcoat, and important documents). Soon he adopts for his aunt's benefit the bored air of the youth who thinks he has arrived socially. He describes his many visits to the homes of people of consequence and complains that his daily occupations are constantly upset by callers.

Before a month is up his tone changes somewhat. "There is nothing either good or bad to tell you about myself," he writes. "My existence is neither too worldly nor too retired; I'm neither amused nor bored. . . ." Another month and the familiar note of moral despair creeps into his saga. "I have grown quite debauched in this social existence," he writes. "Everything bores me frightfully; I am dreaming again about life in the country, and I intend to return to it soon."

The beginning of the next year, however, found Tolstoy in Petersburg instead of the country. He had had a second thought. It was comforting to contemplate the quiet of Yasnaya Polyana amid the noisy pleasures of the city, but then he had never sampled the pleasures of the capital of All the Russias. They apparently took him by storm. "I intend to remain here forever" was the first enthusiastic comment that he wrote to his brother Sergei at Pirogovo, his estate. The letter has all the earmarks of having been written with glass in hand amid the promptings of jolly companions.

With its manifold possibilities for a career, Petersburg seemed to Tolstoy a veritable Eldorado. He decided to turn over a new leaf. This city "has a great and good influence over me," he writes to Sergei in the same letter. Here everything is busy and it is impossible to lead the aimless life of Moscow. Although

he is sure that his brother will not believe him, he insists that he has already changed. "You will say: 'For the twentieth time now you have changed, but nothing comes of you, the emptiest of fellows.'" This time the transformation is real, he tells Sergei, for he has at last convinced himself "that one cannot live by speculation and philosophy. One must live positively — that is, be a practical man." And this newest discovery will be utilized at once, for he declares his intention of taking the examinations for the Faculty of Jurisprudence so that he may obtain his degree and enter into government service. Renewed determination rather than progress is reflected in this old ambition.

Sergei had abundant experience with these sudden shifts in his brother's enthusiasms. He jocosely wrote back his disbelief in the announced "change," and then took the occasion to warn Lyovochka against the card sharps of Petersburg. "With your scorn for money," he cautioned, "you may well lose a large amount." The advice went unheeded and Tolstoy rapidly accumulated gambling debts. Letters to Sergei over the next few months are filled with urgent requests to sell his woodlot and his horses in order to raise money.

Cards became a passion with him. Like Dostoyevsky, he imagined it possible to contrive a rational system that would assure success, and he actually drew up an elaborate series of "Rules for Card-Playing." As might be expected, the rules proved futile in the face of bad luck, and their principal precept of moderation was always forgotten in the excitement of play. In the course of the next few years his gambling habit was to bring him to the verge of financial ruin.

Neither in his letters nor in his diary does Tolstoy show the slightest flicker of awareness of the absorbing political and literary activity of Petersburg's brilliant intellectuals at this time. This fact betrays as nothing else could the nature of the company he kept and his single-minded preoccupation with himself. The February Revolution of 1848 in France had taken place and had inspired in thousands of oppressed Russians the hope of reform in the viciously bureaucratic and reactionary regime of Nicholas I. The great literary critic Belinski and his followers in Petersburg were already advocating a Russia that would be modeled on the more advanced civilization of Western Europe.

Revolutionary murmurings were in the air and repression was brutal. At the very time that Tolstoy was concerned solely with making a place for himself in the city's high society, the Tsar's police rounded up a group of radicals known as the Petrashevski circle. Among them was the young Dostoyevsky, who had already won some literary fame.

Meanwhile Tolstoy, on his own admission, had become a "practical man," and something had to be done about it. There were the university examina-

tions to test his new resolution. Although he confessed that he knew absolutely nothing about the first two subjects, — criminal and civil law, — he put off his preparations until a week before the examinations. Then he plunged into study, working day and night, and passed both tests well.

Hardly had he accomplished this feat, however, when he dispatched a pleading letter to Sergei: "I believe you are already saying that I am the *emptiest of fellows*; and you are saying the truth. God knows what I have done! For no reason I came to Petersburg and have achieved nothing decent here, except to squander money and run up debts. It is stupid. Insufferably stupid!" He has a large debt of honor to meet, and he begs Sergei to arrange for the sale of one of his smaller properties. Failure to pay will mean the loss of his reputation. Such a price, he complains, for freedom and philosophizing.

In the future, however, all will be different, if only the present mess can be straightened out. He is going to give up the university once and for all and become a cadet in the Horse Guards. The Guards will soon leave for Vienna to help the Austrians quell the Hungarian rebellion. (The moralist has no thought now for the injustice of this cause.) With luck, he might get a commission before the usual two years if he sees action. So please, he asks Sergei, send on his birth certificate; but before all else, he concludes, raise the necessary funds to pay off his cursed debts.

Before two weeks had elapsed, the wind of events had shifted the young weathercock in Petersburg to a different direction. "Spring arrived," he said years later, "and the charm of rural life again attracted me to my estate." In June he returned to Yasnaya Polyana with a talented but drunken German musician by the name of Rudolph in tow.

In the company of his kind foster-mother, Auntie Tatyana, he always regained a sense of security and a feeling of contentment with himself and life. She watched over his material welfare, mildly scolded him for gambling excessively, and continually feared that he would make a bad marriage. At times he chafed over her limited understanding of the broader aspects of morality, but in her utterly unselfish devotion to all whom she loved, he saw a beautiful life of self-sacrifice that he might one day make the subject of a book.

Many years later he recalled how he would arrive at Yasnaya Polyana, feeling ashamed and morally unclean after a prolonged period of carousing. Auntie Tatyana would greet him lovingly. By old custom, he would kiss her soft, energetic little hand and she his "dirty and depraved one," and then they would converse in French. Her gentle kindness and affection never changed. He would sit in an armchair through the long winter evenings and read while she played Old Maid, or he would hear her soft, childlike laughter as she chatted with the housekeeper. At such moments, he said, his finest thoughts came to him, the noblest responses of his soul.

(To be continued)

THE PHYSICIST RETURNS FROM THE WAR

by I. I. RABI

I

N EARLY five years ago, on November 6, 1940, I left my laboratory and classroom at Columbia University to work with a number of other physicists from different parts of the country on the secret development of new weapons of war. Before this paper appears in print, thanks largely to the "atomic" bomb, I hope and expect to be back in my laboratory and, together again with students and colleagues, to resume a life project which was interrupted by "a call to armaments."

Before the war these physicists almost never had occupied themselves with problems and questions which in any direct way could be called immediately practical. They directed their whole attention to discovering and understanding the laws of the physical universe in a clear, consistent, logical, and often mathematical scheme. They made it their code to communicate these results to others in the most frank, direct, and expeditious manner. Inseparably connected with their scientific work — and no small part of it — was the upbringing of future scientists.

Yet these very men were largely responsible for the discovery and practical development of at least two of the most remarkable and terrible weapons of this war: radar and the so-called atomic bomb. To apply the adjective "terrible" to radar may occasion some surprise to those who only have read or thought about electronic devices in terms of their beneficial peacetime applications. The crews of Japanese ships, however, who found themselves being shelled with devastating accuracy during the darkest hours of night by our warships, and the Germans who experienced saturation bombing from airplanes which were invisible above a dense cover of clouds, will readily testify to the weird and uncanny terror which an

unseen but deadly enemy can inspire. The potentialities of this extraordinarily facile and protean instrument of war are disquieting to anyone who appreciates the degree to which radar will heighten the surprise value and accuracy of any weapon.

Speaking for the group of men who created these weapons, I would say that we are frankly pleased, terrified, and to an even greater degree embarrassed when we contemplate the results of our wartime efforts. Our terror comes from the realization — which is nowhere more strongly felt than among us — of the tremendous forces of destruction now existing in an all too practical form. By this, I do not mean to suggest that we who helped to create the new weapons are now overcome with a sense of guilt or regret. These instrumentalities were natural consequences of the scientific knowledge at our disposal, and as such were inevitable. They did help us to win a bitter war in which we were attacked in a most cowardly fashion.

Returning from wartime occupations to his laboratory and classroom, the physicist looks forward to an era of peace and regards anew the future of his science. From the lessons of this war, we know that his science, as he understands it, is possible only in an environment undisturbed by war or even by the threat of war. The physicist has become a military asset of such value that only with the assurance of peace will society permit him to pursue in his own quiet way the scientific knowledge which inspires, elevates, and entertains his fellow men.

Thus by the very success of his efforts in this war, the physicist has been placed in an embarrassing position. The inheritor of the tradition of Galileo, Newton, Faraday, Maxwell, Gibbs, Rutherford, Michelson, and Einstein now is hailed as the messiah who will bring us a new world with push-button facilities, new industries, an expanding economy, and jobs for all. He is assailed with equal fervor by a thoughtful group of citizens who condemn him as the Frankenstein of our time and who hope that he will be placed in protective custody until we have solemnly taken thought of how one should live in an atomic age.

Industry, with considerable success, is trying to lure the physicist from his academic hide-out with glittering pieces of silver and with the promise of un-

A physicist born in Austria in 1898, I. I. RABI was brought to this country in his infancy, graduated from Cornell in 1919, and took his Ph.D. at Columbia University, where he serves today as Professor of Physics and Chairman of the Department of Physics. In 1939 the American Association for the Advancement of Science voted him a thousand-dollar award "for study of radio frequency spectra of atoms and molecules," and in 1944 he was the recipient of the Nobel Prize in Physics "for his resonance method of recording the magnetic properties of the atomic nuclei." During the war he acted as Associate Director of the Radiation Laboratory at M.I.T. and was closely identified with the development of radar.

limited scientific equipment and corps of assistants. Meanwhile our rejuvenated military forces are building giant laboratories (any one of which can use up all of our currently available and really well-trained physicists), and hope to stock them with men who can continue their scientific research and still adhere to the well-meaning but completely impossible regulations of the Civil Service Commission.

The *New York Times* proposes to alleviate man's lot by corralling the scientist in large research institutions, which it fondly imagines are of an industrial nature, where he would have as overseers and public guardians a group of wise men who know the important problems better than the scientist himself. Out of this pleasant hell there presumably would emerge cures for cancer and the common cold, rocket devices which would make a trip to the moon a week-end possibility for desk-weary stenographers, and so on. With childish faith in the capabilities of science and a complete lack of any understanding of the nature of scientific creation, the erudite news writer apparently believes that the theory of relativity or quantum mechanics could have been produced on order from wise men in Washington who by some sublime divination realized the necessity for these theories and were able to convince the Director of the Bureau of the Budget that the results would justify the expenditure of the taxpayers' money.

The universities hope the physicist will return to satisfy the needs of students. It has become obvious to the heads of institutes of learning that the future generation of scientists will be a sorry lot if the best teachers leave the academic circles for more lucrative positions in military or industrial laboratories.

The embarrassment of the physicists stems not only from the fact that they are unaccustomed to being courted with such ardor, but also from their realization, admitted readily by four out of every five, that in the past five years, apart from the development of certain techniques which may be useful in later research, the progress of the science of physics has been less than moderate. The same profound questions which furrowed the brows of physicists before the war and forced them to spend long days and nights in their laboratories are still with us. The physicist returning from the war has no vast amount of literature to digest before he can bring himself up to date in his field, because his own dusty files contain virtually the last words written upon the subject.

With atomic bombs and radar in mind, the skeptic may well ask what the physicist thinks he has been doing these past five years, if not physics. In a more heated vein, he may inquire just what are these problems which the physicist considers to be so important and yet which are so remote from practical possibilities that the intense research work of the war years has not touched upon them perceptibly.

These are probing questions. To answer them the physicist must attempt to explain the two aspects of his science. There is, first, the creative intellectual activity which constantly pushes back the boundaries

of our understanding of natural phenomena; second, the industrial activity which applies the results of scientific knowledge and understanding to satisfy material human needs and whimsies. The first is the science of physics proper, and the second is the side of physics which has been called the inheritance of technology. If the science of physics lags, the inheritance of technology is soon spent. In these war years, the inheritance of technology has been exploited to the point where further substantial progress can come only from an advance in the science of physics.

In the past, the science of physics was fifty years ahead of important technological application. For example, Faraday's experiments on the fundamentals of electromagnetic induction preceded the rise of the electrical industry by half a century. The growth in numbers, size, and quality of our modern industrial research laboratories and the great improvement of our schools of technology are bringing technological application very close to scientific discovery, as we can see from the fact that the infant science of nuclear physics has already resulted in the atomic bomb.

The essential unpredictability of the laws of nature beyond our experience, as exemplified in the great discoveries of the past, makes scientific research a venture, literally, into the unknown. To set out a detailed program with practical goals for truly scientific research is like trying to make a map of a country no one has ever seen and the very existence of which is in grave doubt. Pure science cannot have any goal other than the appeasement of the human spirit of intellectual adventure.

2

RADAR and the atomic bomb are two results of a planned program of research which made use of known facts and principles. The atomic bomb is an offspring of twentieth-century physics, while radar in principle is the child of nineteenth-century physics wedded to twentieth-century technology. Radar is the easier of the two devices to understand, since everyone is familiar with its stepfather, the radio.

In the latter part of the last century Heinrich Hertz, in Germany, succeeded in demonstrating experimentally the existence of what now are popularly known as radio waves. The existence of such radio waves had been predicted by Maxwell, who, on the basis of Faraday's electrical experiments, had written a set of mathematical relations defining their properties, which actually were the same as those of visible light, except for differences in wave length. Maxwell had predicted the existence of these waves, but had given no clue as to how to generate them. Hertz's tremendous discovery, however, showed that visible light was just a special wave-length region of an infinite spectrum of radio waves and that these waves all originated from the motions of electrical charges.

Hertz's contributions to scientific knowledge re-

sulted in a spectacular unification of a very large variety of isolated phenomena, including light, radio waves, and the motion of electricity — the intellectual tool which has made the whole art of radio possible. The further development of the art and science of radio was concerned with the generation, control, and detection of radio waves. A series of successively brilliant inventions gave us wireless telegraphy, then the radio telephone and radio broadcasting, and finally the “soap opera.” One invention, the three-element vacuum tube of De Forest, was so outstanding in its consequences that it almost ranks with the greatest inventions of all time. Very few of our modern developments would have been possible without it.

Radar was implicit in Hertz’s original experiments, but it had no practical development until the need arose for a new warning device to forestall surprise attacks by aircraft. Assuming that it took approximately fifteen minutes for a defending force to get its fighter planes off the ground and organized in a position where they could intercept attacking enemy bombers, it was obvious at the outbreak of the war that a warring nation must be warned of the approach of enemy planes within a minimum safety zone of seventy-five miles (at this distance a plane traveling three hundred miles an hour would be only fifteen minutes away). Such an aircraft-detection device obviously would have to work day or night, and in all types of weather. Many persons working in different countries, isolated from one another by walls of secrecy, arrived at practically the same solution at almost the same time. From this, one may be inclined to believe that the problem was not exceptionally profound.

The principle of radar was known throughout the scientific world before the war. The concentration of scientific talent on the development of the technological tools of radar resulted in a tremendous amount of progress in a very few years.

This development was concerned chiefly with the production and utilization of shorter and shorter radio waves, which could be directed as more concentrated beams, in order to obtain increasingly fine details of the objects under radar observation. In other words, the Army wanted to know not only that aircraft were approaching, but the number, type, and disposition of the planes, while the Navy wanted to know whether the invisible and unidentified object caught in the radar beam was a sampan, a battlewagon, or just a rock jutting out of the water. The aiming of anti-aircraft guns by radar was the next (and still secret) step.

It is a fundamental law of physics that in order to produce narrow beams of radio waves the antenna on the transmitter must be many times larger than the wave length of the radio beam. Therefore, to avoid immense antenna structures, such as those which can be seen around any commercial radio station here in the United States, it was necessary to utilize shorter and still shorter wave lengths. The need for less

antenna was urgent, because radar sets were installed aboard ships as small as destroyers and in the limited interiors of fighter planes. From the conventional idea of antenna strung between two poles there eventually evolved antennas which were more like searchlight mirrors and were no larger than an oversized salad bowl.

3

BORROWED from television and adapted to radar was the cathode-ray tube in which the echoes were displayed on the screen of the tube in a form instantly recognizable by the operator. In its final wartime form, radar could take a picture of groups of planes seventy-five miles away or draw a map of a city through thirty thousand feet of cloud layers.

All in all, we now have in radar something which resembles television, except that the picture on the screen is an object as seen through the medium of radio waves, rather than through light waves. Unlike a beam of light, the radio waves are invisible and can penetrate great layers of clouds, smoke, and haze. The future uses of the art of radar lie in two directions: from the ground, and from the air. In the first instance, radar enables us to see aircraft in the sky, regardless of darkness, fog, or the fact that the plane may be many miles away. We can look forward with confidence to the day when there will be no more “lost” planes circling in vain for a place to land.

The control towers on commercial airfields of the future will be able to tell a fog-enshrouded pilot where he is and guide him to a safe landing place. More than that, the radar-equipped man on the ground will be able to direct the course of the plane without the assistance of the pilot. It is a short step from having a man on the ground tell an invisible pilot what to do to having apparatus which controls the movements of the plane without human intervention. From the standpoint of commercial aviation, radar will be a lifesaving device, but the reader also can imagine the deadly possibilities latent in man’s ability to build pilotless aircraft, buzz bombs, rockets, and jet-propelled missiles, each loaded with atomic bombs and able to follow an invisible beam to a predetermined target. He has only to envisage himself on the receiving end of this delivery line to get the feeling that this is a small world and the hiding places are very few.

Even more eerie than the possibility that invisible-eyed groundlings will be kings of all they survey in the air is the second prospect of future radar, that men in the sky will spy upon us from afar and know our every movement. Few objects of any size can escape the radar eye. Ships in even the loneliest waters cannot escape detection by high-flying observation planes, nor can trucks move at night without registering a change on a distant radar screen. Nations in a radar world will have little privacy, and the gap between the very advanced nations, technologically speaking, and the more backward ones is

becoming so great that the former, with very slight inconvenience, can wipe out the latter.

As a peacetime instrument, however, flying radar will have multiple uses. Airmen rapidly and accurately can map vast uncharted regions of the world. Clouds will not deter the bird's-eye view which man will have of waterways, mountains, and impassable jungles. Wherever pilots fly, they will have before them a visual image of the terrain that lies unseen below them. There will be no such thing as "visibility zero"; the radar screen will become an exact aerial road map.

It has been said that every weapon of war brings its own countermeasures, and this is true of radar. However, one should not permit himself to be lulled into a sense of security because of this fact. Only after the impact of a new weapon has been felt can work on the development of countermeasures begin. The rapid rate in which weapons recently have been developed has left the invention of effective defensive devices far behind. It is safer to be on the offensive than on the defensive, and the past few years have proved that a small margin of technical superiority often wins the battle.

4

THE story of the atomic bomb must be told in a very different manner from that of radar. In the first place, the principles involved are still new to even the most technically-minded persons; and secondly, they are intimately associated with the very structure of matter itself. One must start with the physicists' picture of the structure of matter as it was in 1919, the year that Rutherford in England effected the first artificial transmutation of nitrogen into oxygen.

On the basis of numerous experiments and close mathematical reasoning, it was believed, and nothing discovered since has changed this view, that all matter is made of unit structures, or atoms. Each chemical element has its kind of atom. The atoms themselves have structures of increasing complexity as one goes up the scale of atomic weight from hydrogen to uranium, but the architectural scheme is similar for all elements. Each atom has a central massive core, or nucleus, which contains almost all of the mass (weight) of the atom. The nucleus carries a charge of positive electricity and is very small in size — nuclei come about a million million to the inch. Surrounding the nucleus and moving under the intense electrical attraction of its positive charge are the electrons, which are very light, all identical in charge and mass, and negatively charged. Viewed as a whole, the atom is regarded as remotely similar to our planetary system with a massive central sun, the nucleus, surrounded by its electrons, like planets. Here the similarity ends, because the "planets" are not at all identical, and gravitational attraction plays little or no part in atomic structure. The electrical forces in the atom are vastly greater.

The number of electrons which surround the nucleus depends only on the amount of electrical charge on the nucleus. This charge is a definite number of times greater than the charge on the electron, and it is positive instead of negative. The number of electrons is equal to the number of units of positive charge which the nucleus carries. The structure as a whole is therefore electrically neutral, or uncharged, because the positive charges on the nucleus and the negative charges on the electrons balance out. It was hard then, and is now, to define the size of the atom exactly, but in general there are approximately one hundred million atoms to the inch, so that each is ten thousand times larger than the nucleus alone.

The difference between chemical elements is only in the amount of electrical charge which they carry on the nucleus, and consequently in the number of electrons which surround it. Most chemical elements have more than one variety of nucleus. These varieties of the same chemical element have different nuclear masses (atomic weight), but they all have the same positive charge. These varieties were given the name of isotopes.

The various elements and their isotopes have masses which are approximately an integral number of times the mass of the hydrogen nucleus. Hydrogen was discovered to be the simplest element of all, with a nucleus carrying only one unit of positive charge and consequently surrounded by only one electron. This nucleus was found to be of such importance that it was given a special name — proton. The ratio between the proton and electron mass was 1840 to 1. The electrical charges were equal in amount, but the proton was positive and the electron was negative.

As far as can be observed, chemical elements are usually stable over periods of billions of years in the sense that iron remains iron, and oxygen remains oxygen, without changing to something else. A few exceptions were noted, however, of which radium is still the most famous. Without any external intervention, radium, a metal, spontaneously transmutes itself into another element known as radium emanation, a gas. In the process of transmutation, the radium emits a helium nucleus known as an alpha particle. This splitting of radium into radium emanation and helium (alpha particles) occurs *within the nucleus itself*.

The alpha particle given off during the self-transmutation of radium was identified as the nucleus of helium, the second element in the table of elements, and was found to have two positive charges but a mass of approximately four in proton units. Since it comes out of the radium nucleus and is positively charged, the alpha particle gathers high speed from the intense electrical repulsion of the highly charged nucleus of radium emanation and therefore comes out with a great deal of kinetic energy — the energy of motion.

Since radium and some other elements were known to disintegrate naturally, it was concluded that the nuclei were complicated structures of unknown units, and there were great hopes of inducing transmu-

tations artificially. When physicists tried to induce artificial transmutations, however, even the intense heat of the electric spark produced no change in any of the nuclei. But in 1919, using alpha particles as fast bullets which could overcome the repulsion of the positive charge on the nucleus, Rutherford fired alpha particles directly into nitrogen nuclei and caused them to change into oxygen nuclei.

The reaction which Rutherford brought about artificially is worth studying very carefully, because a more complicated element, oxygen, was built up from two simpler elements, helium (alpha particles) and nitrogen. From this experiment, physicists learned that not only alpha particles but also protons could emerge from a nucleus.

5

ATOMIC nuclei are most extraordinary and fascinating objects. Contained in a very small space are a number of unit positive charges which exert great forces of intense mutual repulsion. Yet nuclei are found in general to be extremely stable structures. Under the intense mutual repulsion of the positive charges alone they would blow up instantaneously. It was therefore concluded that there must be some unknown intense forces of attraction which hold these antipathetic components together. What these forces are and how they arise was, and *still is*, one of the great mysteries of the science of physics. Since scientists could not understand the forces which held nuclei together, they could not understand how much energy was released in a nuclear reaction.

The way to calculate the amount of energy released in a nuclear reaction was discovered not through nuclear experiments but in a manner which is an interesting illustration of how different developments within a science dovetail to form the whole structure. In 1905, Einstein enunciated the theory of Special Relativity from a general consideration of the nature of clocks, the measurement of time, and the remarkable consistency of the velocity of light as measured on different systems moving relatively to one another. As a straightforward deduction from this theory, he enunciated the equivalence of mass and energy.

For our purposes, it can be stated from Einstein's theory that if there is a change in the energy of some system, such as a nucleus or a collection of nuclei, there will be a perfectly definite equivalent change in mass. This statement gives us one of the most powerful tools in nuclear physics, because it enables us to find the energy released during a nuclear reaction by measuring the change in mass after the reaction. If one can measure accurately the original mass of a nucleus and the masses of the products of a reaction, the difference in the mass will immediately give the amount of energy which has been released for use.

From 1919, the year of the Versailles Treaty and Rutherford's experiments with artificial transmuta-

tion, our story of the development of nuclear physics jumps to 1939, the year of the outbreak of World War II and of the discovery of the nuclear fission of uranium. Those twenty years between two wars were among the most revolutionary in the history of physics. They marked the experimental verification of Einstein's Theory of General Relativity and the complete revision of our concepts of space, time, and gravitation.

During this period there arose the wondrous intellectual structure which is known as quantum mechanics, which gave us complete and quantitative insight into atoms and molecules and finally wedded physics and chemistry into one science. The scientific, philosophical, and moral implications of quantum mechanics, with its rejection of the classical doctrine of causality, have not yet been exhausted by our generation and are hardly known to the educated public.

The greatest experimental development during the brief period of peaceful scientific progress was in the field of nuclear studies. The outstanding event was the discovery of the neutron by the English physicist, Chadwick, in 1932. The neutron is what really makes the atomic bomb tick. It was a brand-new particle previously unknown to physics. The neutron is just perceptibly greater than the proton mass. It is just a bare nucleus without a positive charge, and consequently has no negatively charged electron surrounding it. Since it is neutral, the neutron is not affected by the electrons which surround the nucleus of an atom, and when it is employed as an atom-splitting bullet it can only be stopped or deflected by the nucleus itself. Hence the neutron can readily penetrate inches of lead or other dense material.

This great discovery made it possible to begin to understand the structure of atomic nuclei. They are now assumed to be composed of neutrons and protons, usually of more neutrons than protons. Two chemical elements, such as oxygen and nitrogen, differ from one another by the number of protons in the nucleus, which determines the total nuclear charge. Atoms with the same number of protons in their nuclei, but with different numbers of neutrons, have the same chemical properties and, as explained earlier, are known as isotopes. Some elements have as many as twelve different isotopes. Uranium, which until recently was considered the heaviest of all elements and the last in the periodic table of elements, has been found to have three important isotopes, which have mass numbers 238, 235, and 234. The charge on each isotope corresponds to 92 protons, and the rest of the mass is furnished by neutrons.

Fermi and his school of physicists in Italy were among the first to realize the power of the neutron as an experimental tool for the study of nuclei. Since the neutron carries no charge, there is no strong electrical repulsion to prevent its entry into nuclei. In fact, the forces of attraction which hold nuclei together may pull the neutron into a nucleus. When a neutron enters a nucleus, the effects are about as

catastrophic as if the moon struck the earth. The nucleus is violently shaken up by the blow, especially if the collision results in the capture of the neutron. A large increase in energy occurs and must be dissipated, and this may happen in a variety of ways, all of them interesting.

Following Fermi's lead, physicists all over the world took up with vigor the sport of bombarding nuclei with neutrons. Neutrons were easily obtained. For a few thousand dollars, furnished by a benevolent foundation, one could buy or rent a quantity of radium salt, which gave a very handy neutron source in compact and portable form when it was mixed with powdered beryllium. The neutrons came from the disintegration of beryllium by the fast radium alpha particles. Later on, the cyclotron became a more powerful and more controllable source of neutrons.

The discovery of neutrons began a dramatic sequence of events which led to the atomic bomb. Fermi and his associates commenced around 1934 to study the effects on uranium of neutron bombardment and capture. The results of their experiments were most puzzling. It was assumed that the elements which were produced by the nuclear reaction were in general of greater atomic weight and charge than uranium, but no logically consistent and clear account of the phenomena could be made. The problem continued to baffle scientists until 1939, when Hahn and Strassmann in Germany announced early in that year that *barium* was one of the products of the bombardment of uranium with neutrons.

The gold strike on the Klondike was as nothing compared with the effect of the Hahn-Strassmann announcement on the tight little world of physicists. All over the globe, physicists unleashed their cyclotrons, their Geiger counters, and their ionization chambers, and by the end of the year nearly one hundred articles had appeared on the consequences of this discovery by Hahn and Strassmann. One hundred articles is a large number when one considers that usually some sort of experimentation has to be done or some calculations made before a scientific article can be written.

Why all this pother? The answer is simply this: while all other nuclear disintegration previously observed had resulted in the release of an alpha particle, a proton, or a neutron, the emergence of barium from a nuclear reaction was a vastly different matter. Barium has only a little more than half the mass of uranium. The immediate conclusion, soon justified by experimentation, was that the uranium had split into two nuclei of almost equal mass as a result of the neutron capture. Each nucleus had a large positive charge of approximately 40. The two halves therefore flew apart with an enormous release of kinetic energy, and the process was aptly named fission in analogy to the biological splitting of cells. The amount of energy released during the fission process was easily determined by Einstein's statement of the relation between changes of mass and energy. The sum of the masses of the two fragments was less than

the original mass of uranium, which means energy release.

The amount of energy released by the nuclear reaction was found to be two hundred million electron volts, as compared with that released by chemical reactions, which ordinarily is less than five electron volts. The nuclear reaction therefore released more than forty million times as much energy as a chemical reaction between atoms. It did not take the physicists more than a few minutes to realize the implications of these experiments. As an instance, I was residing in Princeton, on sabbatical leave from Columbia, when Professor Bohr, the great Danish theoretical physicist, arrived with advance news of the Hahn-Strassmann experiments. The next morning I visited Columbia and told the news to my colleague, Fermi, who had by that time left Italy to join our faculty. By nightfall he was already speculating on the size of the crater which would be produced if one kilogram of uranium were to disintegrate by fission. Similar scenes were occurring all over the world. The race for the atomic bomb was on.

6

THE two-billion-dollar questions which had to be answered before the atomic bomb could be realized were: (1) Did all three uranium isotopes undergo fission, and if not, which of the three was the important one? (2) Were any neutrons released during the violent fission process, and if so, how many on the average? (3) Did the remaining non-fissionable isotopes absorb neutrons to any great degree?

As was stated in the official report on the development of the atomic bomb, it was known by 1940 that only U235 (Uranium 235) was important for fission by neutrons of all speeds and that neutrons of certain speeds were captured by U238 to produce U239. It also was known by this time that the average number of neutrons emitted per fission was somewhere between one and three, and that these neutrons were mostly of high speed. These facts were very encouraging and fortunate for our side in this war, because they showed that an atomic bomb was possible and also so expensive that the enemy could not produce it. The reasoning runs like this:—

If more than one neutron is released during the fission process, the fission of one uranium nucleus will produce enough neutrons to set off more than one other uranium nucleus, and the whole process will multiply rapidly with explosive effect, producing what is called a chain reaction. The chain reaction will die out, however, like a fire in wet wood, if less than one neutron is produced per fission or if the neutrons, while passing through the uranium, are absorbed to a sufficient degree by some process which does not produce fission. It is clear that the chunk of uranium has to be large enough for the neutron to do its work by colliding with a fissionable nucleus before it can escape through the surface of the uranium.

Also, another important point, the neutrons must be fast to give the chain reaction time enough to consume an appreciable portion of the uranium by disintegration before the gigantic energy release blows the entire bomb apart.

Fortunately for our side, the atomic bomb was bound to be extremely expensive to produce. U235 is only one part in 140 of the mixture of isotopes which ordinarily is bulk uranium. U238, which is 99.3 per cent of bulk uranium, absorbs neutrons and thus would stop the reaction. To make a bomb, pure U235 was needed, and relatively lots of it. The separation of U235 from U238 in bulk was never attempted before and turned out to be a peculiarly difficult and costly process. To ordinary peacetime thinking, it would have been termed impossible because of the expense. Here lay our good fortune, because, unlike any other nation, we had the manpower, the money, and the time to do the task. If the abundant U238 had been the important agent in atomic bombs, our cities would have been obliterated before we entered the war, because our enemies, although short on resources, were fully aware of all the possibilities.

Another side to the development of the atomic bomb is still more eerie. The capture of a neutron by U238 yields U239, which has a property, in common with some other nuclei, of spontaneously increasing its positive charge. The increase occurs in two successive steps by a process which essentially entails the creation of electrons. The electrons are ejected from the nucleus, which becomes an entirely new element, plutonium, of mass 239 and charge 94, instead of the 92 charge of uranium. This element is found nowhere on the face of the earth and represents an entirely new creation. It was suspected and later proved that plutonium also possesses the requisite fission properties to be the new material for a bomb. Plutonium had the advantage over U235, because it was an entirely different element from U238 and consequently, once made, could be separated from U238 by cheap chemical methods.

As a nation we can congratulate ourselves on having leaders in this country who were bold enough to appropriate the vast sums necessary to make this new element, atom by atom, through the bombardment of U238 with neutrons, when no certainty existed that the process would prove successful or that plutonium would be useful in an atomic bomb. Although most people feel, now that success has been achieved, that the effort was justified, one can imagine the fury of the defenders of the treasury if the gamble had turned out otherwise.

7

I HAVE said that, as a result of the war, science has advanced only moderately, despite these great technical developments. It is not my purpose, nor would it be right, to minimize the vast industry, the keen insight, the resourcefulness, and the imagination of

the scientists and engineers who performed these gigantic deeds of scientific valor. Extensive areas of scientific knowledge were consolidated by their efforts, and new scientific tools of a power previously unknown were forged in their laboratories. Our advance in pure science, when we get back to it, may be greatly accelerated by the use of the new techniques developed during the war, if those whose business it is to supply the funds will stand the expense and not insist upon calling the tune.

It might be well at this point to recall some of the still unanswered fundamental scientific questions which physicists were asking themselves in 1940. More than a quarter of a century has passed, for example, since Onnes in Holland discovered the phenomenon of superconductivity. Briefly stated, he found that some metals, such as lead, when cooled to temperatures of a few degrees above absolute zero, suddenly lost all trace of electrical resistance. Once a current was started on a loop of wire at this temperature, the current continued indefinitely. Why? The question is all the more tantalizing since we understand quite well the factors which cause ordinary electrical resistance. One wonders whether the Onnes discovery is an accidental phenomenon or a profound one. All our ideas concerning the conductivity of electricity in metals remain in doubt until this problem is solved. If one were able to produce a resistanceless wire, its effect on the electrical industry would be revolutionary.

The great scientific objective of nuclear physics has been the elucidation of the forces which hold the aggregate of neutrons and protons together within their nucleus despite the strong electrical repulsions of the constituent protons. This primordial force which makes matter as we know it exist at all is unlike gravity or electrical forces, which fall off inversely as the square of the distance between force centers. It is a very short-range force which acts only over distances of about the size of the nucleus and then decreases very abruptly. Yukawa, a Japanese scientist, has suggested that the unknown force may have a connection with a new particle of mass intermediate between the electron and proton. Such a particle, the mesotron, has indeed been found since in cosmic rays and has become a fascinating field of study in itself.

Mesotrons seem to appear in a manner which would delight the professional magician. Apparently very rapidly moving protons such as are to be found in cosmic rays produce mesotrons when they collide with the nuclei of oxygen and nitrogen, the chief components of the earth's atmosphere. It cannot be said that the mesotrons are ejected from these nuclei, or from the cosmic-ray protons; they simply appear as if by an act of creation during the violent collision. The phenomenon is very new; and for all we know, there may even be a wide variety of mesotrons. The energy which is represented by the mass of the newly created mesotron comes at the expense of the kinetic energy of the fast proton.

The mesotrons themselves seem to be real enough. They have an electrical charge of the same amount as the electron and a mass about two hundred times as great. They produce good, healthy, visible tracks in a Wilson cloud chamber and give every evidence of definite, real, concrete existence. Yet after a brief period of about one millionth of a second, they disappear into limbo, and all that is left is a very ordinary electron and some short-wave light energy of the X-ray variety.

These discoveries and unanswered questions pertaining to the nature of mesotrons and nuclear forces represent the first isolated tentacles which will encompass an interesting field of the physics of the future. Very few advances along these lines of research were recorded during the war years.

To probe still deeper, it is an experimental fact that matter is made up of small units like electrons, neutrons, and perhaps other particles still unknown. One asks oneself why electrons should be all alike. Why should electricity come out in certain definite units like the electron, no more, no less? There exists a positive electron, called the positron, which was discovered by Anderson in California about the same time that the neutron was discovered. The particle is in all respects just like the electron, except that its charge is positive. A positron and an electron can unite in mutual annihilation. All that comes off is some short-wave radiation like X-rays of energy corresponding to the Einstein relation between mass and energy. Conversely, radiation can be destroyed to produce a positron-electron pair. Why does it turn out that these two have exactly the same charge and mass, no matter where or how produced? This is a property of light or electronic radiation which radar research does not touch.

Looking back now to the period before 1932, we seem to have been living in a simple, innocent world. We had the electron, the proton, and light, and all the observable properties of matter were to be worked out in terms of the interplay of these factors. Then in rapid succession there were discovered the positron, the neutron, and the possible varieties of mesotrons, which had hardly entered anyone's thought before. These particles are all real in the sense that we can obtain direct experimental effects from any of these single isolated particles. But there is another particle, which, if it did not exist, would have to be invented. This one is called the neutrino and, because of its postulated nature, no one has yet devised an experiment by means of which it might be observed.

The need for the neutrino arises from the method which physicists employ to balance their books. In the physicist's notebooks there are at least four entries in which the credit and debit sides of the ledger must balance; otherwise the life of the physicist would hardly be worth living, so lawless would natural phenomena appear. The entries come from the so-called conservation theorems. The first of these is the conservation of charge, which states that the total

net amount of charge remains constant. If a new positive charge appears somewhere, an equal amount of negative charge will also appear to balance it. The mutual annihilation of an electron-positron pair does not change the total charge.

The second conservation theorem is the law of the conservation of energy, now well known to all. This law states that if energy or mass disappears in one way it must reappear in an equal amount in another. The two other conservation laws — the conservation of momentum and the conservation of spin — are not so familiar but are just as important.

It has been known for a long time that in certain radioactive processes, such as the one in which U239 changes into plutonium by emitting two electrons in successive steps, the last three conservation laws are not fulfilled. The sums of the energy, momentum, and spins of the end products (that is, of the transformed nucleus, the ejected electron, and the radiation) do not balance with what was on the nucleus in the first place. Rather than give up these cherished conservation theorems, we assume that another particle, happily named the neutrino, emerges at the same time as the electron and shares the energy, momentum, and spin with it in such a way as to balance the books. The mass which the neutrino has to have in order to do the job for which it was designed is practically zero.

Admittedly all this may be rather fancy scientific figure-skating, but such speculations have the habit of turning out to be right. Only further research will reveal whether the neutrino must remain a ghost or whether it will take on the flesh and blood of direct experimental confirmation.

We do not know the answers to these questions or to other questions equally searching and fundamental. The development of radar or the atomic bomb was almost irrelevant to them. The answers will surely come if the science of physics continues, and probably from the most unexpected sources. The process of fission was found through chemical analysis; the positron was discovered, of all places, in the study of cosmic rays. After the discoveries are made, it is hard to see how they could have been missed. In the study of natural phenomena, man is a very nearsighted creature, and even the most profound and original man can see but a very short distance. It is a great adventure where close study, patience, intuition, and luck each play a part. It is the last frontier left to the free spirit of man in a crowded world.

The physicist returns from the war to cultivate his science. The answers to his questions will not be the end of all wisdom and knowledge. When scientific enigmas die, they give birth to twins. We are the inheritors of a great scientific tradition and of a beautiful structure of knowledge. It is the duty of our generation to add to the perfection of this structure and to pass on to the next generation the best traditions of our science for the edification and entertainment of all mankind.

Accent on Living

I Learned to Fly the Helicopter

By LT. (j.g.) S. A. CONSTANTINO, JR.

I HAD been flying the little Kingfisher scout-observation plane and the Mariner patrol bomber when I heard about the chance to learn to fly helicopters. I decided to give it a try. A lot of tales had been rumoring around, about the seemingly impossible — well anyway, the improbable — stunts that a helicopter can do. It takes off straight up from a motionless position on the ground and it lands just as spectacularly — slowly, gracefully, boastfully, on a dime. I thought it would be an easy ship to fly, but soon changed my mind.

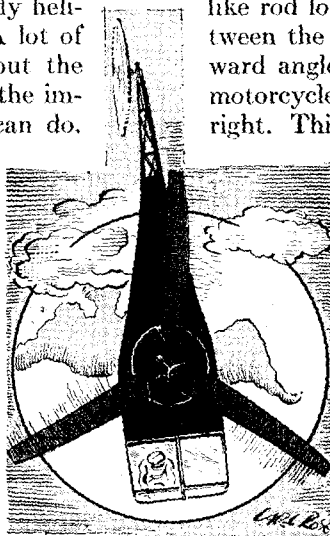
My first ride was a “familiarization hop.” I think that was more thrilling than my first ride in a fixed-wing, conventional airplane. It wasn’t because of the speed and height that are generally the thrilling factors of flying, but because of the amazing maneuverability of this wingless thingamajig.

The first novel feature I noticed — after the absence of true wings — was the cabin, located in the very nose of the fuselage. The engine and the “roots” of the three huge rotating blades are located behind the cabin. As a student I sat at the right in the side-by-side seating arrangement, surrounded by Plexiglas. The entire compartment is enclosed in a “windshield.” The nose of the craft is completely transparent; so are the roof and the doors — all the way down to the floor — and even part of the floor.

LT. (j.g.) S. A. CONSTANTINO, JR., U. S. Coast Guard Reserve, is rumored to have landed an “egg-beater” cross-deck on an aircraft carrier at sea. He is the author of *Amen, Amen*, a report of “what members of the armed forces talk about most.” This is his first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

All this “visibility” is important since the craft can be flown straight up and down, sideways, and backwards. And no-wards — just hovering perfectly still in the air, perhaps some twenty feet off the ground.

The controls look fairly simple, but still give me the impression of an early Orville Wright machine. The strangest control is the “pitch stick,” a broomstick-like rod located in the middle of the cabin floor between the seats. It extends forward at a slight upward angle. At the tip end of this pitch stick is a motorcycle-type hand grip that rotates to the left or right. This is the throttle or, as automobilers know it, the accelerator.



Next in importance is the “azimuth stick” or “control stick,” which controls the circulating plane of the rotating blades. In appearance and effect it is similar to that of the regular-type plane. Pushing the stick slightly forward tilts the plane of blades forward and they develop a forward thrust through the air, drawing the helicopter along with them. Or, by easing the stick to the left or to the right, the blades can be tilted accordingly and sideward flight accomplished. And backward flying — yes, just pull the stick slightly rearward and the helicopter will fly backwards as much as twenty-five miles per hour.

The rudder pedals are attached to long wire cables which lead back through the length of the craft to the little “tail-rotor.” The tail-rotor, which spins vertically at the tip end of the craft, provides a counteraction against the “torque” or swerving-to-the-right tendency of the helicopter. By working the pedals, the pitch or twist of the tail-rotor blades can be changed. Pushing down on the left pedal will increase this pitch, thus forcing the tail to the right and, of course, the nose to the left.

The instrument panel is not unlike that of the regular-type aircraft. I learned to keep a diligent watch on air speed, altitude, and speed of the engine, while

LISTEN:

OCTOBER 1, 1945

A Friday, August 10. The 1343rd day of the Allied war with Japan.
7:30:00 a.m. EWT.

On the CBS air over WABC, New York, Arthur Godfrey is reporting the news. Nothing to match the story of the bombs that just vaporized Hiroshima and Nagasaki: not news to match Russia's entrance into the Pacific war. Godfrey concludes, goes back to his normal kidding...
7:36:30.

A joke dies half spoken on the air. Allan Jackson cuts in to read a UP flash: *Tokyo radio says Japan will accept the Potsdam ultimatum if the prerogatives of the Emperor are not compromised.*

For four days to come, the news swirls through U.S. radio homes. Now there is peace—but now there isn't.

★

Now it's Tuesday evening, August 14, and the nation's nerves are raw.
6:16:20 p.m. EWT.

Edwin C. Hill is on the air, speaking pretty bitterly about Hirohito. In the CBS news room Robert Trout sits within reach of a portable mike, near a news ticker, where he's sat the best part of five days. Paul White, news director, reads teletype ribbons and gives terse orders. Two CBS camera men and lean, blond Toni Frissell clamber around popping flash bulbs...

Down the hall from our Shortwave Listening Station races a girl to tell Paul White we've just caught a BBC broadcast stating that an important announcement will be made at 2300 Greenwich Time, 43 minutes from now. White hands the bulletin to Hill; he then wigwags through the window of his News Director's office to Henry Wefing to get on the BBC wire-and-shortwave circuit. Wefing punches a BBC button on White's desk—and from the loudspeaker on the wall hears BBC repeat: "...important announcement... 2300..."

Wefing punches another button, this time direct to CBS London. "Hello, London, hello, London," he says. The speaker replies, "Hello, CBS."

WEFING: Who's this?

MURROW: Ed Murrow. At least I think it is. Hello, Henry. The Prime Minister will broadcast from No. 10

Downing Street at 7 your time.

Wefing says okay, we'll take it right off the BBC circuit.
6:45:15.

The regular CBS world-news roundup is on the air. It reports that President Truman is now holding a press conference at the White House—including Bill Henry and Lee Vickers of CBS. Two minutes before the BBC is due a hush falls over the news room. You can hear the death rattle of a war.

Here it comes:

7:00:00.

On the first stroke of Big Ben the network brings in the BBC. In the news room a phone blasts on the wall near the AP and OWI tickers. Six people dive for it; White wins; it is the special direct White House line installed yesterday. In Washington Lee Vickers says: "EARLE BUILDING FULL SURRENDER"—four prearranged code words.

7:00:55.

White waves frantically at Trout, who seizes the microphone and says—over 155 CBS stations—

"President Truman has just announced the full acceptance by the Japanese Government of the Allied surrender terms!" He reads the UP flash torn off the nearby teletype. He reads a bulletin on Attlee's statement (which is still going on). He reports that MacArthur is to take supreme command of Allied occupation in Japan. Nearly 21 million families are listening.

7:03:12.

The network switches to the CBS mobile transmitter in Lafayette Park across from the White House, where Bill Henry (apparently jet propelled across Pennsylvania Avenue) is already on the air ready to quote Truman verbatim. At 7:07 he concludes. The National Anthem brings everybody up standing and mute. Meanwhile, Attlee has been recorded, and his speech goes on the CBS air at 7:09, followed by *God Save the King*.

Trout resumes at the mike, takes us round the world. Webley Edwards in Guam says the first news flashed by Navy radio on Guam was: "CBS says

it's official!" We hear Manila, Hollywood, San Francisco, Times Square. "Hey, soldier," says Jimmy Mathews in Hollywood, "—what are you going to do in civilian life?" SOLDIER: "Git me a loud tweed suit and a bow tie, and one o' them radio-jumpin' jobs like you got." That breaks the tension.
9:00:00.

Monsignor Shea, Rev. Frederick B. Harris, Dr. John W. Suter, and Rabbi Norman Gerstenfeld utter prayers of thanksgiving. Once more the magic carpet of radio takes off round the nation and the world, for news and "reaction". Until three a.m. Wednesday we measure the length, breadth and thickness of victory...

★

Almost 112 hours have passed since Tokyo's first bleat last Friday morning. If you stayed with CBS you went abroad 77 times, to 10 points from London to Chungking. You heard 514 separate reports and analyses by 32 CBS correspondents and analysts. Trout, for instance, was on the air 58 times; Jackson 39; John Daly 28.

There, compressed and far too meagre, is the outline of how you heard, almost instantly, the news of the most concentrated climax in history.

★

Radio emerges into peace accepted round the world as a penetrating and durable medium by which men's minds and hearts communicate. It has proven its almost atomic power for good. Such power creates an unconditional responsibility. Long before war broke out in Europe, back before Munich and Prague and Godesberg, CBS accepted this responsibility, lived with it, practised it.

In the sobering tasks of peace, as well as in its happier moods and opportunities, we shall continue to accept this responsibility, live with it, practise it. All the zeal and skills of CBS are pledged to the task.

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

looking occasionally through all that Plexiglas to maintain a straight and level course.

Unlike the autogyro, the rotating blades of the helicopter, which take the place of wings, do not spin because of the forward motion of the ship, but are driven directly by the engine.

To get the helicopter off the ground, the engine is "throttled up" to the required revolutions per minute. Then the pitch stick is pulled up gradually. The latter movement changes the pitch angle of the blades, which up to this time have been spinning in a flat position, each blade parallel with the ground. (If you're having trouble here, consider the "pitch angle" of the blades on an electric fan. If there were no pitch or twist to these blades, they wouldn't push off any wind.) And because of this twist the three rotating blades slant up a little to form a shallow cone.

Now, with enough engine power and adequate pitch or twist on the blades so that they can throw sufficient air against the ground, the craft begins to ascend — a fearful experience the first time. It will continue to rise unless the pilot eases down a little on the pitch stick. But he might ease down a little too much. And in correcting for this he might pull up too much. He must "hunt" the neutral position. It's a trial-and-error method, somewhat similar to stopping an obstinate elevator at a particular floor level. Once the desired level is obtained, the helicopter is in a standstill or "hovering attitude."

I found this to be the most difficult maneuver. There's a good deal to learning to handle the throttle and pitch-stick combination. Climbing into a hovering position from the ground calls for important coördination, turning the throttle to the left for more power and at the same time, and with the same hand, pulling up on the pitch stick, to which the throttle is attached, for more blade twist.

All this maneuvering means a considerable amount of work for one hand. But just as much attention is demanded of the other hand for the azimuth or control stick. Since this controls the tilt of the rotating blades, the pilot must hunt its very neutral position in order to hover.

So the student has a merry time of it trying to do three things at once. One hand is working the pitch stick up and down, and the throttle right and left; the other is jerking the control stick in little circles. The helicopter bobs and dips and skids — and that's not hovering. It's like learning to ride a bicycle or to skate or to park a car on a steep hill, or perhaps all of these at the same time.

I had a difficult time of it at first. I'd wiggle all over. Then my instructor, a very patient fellow, would take over the controls, steady the craft, and tell me to try again. I'd grip the stick with clenched fist, body tense with determination, and shoulders hunched over with a hovering desire to hover. My instructor would immediately take the stick away from me again and

tell me to relax and to watch him. Complacently, and with shoulders sagging, he'd place three fingers on the control stick and — hover. It took a long time, but with a lot of practice I did finally manage to hover like a contented hummingbird.

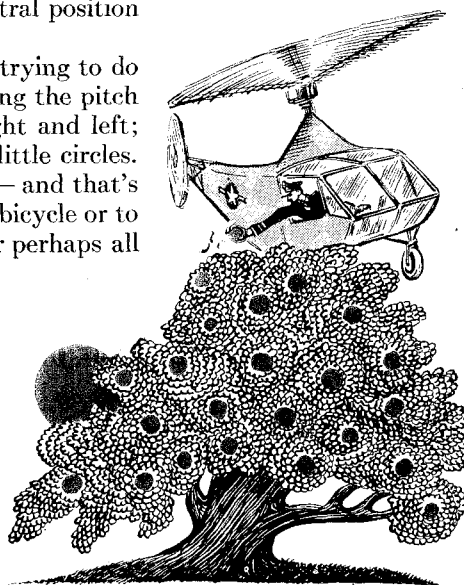
Later I learned the finer points about the miraculous straight-up take-off. It must be done most judiciously. I was told not to over-rev the engine. (Too much power.) But then, more important, I shouldn't under-rev either, because too much loss in power might cause the rotating blades to cone up like an umbrella — which would prove embarrassing.

Next I learned to land the helicopter. Most people know that the conventional, fixed-wing aircraft lands at high speed — seventy to a hundred knots. I had a difficult time trying to understand that the helicopter sidles down to the landing "mat" at about five knots. The real trick is to ease that pitch stick down gradually. In other words, change the pitch of the rotating blades so that the craft will descend slowly and safely. But I shouldn't get the stick down too far or I'd drop too fast. I had to nudge it down a notch or two, then pull it up a little, then down again.

Then there were "quick stops" — actually making a sudden stop — in the air. It's like jamming on the brakes in an automobile; that is, it looks that way. What I'm actually supposed to do with the controls is another story: I push the pitch stick down several notches and at the same time pull back gently on the control stick; the craft stops; but then, as soon as it stops, I must push the control stick forward and rev up the throttle and — oh, yes — pull the pitch stick back up again, or the helicopter will drop out from under me.

For an emergency landing there's "autorotation." If engine trouble develops, the craft is put into autorotation by manipulating the controls so that the rotating blades continue to rotate without power, and the helicopter will then glide safely down to the ground.

But in order to get into autorotation the pitch stick must be shoved all the way down — fast. This action disengages the blades from the engine so that they'll autorotate. Then the control stick is held forward to tilt the blades downward so that the nose tips over for gliding speed, which, in turn, will keep the blades autorotating rapidly enough to provide a wing-like effect. When the craft is some thirty feet above the ground, the nose is pulled back to stop forward motion, the pitch stick pulled up to get "lift"





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from the rotating blades, and then — it should plop down gently.

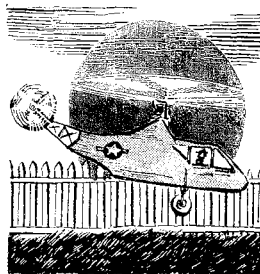
Later I learned “turns on the spot” — in the air, of course. It takes a lot of footwork with the pedals, but it’s a fairly simple procedure. And precision landings: a steep kind of landing with a definite idea of where you intend to park. The syllabus also called for taxiing on the ground, sideward take-offs, and backward take-offs — that was something.

My instructor told me to ease back on the control stick “jest a little” after the ship left the ground. Well, I got the craft off the ground, hovered momentarily, then began to ease back on the control stick. But I realized that I had eased “jest a little” too far, because the helicopter’s nose reared up in a threatening angle and the tail-rotor just barely missed plowing into the ground. Then my instructor told me to try it again but not to pull back on the control stick this time — “jest think about it.” I thought about it. We rose beautifully, majestically, backwardly. Helicopters simply require smooth, delicate control.

“What’s flying a helicopter really like?” people ask me. And I can answer that it’s a grand sensation. There’s that positive sense of control — to stop dead-still in the air as you might stop an automobile on the ground; to approach a tiny parking space from the air at an extremely low rate of speed; to turn around above a dime; to surge and soar like a bird or to crawl and creep like a snail — through the air. It gives you a feeling of absolute mastery that you can’t get in fixed-wing flying, where you must depend on enough altitude, a lot of gliding room, and an adequate amount of forward fast, safe airspeed in order to keep the ship under flying control.

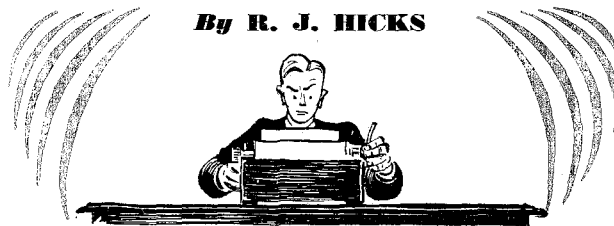
And there are a lot of other sensations I’ve experienced that I’ll never get in fixed-wing flying. I’ve grown quite used to picking myself up by my bootstraps right out in front of the hangar door. There’s none of that careful, monotonous taxiing around a two-mile airport for fifteen minutes, waiting for other traffic to get out of the way, then heading down a long runway, picking up speed, and finally becoming air-borne. None of that. Just give the helicopter engine the throttle, leave the ground, hover a couple of seconds for an engine check, then more power, then up, up, up. And that rapid climb still reminds me of a fast, steady elevator.

That old story about the worried mother who wrote to her Army Air Corps son to fly low and slow is not funny any more. Low and slow flying was one of the predetermined reasons for the helicopter. And there’s a kind of intimate feeling, which is lost when flying at high altitudes. I like that chumminess with the ground and its hills and trees and lakes and people and potato patches. I go putting along like a contented witch on a broom.



Worrying About the Brackets

By R. J. HICKS



THERE has been a good deal lately about the Freedom of the Press. A three-man commission has just returned to this country, after looking into the situation in foreign parts, checking up on how free the Press was here and there, and generally squaring off against intolerance, suppression, and state control.

Here at home, meanwhile, an insidious ill has crept across the fair white columns of the American Press. I refer to the growing threat of the bracketed interpolation, known in China as Worship of Parentheses. If an Atlantic Charter of the Press ever gets itself written, I can only pray that one of the top Freedoms listed will be that of Freedom from Brackets.

Until twenty years or so ago, a newspaper retained about itself an aura of beautiful certainty. In its editorials, it pontificated — reverberatingly and with never a backward glance. In its news columns, it bluntly stated the facts, as communicated by its well-trusted corps of home and foreign staff men. Very occasionally, the newspaper might get scooped by a rival; but this was a purely professional, esoteric matter which scarcely affected the reading public.

Imperceptibly, there came a change. At first it hardly mattered. It was like that scratchiness, only about a centimeter square, at the far back of the throat, heralding the head cold. The newspapers took to running little stories — very apologetic, and not amounting to much — as tailpieces to the big stories of their own staffs. The staff man’s piece, a terrific color story, would start on the front page and cut over to page six, column two. It might well run on to column three — perhaps four — and end in a blaze of glory. Then, as a kind of shamefaced epilogue, the men on the desk would add a sad little stick from a wire agency, contributing some faintly apropos fact to the staff man’s rodomontade.

That situation continued for some years. Foreign correspondents and local reporters went on turning in their stories. Now and then, as tiresome appendices, these afterthoughts might appear at the end of the main stories. Nobody cared very much. The writers of the big stuff might cast a tolerant glance at these minuscule stragglers. The Reading Public might or might not have got that far before turning to the sports pages.

Then the horror happened — the brackets began. Right up near the lead paragraph of anyone’s story nowadays the bracketed material is likely to take

R. J. Hicks is the nom de plume of a well-known newspaperman.



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ACCENT ON LIVING

I haven't yet found the lead graph itself in brackets, but I am waiting tensely for that culminating degradation.

Let us see how a contemporary news story reads in any paper we happen to pick up, be it tabloid or dignified: —

“BY HORACE CLEMENTINE BAMBERGER

“PARIS, Friday, June 22 — A stout German police official, grilled mercilessly by Allied interrogators, revealed today that a small black box, found yesterday beneath the camp bed of Marshal Gregory K. Zhukoff, Commanding General of the Soviet Forces in Berlin, contains the mortal remains of Adolf Hitler, former Chancellor of the Nazi Reich. According to the German police official, whose name was not disclosed, Hitler was shot and killed by his bride of a day, Eva Braun, lithe artist's model and long-time favorite of the Reichschancellor, and then burned to ashes in an impromptu funeral pyre when the chromium cigarette lighter, donated her by plump, medal-loving, narcotics-dominated Hermann Goering, ignited in her hand May 1st.”

So far, so good.

But now, the brackets. The story continues: —

“(A Japanese broadcast, quoting the Japanese official Domei agency, and monitored by OWI, stated, according to the Associated Press, that Eva Braun was still alive May 3rd. On that day, Martin Bormann, Deputy Leader of the Nazi Party ever since Rudolph Hess flew to Britain in May, 1941, encountered Eva Braun outside the Fuehrer's private bunker, seventy feet below the pulverized Reichschancellery. Bormann, according to the AP report, quoting the OWI monitoring of the official Domei [Japanese] agency's broadcast, asked Fräulein Braun whether the Fuehrer was still alive and, if so, whether he was prepared to retire by airplane to Bavaria. Fräulein Braun made no direct response, according to several German police witnesses of the scene, but silently handed Bormann a blazing pocket cigarette lighter.)”

At this point, as a devoted and dogged member of the Reading Public, my faith in Bamberger has been a little shaken. I was quite prepared to take all of him on trust; but his own paper has, rather cynically it seems to me, drawn a hefty red herring across the tracks of Bamberger's prose.

However, we continue — only to encounter immediately another bracket.

The story goes on: —

“(A UP dispatch from Stockholm said tonight that Norwegian underground fighters, who had been permitted by the Swedish Government to operate on Swedish soil in one of the best-kept secrets of the war, arrested early yesterday morning a bearded man wearing women's clothes near Malmö. After maintaining an obstinate silence for several minutes, the prisoner dramatically turned on his captors and an-



nounced, according to a Stockholm broadcast, later rebroadcast by the BBC in its overseas service: 'I am [Martin] Bormann.' Tough field service police moved in on the suspect, according to the usually unreliable Brussels Radio, and wrenched from him a small glistening object tightly clasped in his hand, thought to be a phial of poison. Examined later by experts, it turned out to be a chromium cigarette lighter, engraved with the legend: 'To Eva from Adolf.' Top Scotland Yard officials, who have been engaged on one of the greatest manhunts in history [fruitless, according to the Soviet-befriended Vienna Radio] and flown to Malmö, dramatically revealed, through unnamed sources, that Bormann was Eva Braun, thinly disguised.)”

And it goes on like that. Perhaps we have formed an attachment to Bamberger. We want to see something of him again. But he is very badly treated. If we want to be with him at the finish, we must turn to the Society Page (foot of column seven) and there we find the old original Bamberger cropping up finally behind all those agency interruptions, just where *they* used to crop up behind *him*.

What would happen if this diffidence, these qualms and self-criticisms, ever should spread from the old quavering Press to the brash and brassy Radio?

It is hard to imagine, but let us try.

COMMENTATOR: “Good evening, everybody. Well, there's good news tonight. Down in Florida, men say, they have discovered a way to breed a double blood-orange; that means twice the amount of orange and four times the quantity of blood. . . .”

Another voice breaks in while the commentator is still talking. It is crisp, cool, collected.

THE VOICE: “Social Registerites, wintering in exclusive Florida resorts, according to a semaphored message from Key West, picked up by the lookout men of the giant liner, *Queen Mary*, and relayed to International News Service, declared that the orange most likely to appeal to our troops overseas is the Blueblood orange. Squeezed in any ordinary housewife's squeezer, this orange not only produces bright-blue juice, but its volume is *eight* times that of the ordinary orange.”

COMMENTATOR: “From Moscow comes a late flash. Men tell me. . . .”

THE VOICE: “From Moscow, according to a far later and more accurate flash, monitored and remonitored by BBC and OWI, comes news that whatever men may tell your commentator will be instantly modified by this station. . . . We do not pause for station identification.”

Et cetera.



ACCENT ON LIVING

For a Hound Walking

To Kris

By ELFORD CAUGHEY



over.
par
a.

BUT one more block, but one block more, and then, my brave, run free;
One block beyond old Murphy's house — with narrow eyes his cat, hunched like a stone, watches you, her mortal enemy.
And now I slip the leash. Race, friend, the world and all is yours: earth and its rocks, sky and its sun, the trees, the fading grass.
Bark the fat ducks into the middle river, raise pigeons in a whirring cloud and pass
That abandoned bone. Yes, yes! I follow you, yes, I share
Your joy in fallen leaves brown and red; I, too, revel in the smoke of leaves burning in golden autumn air.
You puzzle over a scent, scan the bowed sky; you waggle upon a fresh trail
And point a moment, and mistaken, apologize with beating tail.
"No harm done," I say, and am breathless at your muscles hardened to iron in mad flight;
Know envy as you pause to store stuff for incredible dreams in restless sleep tonight.
I shall remember when darkness falls and in the lamplight you speak from out that dream
This moment's intoxication, the screaming birds, your eyes lit with a drunken gleam.
I, too, have coursed bright phantoms down the wind; I, too, would store
Excitement in the heart to ponder and remember always, to dream on evermore.
But come, the sun grows tired and swoons to rest, and we must leave this place —
A stricter world and a world of laws is the world we now must face,
And so the leash again, all play is done. Pigeons and ducks we leave behind, the spicy odor of the leaves.
Yet give a glint of thanks from those reluctant eyes — Man, too, returning grieves
That joy must end and boredom come with the unwelcome leash
Snapped to his collar, bring to heel his yearning flesh,
For we who choose to live in houses must conform to laws some other mortal made —
To what poor comfort, oh loved, oh wild free spirit, are you and I betrayed!

Sports Broadcast

By PAUL PERELLA



IN BRINGING you this on-the-spot broadcast from the Sportatorium in Slot City, the Pot-o-Luck Company, makers of the best in jackpot machines, hope to bring right into your home the thrill that comes only with hitting a fat jackpot. The nine gleaming machines arranged here in the center of the playing floor represent a cross-section of all types of Pot-o-Luck products, the jackpots with easy-pulling levers.

It is the opinion of Pot-o-Luck's Committee on Paying Off that the law of averages always works, and if it works tonight, friends, you'll be right in on the killing! You'll hear those lucky reels spin, and you'll hear that tinkling cascade of nickels as the jackpot opens and coin comes —

And here they come, folks, in single file from Entrance 3 across the floor to the left of the announcer's stand. And a distinguished group they are. They're approaching the line of machines. . . . I see Number 2 wave at someone in the stands. That's the kid of the bunch, that Number 2, and he looks eager



to go at that jackpot. As you know, ladies and gentlemen, the first contestant to hit the jackpot on his machine — that's the three bars — will win 5000 certified brass slugs, each of which will fit any slot machine manufactured by the Pot-o-Luck Company, and the way those P.O.L.

jackpots pay off, it might mean a fortune for the lucky contestant.

Just a minute, folks. . . . It looks as though Number 9 is missing. . . . Just a minute while we check on this for you. . . . Yes, Number 9 is missing, but it seems the play will begin without him, as nine P.O.L. vice-presidents are coming out onto the floor now with bags of buffalo nickels which will be used in the machines. Number 7 is a double team — the mixed doubles champions; that's probably why we didn't notice the absence of Number 9 at first. . . . The vice-presidents have returned to their box now, the players are reaching into those bags, and play is about to begin.

There they go! There go those first nickels into eight machines simultaneously, and from here on it's may the best contestant win! Number 4 is already getting a big ovation from the crowd. Those yells are

A native of Dallas, Texas, PAUL PERELLA left the University of Texas to go into the Army.

for Number 4. . . . We wish we could identify those contestants for you, folks, but they remain anonymous by their own request. . . . According to the program, Number 4's style is Intuitive — he claims to be able to tell when the machine will pay off, and doesn't even wait for the reels to stop spinning before putting in another nickel.

But let's skip back to the left end of the line for a moment and see how Number 1 is doing. Number 1 is the Solid Stander, the burly man with the dogged approach. He uses the firm grasp and pull, never varying, and according to the program notes he once won 30 cents in trade by that method in One-Arm Junction. He's pulling away, feet apart, calm, unhurried.

When you hear the crowd yelling for "the Kid," that's Number 2. He's only a youngster, and represents the mode of approach used daily all over America by hundreds of enterprising adolescents who want to change their nickels to dollars. It's called the Cover-up approach, and I wish you could see what a master of the technique Number 2 is! First he covers the reels with his left palm, pulling the lever with his right; then he covers the payoff cup. He alternates these, and every third time covers up both. So far he hasn't hit, but the scoreboard reveals he had a near miss on the three oranges with this third nickel.

Number 3 hasn't inserted his second nickel yet. He's studying the machine. A middle-aged man, balding — he uses the Scientific approach.

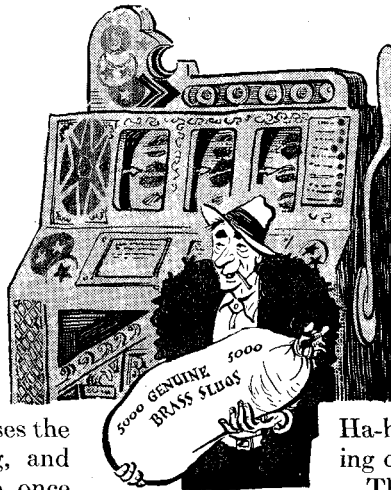
Number 4 is still going strong, one nickel after another, seemingly tireless, but it remains to be seen if he can sustain that pace. . . .

And it's a hit! It's first blood, folks, drawn by Number 5, who just hit two cherries and a lemon for five nickels and listen to that crowd roar! Number 5, folks, the Form Specialist, who has gotten thumbs down from the critics since he entered the limelight last month by pulling the lever completely off a rugged P.O.L. "Masterpot"! It's on the scoreboard now, it's official, and Number 5 wins the First Blood prize of 1000 slugs. He did it with a three-jerk pull plus a light blow to the left of his machine.

Those pounding noises you probably hear as the crowd begins to quiet down again come from Number 6, advocate of the Sound Beating method. He's wearing brass knucks on his left hand, but so far hasn't hit a nickel. A referee is standing behind him to see that he doesn't hit the jackpot glass, as winning the pot that way is frowned on.

Number 9 has not arrived as yet, but he has not officially been scratched.

The doubles team operating Number 7 machine has put in a total of 68 nickels so far and that total is still soaring. The husband half of this team, which comes to Slot City with a colorful record of wins from coast to coast, feeds the coins into the machine while



his wife pulls the lever. And folks, you should hear the Talk-to-it expert, Number 8, talking to his machine. I'd like to repeat snatches of the monologue, but we're on the air, of course. So far he has two near misses —

Ha-ha-ha-ha. That applause . . . that applause . . . folks . . . ha-ha . . . is for Number 9, who has just walked, or staggered, rather, onto the floor. He's found his position now, and is preparing to put in a nickel if he can find the slot.

Ha-ha. He's found it. The crowd is quieting down.

There it goes, his first nickel! As you may have guessed, Number 9 is that famous jackpot player who has a reputation of always winning when he's had a few drinks. . . . Just a moment, ladies and gentlemen. Something has happened! The spectators are going wild! I believe . . . I believe . . . no, Number 9 has not hit, it seems, but there is some confusion, and the referees are clustering around Number 9 position. And here's the official tabulation on that play: Number 9, on his first nickel — on his *first nickel*, friends — hit two bars and a thumbtack! Yes, sir, that was close!

Number 9 is arguing with the referees. There seems to be some discussion as to how that thumbtack got in there. But here's Phil Scott now, to analyze for you the play so far. Take it away, Phil!

Out of Such Summer

by MILDRED BOIE

THIS is our summer, after frozen spring,
Our trees that fly with joy, our flowers that sing,
Our laughing thunderheads hung on the blue wall
Of our horizon, breaking the night's fall.
Covering us our sun, thicker than air,
Beneath our eyes at dawn and everywhere
The moment after — white on the prairie roads,
Burning the shadows black, heavy on hay loads.
Bigger the harvest moon, red on the hills,
Turning to gold as gold gathers and spills,
And northern lights sudden and wild and green,
Like water jewels, given and taken before seen.
Up from our childhood the wonderful wail of
trains,

And the morning crow of vocal weathervanes;
In our ears still the human cries of a loon,
The splash of lake gulls breaking quiet noon.
Colder and swifter, on skin and hair, the dive
With water whistling past; the air alive
With pine and pollen, apples, and the dust
Of wheat fields threshing, gold on every gust
Of wind. Out of these joys July-delayed,
Out of such fragrance is our summer made,
Out of such summer grace and love, and thus
Only a step to God, who makes our time and us.

At what age are you old?

Time was when a boy turned man in his early teens. And not long ago a man or a woman was considered to be really "getting along" at forty—now we are told that forty is the age at which life begins.

It is true that the average baby born today will live fifteen years longer than the baby born in 1900, and twice as long as the baby of a century ago. And it is happily true that the death rate from pneumonia, tuberculosis, and other dread diseases has been greatly reduced. Nevertheless, deaths from causes aggravated by worry and strain have multiplied alarmingly—in fact, average life expectancy *at the age of forty* is now only two years longer than it was in 1900!

A great part of present-day worry and strain is due to, fear of financial insecurity—fear of a future without

adequate means of support. And a great part of it could be relieved, in many cases, through a sound program of Prudential life insurance—for Prudential provides protection against the unknown future, protection which should be built up during years of vigor and health.

Call your Prudential representative today, and ask him to help you plan a program of life insurance. Such a program can greatly increase your peace of mind—about your own and your family's future security.

*You will enjoy the Prudential Family Hour... Every Sunday
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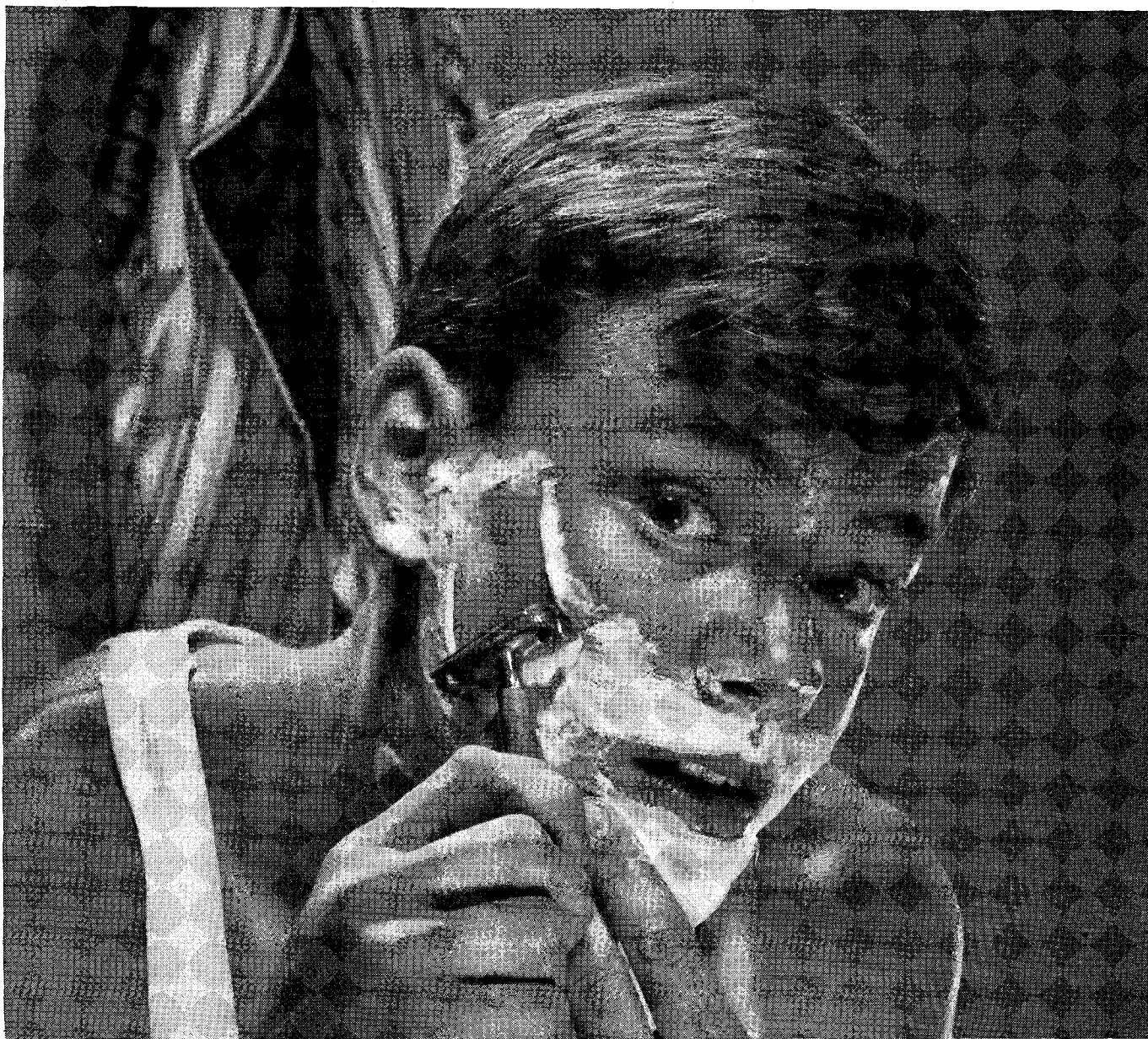


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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

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My Sister and the Three Fat Pigs

By ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

IN THE past few years it has become more and more noticeable that anyone who has spent some time in an exotic place must have a literary career, and vice versa. Everyone who was brought up in India or China, or who lived in rural France, or traveled around in Indo-China or Mexico, is busily writing his reminiscences. I think it's time for mine.

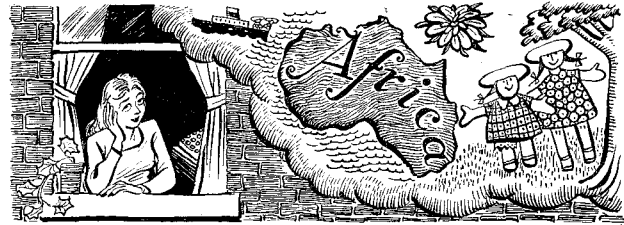
Until I was eight years old I never saw another white family except the Johnsons, who lived on the other side of the Na-go, which would have been called the Kampong, or Compound, in the Orient, and they seemed more like part of our own family. Technically, I suppose I *had*, because I was born in Ohio, and we didn't move to French Equatorial Africa until I was nearly three, but I don't remember anything about Ohio except the big leather rocker in the living room. (The admission about Ohio gives a nice touch of simple honesty, I think.)

My father was a chemist, and he was doing experiments with a plant called Nbu by the natives, *Catalandis rubensa* by the botanists, in the hope that under certain conditions it might turn out to have the properties of rubber — only, he hoped, better. (It might be better to make my father a missionary, but I don't know much about missionaries, and chemists are likely to do almost anything, aren't they?) There was a small, crude laboratory built on to the back of the house, where he and my mother used to work all day, doing everything imaginable to that plant, and some things you couldn't imagine.

The laboratory hardly deserved the name, since there was no running water, no gas, and only the crudest and most essential equipment. When my father needed anything he didn't have, he had a choice of waiting anywhere from six to eight months for it or making it himself. (I guess *that* ought to prove that the place was remote enough.) He usually chose the second, since neither he nor my mother had any special desire to stay in Equatorial Africa any longer than necessary. (I hope I'm attaining the proper unemotional attitude in this story. That's the most important thing.)

Mr. Johnson was a botanist, and he was trying to cultivate *Catalandis rubensa* artificially, to provide my father with enough specimens for his work. He was also trying to learn enough about the plant so that if my father's efforts were successful, they could take the plant back to America and cultivate it in quantity. (*Catalandis rubensa* — wouldn't that be a lovely name for a plant? It sounds so erudite, too.)

The Johnsons had three children, slightly older than my sister and I, but their children were safely in school in Switzerland. My mother was trying to



give us the equivalent of a grammar school education, but we all knew that soon the dreaded time would come when we too should have to be sent away. (This is the sort of dull explanatory paragraph used by all the experts in reminiscences of this kind.)

In the meantime, we had M'buna to take care of us. There was no word in the dialect of that region meaning nurse, but M'buna was a close approximation, meaning, precisely, foster-mother, and relating chiefly to animals, the word M'ai-buna meaning mother. (You simply have to sprinkle the story with bits of exotic languages. It's too bad I don't know one, because making it up is a lot of work.) M'buna had chosen the name for herself, and she laughed out loud each time she said it. I think she was slyly making fun of us poor white children, by implying that we were like little animals, helpless. At any rate, it was apparently a great joke. (You always have to give the natives emotions that you don't quite understand — it shows their inscrutability.)

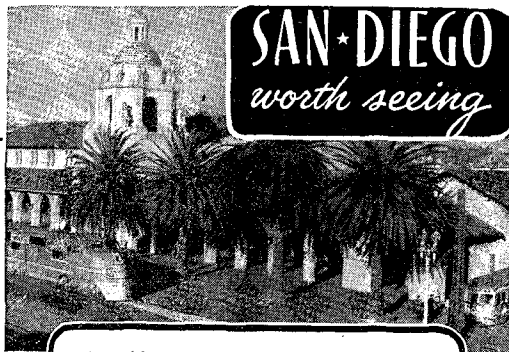
Our M'buna was not, strictly speaking, a nurse, and she did not care for us in the usual sense at all. My mother would not permit her to prepare our food or bathe us, because she feared that M'buna was not completely sanitary in her methods — a fear that was probably well founded. (The more I think about this, the gladder I am that I was really born and brought up in New York City, even though it did stunt my literary career.)

M'buna's real name was M'n-aiba, which meant Tall One, and which must have been another joke, for she was not tall at all by our standards, but quite thoroughly on the dumpy side. We never used her real name except on very formal occasions, like the yearly bestowing of the salary.

M'buna received the magnificent salary of three pigs a year — on the hoof. Pig was a delicacy she had first tasted with us, when my father once brought a pig home from Nichubi, the nearest town, on his bimonthly trip for supplies and mail. We couldn't very well pay M'buna in money, for she would have had no way of spending it. Previously, she had received her salary in calico, jewelry, and sugar, all rare and wonderful things. (I suppose some stickler for accuracy will discover that pigs, calico, jewelry, and sugar are the principal products of French Equatorial Africa, but I have to take *some* chances.)

It was curious that of all the new foods she tried with us, the canned and preserved meats, vegetables, and fruits that were shipped to us from America, pig was the only thing she really cared for. As for the canned milk that my mother ordered in huge quan-

ELINOR GOULDING SMITH is a New Yorker whose work has appeared in several recent issues of the *Atlantic*.



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tities, M'buna had asked a million times what it was, but when my mother explained, M'buna simply didn't believe it. (Those natives are *so* unsophisticated.) She insisted that the milk must have some magic quality which we were keeping secret, or why would my mother make up such a patently untrue tale?

M'buna went home each year when she received her three pigs. We never knew exactly when she would go, or exactly when she would return. (You see? I told you they were inscrutable.) She would simply melt away (melting away is something that all natives of strange places have a great knack for) into the incredible darkness of the M'n-bu-go, or Land-of-the-Tall-Plants (and please notice the trouble I've gone to with this language) within several days after receiving her pigs, to walk, my father said, some forty miles to her native village in a clearing on the other side of the jungle. How she did it, with no shoes, no machete, and no supplies other than the three pigs, which presumably she would keep to share, roasted, with her people, we never found out. (I wonder if she's a little *too* inscrutable?) But the pigs must have been fairly tough by the time she got them home. After about a week, she would simply be in the house one morning when we awoke.

M'buna had been hired originally to keep an eye on us children, while our mother and father were working, to make sure that we didn't wander too far off and get lost, or eaten by wild animals. Later my mother learned that wild animals don't approach human beings if they can help it, and that the jungle was so thick that without a machete or kabun you couldn't travel three yards beyond the clearing. But by the time my mother found that out, M'buna was already a part of the family, and no more dispensable than we were. (There's something funny about that jungle, come to think of it. M'buna always managed to get through it, and my father did get to Nichubi every two months, but when it came to us children — oh, well, jungles are supposed to be impenetrable, and I'm sure to think up an explanation if anyone forces the issue.)

The only thing that could possibly have been called a danger was a certain snake, the Bako-nu, but there the chief likelihood was that it would scare you to death. Though it was a horrible-looking creature, we knew that it would strike only if attacked, and we learned just to stand still until it slithered away. Its bite was supposed to be fatal, and we knew that the natives collected the poison for their own mysterious reasons, but we never knew of anyone who had actually been bitten. (The snake may seem a

little unnecessary, but you can't go wrong with some nice bits of local natural history.)

M'buna would, at certain irregular intervals, disappear for sometimes an entire day, sometimes for several hours, but on these occasions we never found out what she did. My father jotted down the dates on a calendar, hoping to discover some sort of regularity to the disappearances, but he couldn't figure it out. After these short absences, M'buna was quiet for the rest of the day, and didn't even giggle when we called her M'buna or drank our milk.

The last year that we were there, my father decided to buy the pigs for M'buna's salary when they were young, and keep them in the clearing to fatten up. He built a wooden enclosure, and brought the little pigs home from Nichubi in the back of the old truck. The pigs were squealing and kicking, and my sister was enchanted. I thought they just smelled bad, but all my sister could see was the little curly tails, and she loved them madly. She was only five and a half then, and almost as chubby and squealing as the piglets.

After that, my sister refused to do anything all day but play with the pigs, a diversion that did not dismay M'buna at all, but that disgusted me. The family was satisfied though, because it kept her busy and happy and out of trouble, and the pigs were taken care of almost to within an inch of their lives. (This is just to show how normal we were, even in the midst of all that jungle. American or English families are *always* normal, no matter where they are.)

By the end of the year the pigs had grown marvelously, and were fatter and healthier than any pigs we had given M'buna yet. My father was pleased at the success of his plan, for, he said, the pigs had plenty of fat for the long walk home.

My sister had grown desperately attached to the pigs, though they were no longer, even by the wildest imagination, the least bit cute or little. She had assigned singularly inappropriate names to them, and cried pitifully when my mother warned her that they would have to go. She couldn't bear to think of their being taken away from her to be killed and eaten, and my mother could hardly drag her away from the sty at mealtimes. She had never had a pet before, and knew about puppies and kittens only from a few picture books that had come from America.

When my sister finally realized that she would have to give them up, she decided that she would let them go, but never, never to be eaten. So one night she crept out of bed and opened the gate of the enclosure. The next day the pigs were gone all right, but no doubt they were eventually eaten anyway,

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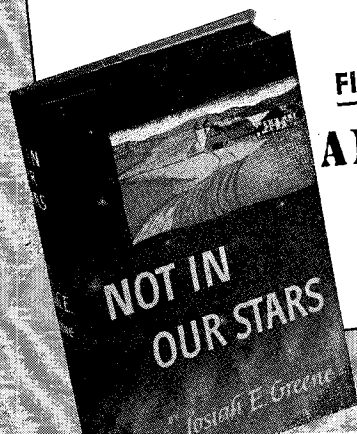
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even if not by a native tribe. (You have to be very careful not to let any emotion creep into this sort of story.) Father was in despair. The pigs hadn't cost a great deal, but they were a great trouble to bring home, and he didn't want to lose the time it would take to make the extra trip. That night at dinner he asked M'buna if she could wait another month for her pigs, since that would be the time for his regular trip. M'buna said she could not. My father and mother looked at each other, and my sister Pat hung her head. M'buna saw that she was creating a great difficulty in the family. Finally she said that she was willing to come to a compromise. Everybody smiled and breathed easier.

"That's fine," my father said. "You mean you'll wait two weeks, then, for the pigs?"

No, M'buna said. But having thought the situation over, she had generously decided that she would be willing to take my little sister Pat instead of the three pigs. (Actually, this is a little more of a surprise ending than is generally permissible in these stories, but perhaps no one will notice.)

Pat and I were sent away to school in France the very next month. (Wind up with just the right note of understatement.)

I feel sure I could have had a perfectly fascinating childhood riding around in droshkies with a Chekhovian Russian governess, or brooding about in a mosque in my bare feet in Mecca. I might even have worked out something pretty good about a succession of Marias somewhere in Mexico. But the main thing in these stories is to stake out a new territory, and who was ever brought up in Nichubi?

High School English

By CONSTANCE CARRIER

Why does this young and untried flesh so move me?
Why does this sudden beauty catch at my breath?
Delicate-stepping as colts, and awkward, and nervous,
these children make an innocent answer to death.

Is it because they cannot encompass its meaning?
Their small, high, reed-thin voices, clear on the air,
can give me belief once more in a timeless Present.
That they are mortal they neither know nor care.

"Quiet," I say, and stare at each delicate body,
perfect, unknown, and eager — strong as a blade,
slight as a bow drawn taut with a curious sureness,
seeing the sun new-minted, the world new-made.

Poputchiki

By THEODORE E. NORTON

PUT me down as one who loves the Soviet Union. Especially I love the Red Army and Joseph Stalin and Marshal Zhukov. Like a million other Americans, I have been reading books about the Soviet Union. What a people! I suppose I might have gone on with this fascinating interest and ultimately become a genuine Bolshevik, but I realized that that would have broken the heart of my dear old mother. It might also have broken certain decisive relationships with my dear old employers.

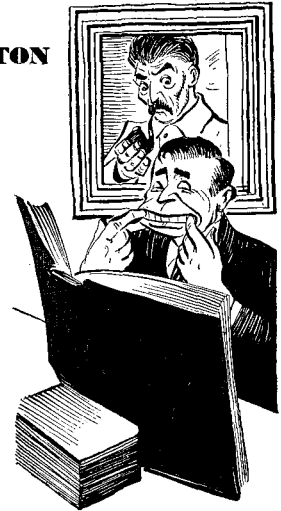
An advanced phase of admiration for the Russians is a hankering to know their language. The alphabet is at once fascinating and forbidding. Most of the letters are Greek, easy enough for an old fraternity boy. I don't know how many of the millions of new friends of Russia have got as far as the Russian language, or how many of us have been so reckless as to try to learn it from a grammar, without a teacher. As for the number of haggard survivors who actually get through the book, my guess is that you can count those heroes quicker than you can say Vladimir Ilyich.

This student is resigned to a place in the lower ranks of the *poputchiki*. I could spell that in Russian but it would require a clumsy groping through the dictionary and would not fool anybody. I ran across the word in the article on Russian literature in the Encyclopædia Britannica, which says that it means "fellow travellers up to a certain point."

The point I got to was page xxx (xxx, not 30) of *Spoken Russian, A Practical Course*, by S. C. Boyanus and N. B. Jopson. I had reached a bowing acquaintance with the alphabet, was shivering with anticipation of the terror and beauty of palatalized consonants and iotized vowels, heading uneasily into phonetics. At page xxx, still in the Introduction, this obstacle lay across my path: —

Stressed vowels: There are five types of stressed vowels in Russian and two varieties of every type. The most difficult is the first variety.

Then the book got down to cases. It took up the sound of bl. This looks like two letters but it's a single letter named "yerry" or "jerü," according to one's taste in transliteration. The exact sound of yerry was represented, just to simplify matters, by the phonetic symbol i, a small i with a line through it. This was what Boyanus and Jopson had to say about



Librarian of Lafayette College, THEODORE E. NORTON took degrees at the University of Washington and the University of Michigan. The *Atlantic* will publish next month an account of the difficulties confronting Russians who seek to learn English.

i (which, mind you, is not a Russian letter at all, but the phonetic symbol for the sound commonly represented by the letter *bl* — the symbol of the symbol of a sound): —

i is a sort of *i*-sound (as in *dim*) . . .

Here was something recognizable to go on. Any amateur who has had to toil with the signs of the International Phonetic Alphabet sooner or later wants to know what the indicated sound is *really* like, without any plosive or fricative or alveolar nonsense, as represented in a common English word. If, I thought, the letter calls for a “sort of” *i*-sound as in *dim*, no decent Russian is going to care if I say it exactly as in *dim*. Perhaps, in the Russian theater, the stock American comic is a character who pronounces yerry not “sort of” but quite as in *dim*. But no, probably the Russians would consider it in bad taste to laugh at the broken speech of a foreigner.

When you come to think of it, apprehension about one’s ability to use a foreign language arises not so much from what the foreigners may think about your pronunciation as from what your own countrymen, who know or presume to know the language, may think about it. This social evil, call it xenoglottal snobbery, must be ignored by the bold learner. Anyway, it would be presumptuous to attempt a perfect accent; that’s only for international spies. Better to stick to something at the Charles Boyer or Marlene Dietrich level.

But after I had given myself this build-up as a bold learner, feeling a good-enough mastery of the sort of *dim* sound for yerry, something the Russians would accept and even, perhaps, consider cute, Boyanus and Jopson brought my pretty world crashing about my ears — and I mean ears. They elaborated on yerry — that is, *bl*, or rather, phonetically, *i*: —

i is a sort of *i*-sound (as in *dim*) but pronounced in the back of the mouth, approximately near the part of the hard palate where the soft palate begins.

The lips are in the same position as for an *i*-sound (in *beet*). They must be *energetically spread* as far as possible and kept spread and *never protruded*. This is the first condition for pronouncing *i* correctly.

Besides this, the sound *i* has an element of an unrounded *u* (of *put*) in the following way: spread your lips as far as you can and keep them in that position with the help of your two fingers (forefinger and third finger), then say the unrounded *u*.

After considerable practice say with the central part of your tongue a sound similar to the vowel sound of the word *dim* approximately near that part of the hard palate where the soft palate begins. It is useful to feel that place with your forefinger — you will realize how far it is. Strong spreading of the lips kept with your two fingers will help you to say the sound in the back of your mouth.

That was a pretty bitter dose for a bold learner. The fingers-in-mouth business — do they speak the language

or whistle it? I am a disciplined person, at least up to a certain point, and dutifully grimaced, gurgled, and drooled, hands in my mouth as directed, trying to produce something between a dim *i*-sound and an unrounded *u*. And then Boyanus and Jopson, to make sure that I would never dare touch a Russian vowel as long as I live, summed it all up with this: —

NOTE. — The sound you hear between the two consonants of the English ending *-ble* (*table*) pronounced in the usual English way is an *i* sound.

Now that, I said to myself in the usual English way, tears it. Every schoolboy knows that there is no sound, nothing that an honest citizen would recognize as a sound, between the *b* and *l* in *table*. An *i*-sound, then a *u*-sound, and finally no sound at all. This kind of confusion is what the boys in the foxholes call “situation normal.”

A veteran fumbler at languages, ancient and modern, I know when I have lost a round. Where my old teachers had beaten me down with optative and aorist and subjunctive, the new faculty — well, you have seen what they do with yerry, a perfectly decent little vowel until the finger-in-cheek school started gnawing away at it.

That was where I joined the Russian language *poputchiki*, a fellow traveler up to page xxx. I am not proud of this status, but neither do I beat my breast about it. A lot of beautiful things in this life are simply not for me. When my morale is restored, I’ll take up Russian again. Even now those xxx pages have meant something to me. Other men, similarly frustrated in a heroic enterprise, might have gone in for brooding over what is called the “Russian enigma.” They would start posing ominous questions like: —

“Does the well-known Stalinist trend toward the restoration of capitalism in Russia mean that the Kremlin is secretly plotting to establish Communism in Western Europe?”

“Was the unilateral liberation of Poland by the Red Army a violation of the Teheran Declaration?”

“Why did Zhukov refuse to give Hearst reporters advance details on the winter offensive? Are the United Nations being double-crossed?”

“Will Stalin reimburse American contributors to Finnish War Relief or is the Atlantic Charter a hollow sham?”

“Why did Molotov address the San Francisco Conference in the Russian language? Does use of this Indo-European tongue conceal some Oriental trickery?”

Other failures may take up such stuff, which is usually called being “realistic” about Russia, but not this one. My esteem for the Soviet Union and my confidence in its future were never higher. A people who can make something out of yerry, that dim little sound that almost isn’t there at all, can do anything.





THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

FOR years I have had the dream that when at last I was King, I should reserve the whole month of October for the enjoyment of New England. I would hold quiet converse with the bass in Winnepesaukee, spend a night on Wingaersheek Beach and a week on the links of Ekwanok, see Williamstown against the blazing foliage, smell the bonfires at dusk on Chestnut Street, Salem, walk in the clean-washed luminous air of the Nantucket moors, collect the beech and butternuts of Hamilton, split my daily quota of pine, and, for the rest, putter about in the back woods of Essex County. For October is the month in which we want more time for the things we love best.

When I was a string bean growing up on the Jersey coast, the summer's end was something you bitterly resisted, for it meant the rooting up of friendship, the severing of calf love, and the loss of independence. I remember once remarking to a friend that Indian Summer was "always poignant"—and how he hooted. But even now that I am older, the adjective still stands. These golden days with their quick-falling shadows have an urgency no other month commands. Here comes the temptation to do what you want before it is too late. Here is the last chance to feel young before the cold sets in and you are a year older. But the days are fugitive and most of us are too busy.

So this is the impatient time. This is the time when middle age thinks of retiring. This is the time wives grow impatient with their husbands. This is the time when routine is most repugnant. ("Would I be happier teaching? . . . Or in a publisher's office?") This is the time when books long stored in the attic of the mind show signs of life. The mails are quick with manuscripts.

October will be more impatient than ever this year. On atolls in the Pacific and along the Rhine, Americans will be impatient for home. Men coming out of uniform will be impatient with the duration of education. Displaced war workers will be impatient with unemployment. Housewives, now that the war is over, will want everything available. "Why do we have to send that coal to Europe? Why can't we get rid of this rationing?" Gradually, as the awe of atomic power fades from our imagination and as the country once more begins to produce in peace, we shall be increasingly impatient with our Allies. But impatience is a luxury we can ill afford. Our power and responsibility have grown; so must reciprocity.

As our nerves began to relax from the long strain, the first impulse was to turn the thoughts to something very old or very American. During the week of Japan's surrender, I found myself dividing the evenings between *Studs Lonigan* and *Richard II*. Then a duty book caught my eye, a book which I had put by, knowing I might need its edification when the time came—*Reflections on the Revolution of Our Time* by Harold J. Laski. I began to apply myself to this timely prose. That brief contrast may be suggestive. For as we turn in on ourselves, and as the millions are demobilized, we shall take instant relief in this unmolested country, and special pleasure in American print. Then as winter with its cold and hunger abroad begins to hammer on our conscience, like a quarter-miler we must gather for another spurt, racing against time to contend with problems which cannot be solved in ease or privacy.

Married love

Sinclair Lewis has done it again. With that observant buzz-saw mind of his, he has sliced through the main trunk of American life to lay bare a cross-section more worm-eaten than we like to suppose. He characterizes his new book, *Cass Timberlane*, as "A Novel of Husbands and Wives." The story is centered in his home state of Minnesota, which means that it is written with more affection than his other recent works; it blends gusto with irony, and with the vividness of Tintoretto's "Last Judgment" it shows us in a hundred crude postures the infidelity



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which, says Mr. Lewis, is so typical of American marriage.

Judge Timberlane is forty-one when the story opens, a big, four-square, open-hearted Minnesotan; a man who, like Doc Kennicott of *Main Street*, is fond of shooting, fishing, chess, and the unadulterated life. Cass is an idealist (something of a prude among his lustier friends) who has already been divorced by one smart woman, his first wife Blanche, and who in his loneliness is vulnerable for his next captivity. When Jinny, a dark-haired, hawk-like young woman of twenty-five walks into his courtroom, Cass is off hot-foot on that romantic pursuit which is to carry him with less and less romance through the length of this story.

Cass is an Abraham Lincoln of a lover. He is awkward, but in the real crises he says the right words; he is old for a young woman of passion, but he has a redeeming strength beside which philanderers shrivel. He is severely handicapped by the sixteen years between himself and Jinny, and he knows it. But his efforts to talk and act down to her youthful level are so ludicrous that one never quite believes in his abasement. It would have strengthened our initial acceptance of the Judge could we have seen him in the last stages of his sterile marriage with Blanche. She quit him because she was bored and had found a wealthier English lover. He may have killed her with kindness, as unwittingly he tries to kill Jinny, but his life with Blanche is not sharply delineated and thus his asceticism and his innocence seem out of keeping with the vital, likable man of forty-one who presides over the first page.

As for Jinny, she could never tuck her mules under my couch. She is as feline as the little cat she worships. She must have more ideas in her head than Mr. Lewis shows (her enthusiasms are never well conveyed), or else be shallower than ever Cass imagined. I dislike her pretense, her obliviousness to the war, and her complete disregard of the Fliegends, the Jewish couple who gave her small talent its start. The Professional Youth in their early twenties have grown somewhat beyond Mr. Lewis's reach, as they most certainly evaded the older Galsworthy.

Your neighborhood and mine

This self-centered love story of the Judge and his young hawk is laid in Grand Republic, a city the size of Duluth. It is embellished with thumbnail portraits of all the well-to-do citizens, and it is interrupted from time to time with self-contained short stories which tell, as Sherwood Anderson might have told, the illicit loves, the bawdy parties, the family hatred or the coarse loyalty which pervades so many of the homes on the Heights. These interspersed tales run like dirty gossip through the book, and serve as side lights to the main theme. They are easily skipped by readers who find them distracting. But their purpose is clear: to make one ask again and again, Is chastity, is integrity, any more plentiful in my neighborhood?

One wonders whether in this novel our first Nobel

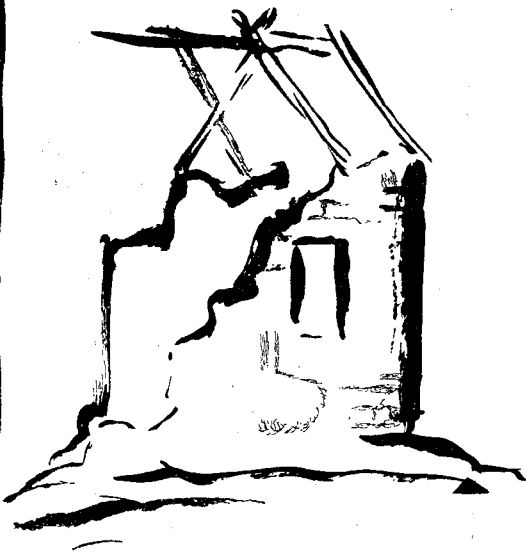
Prize Winner has advanced or is merely holding his own. Here is the repertoire of his style — the names which breathe the character intended: "Hervey Plint, the dullest lawyer in Grand Republic, a middle-aged man with a miscellaneous sort of face . . . a word-dragger, an uh'er, a looker to the ceiling for new thoughts"; Roy Drover, "a neat surgeon, a shrewd diagnostician, a skillful investor of money and, before forty, a rich man [who] had remained entirely unchanged, a savage and a small boy." Here is Mr. Lewis's detailed itinerary of American life with the whiplash at the end of a sentence: "The true American is active even in his inactivities. The Mushrat City colonists did not lie indolent. . . . No, they swam, they dove, they sailed, they fished for bass, they drove into town for the movies, they played bridge, they cooked steak and fish at outdoor grills, they danced to the radio, they drank considerably and made love cautiously." Or, again: ". . . a madame chairman, an exhaustive and exhausting talker about foreign affairs, the drama, and the illegitimate babies that all the gayer young ladies in town were certainly going to have immediately. . . ." Finally here is American talk with American prejudice, smooth and vapid at a dinner party or as it boils up angrily between husband and wife.

I notice the machine-made situations, as when the Pratt family, for no reason in the world, interrupted the lovers in their first clinch. And I notice that the author has small capacity for the ecstasy of love and for the magnetism which kindles it. The strength of this story comes from the brutal candor of Roy Drover, the Western heartiness of Cass's friends as they rally around, and the indignation that flares out of Cass when he feels betrayed — all this, with the driving vitality that makes you turn the page, is evidence that Mr. Lewis is still with us, and watching.

The note of repining

During my vacation I had a busman's holiday with a novel which I had missed earlier in the spring. *Take Three Tenses* by Rumer Godden is a story of London reminiscent, in its telling, of Mrs. Woolf's *To the Lighthouse* and of *All Passion Spent* by V. Sackville-West. Style is of its essence, and once you are attuned to them, Miss Godden's pages have grace, pathos, and a very deft development of character. What she has done is to tell the story of a London town house, 99 Wiltshire Place, which has been in the possession of the Dane family for all but a century and which now in the year of the blitz stands in jeopardy.

Blending past, present, and future as one would blend the three melodies of a fugue, Miss Godden weaves her story back and forth so as to reveal the three generations who gave the house its life. She (or Miss Underwood, to whom the book is dedicated) has an incredible and fascinating memory of Victorian England, and as the story shifts with its skillful transition from John Ironmonger Dane (the Eye) and his Griselda who take possession of the House in



Behind the irrefutable aims of the peacemakers are the necessary compromises, the ambiguities, the elaborate system of checks and balances that make the peace work or ultimately wreck it. Paul Mowrer

watched the weaving of the peace after World War I, saw it grow and saw it warp and disintegrate. As foreign correspondent of the Chicago Daily News for 30 years in Europe he has had an unparalleled view of power politics in France, in the Balkans and in Africa. Few analysts have had such an opportunity to observe at first hand why that peace failed. Few books could be more timely in a year when we must try again to make the peace stick.

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London's heyday — as it shifts from them to their children, Rollo, Pelham, and Selina, to their servants below stairs, and to Lark, the haunting, slender hermit in the attic, one is drawn in, encompassed and made sensitive to a world of beauty and style, of selfishness and arrogance; a world of serenity and power which has vanished.

A story like this, in which artifice and emotion are in balance, could hardly be written without the note of repining, and in the most memorable scene Rolls, as he struggles against the red tape, and Lark as she pleads for her love before the fireplace, are figures of pathos. I found the story touching, and believe that we shall have more, rather than less, of this nostalgic fiction in the months ahead.

Man against machines

The Small Back Room is a racy and intelligent novel disclosing that highly secret, often highly dangerous, activity of the men who, working behind closed doors or on stretches of a remote beach, have been responsible for our scientific attack and defense. The author, **Nigel Balchin**, is a lieutenant-colonel in the British War Office and, as such, much too discreet to venture into the still forbidden areas of radar and the atomic bomb. But he knows more than a little about the vigil of a scientist trying to perfect a new weapon, and about the political feuds which were waged interminably between scientist and scientist, and between scientist and politician; and he has a shuddery understanding of the infinite care and risk which are involved in the dangerous mission of Bomb Disposal.

Out of this knowledge and experience he has composed this story which is the first book Marshal Montgomery bought on his return to England — a book which I know has been relished by the ranking members of our OSRD and one which I believe will grow in our imagination as we begin to mull over the manufacture of the ultimate in weapons.

Sammy Rice, the hero of the tale, is an English scientist in his mid-thirties, who became crippled in 1928 when he lost his foot and who has had to contend against pain and the bitter sense of mutilation ever since. He is the brains of one of the Research Sections, a team experimenting with guns, mortars, and projectiles, one of whose duties it is to test the hundred and one wild ideas ("the Keystone Komics," Sam calls them) with which inventors keep bombarding the War Office.

Sammy tries to protect his boss, the Old Man, Professor Mair, from the politicians. He is too honest to compromise in his scientific judgments, he is very much in love with Susan, the typist for the team, and he has a passion for fuses which the Army respects and which causes him to volunteer when both innocents and investigators have been blown to bits by a nasty little German bomb. Sammy, so caustic, so discerning, and so hard on himself is an appealing creature, and his life in the laboratory, at the committee table, and in the evening, when he talks to

Susan or other research workers in the pub or at home, is made both plausible and human by those technical touches and by the witty habit of understatement of which Sammy, thanks to the author, is the master. Sammy is simultaneously fighting two battles: one is a struggle against the politicians whom he loathes, the other a fight for his own self-respect against the cynicism and lack of stamina which have hounded him ever since his accident.

In the English way, there are a good many people in this book who wander in and out with little or no introduction, and at first it is baffling to the American reader to decide who matters and who does not. There is also an English reticence in Sammy's make-up, which prevents our knowing some private but rather important truths about him. We are never told the how of his accident or when Susan first put him in her pocket; we are never even told he has a brother until Dickie walks into the apartment one night on his last leave before An Unmentionable Mission. But this we do know about him: that he is immensely likable, that he talks an English jargon which captures the ear like Damon Runyon's, that he has a grand friend in Captain Stuart and another in Susan, and that when he begins to wrestle with that mechanical monster dropped from the German plane, he is every inch a man, and for him we begin to sweat in our imagination.

FOR "STUFF" READ "STUFF!"

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

It was my rare good fortune recently to receive a fine copy of

Corrections of Misprints in FINNEGANS WAKE

BY JAMES JOYCE

As Prepared by the Author after
Publication of the First Edition

Published 1945 by

THE VIKING PRESS · NEW YORK

This attractive brochure consists of sixteen pages, averaging about sixty misprints to the page, or roughly 900 misprints in all. Surely the maestro had reason enough to have a bone to pick with or a rod in pickle for his printer. It is dreadful to think that there should be more than one misprint per page in that great work! One must, however, in all fairness, admit that certain of the author's corrections represent not misprints but carefully thought out revisions. Thus the change on page 176, line 2 from top, "for '*Holy Baba and the Fourty Thieves*' read '*Prisson your Pritchards and Play Withers Team,*'" may hardly be classed as a misprint or blamed on

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the proofreader. The weight of evidence indicates that Mr. Joyce decided that "*Prisson your Pritchards . . .*" carried deeper implications than the banal "*Holy Baba . . .*"—an opinion with which this reviewer, at least, is in complete accord.

Also our author, it may be assumed, changed his mind after publication as to certain nuances in punctuation. He decided to delete the full stops—to borrow a phrase from our British cousins—after Mr. and Mrs. and Dr. But in an even more striking fashion he changed his full stops in hundreds of instances to exclamation points—with, as a result, an almost incredible increase in textual vivacity and tempo. This is not very apparent in the first 190 pages, but on page 197, line 17 from top, we find "for 'may.' read 'may!'" and on page 198, line 8 from top, "for 'was.' read 'was!'"

From then on the author consistently steps up the force and incisiveness of his punctuation. Thus on page 248 we find two changes: line 23 from top, "for 'thicketloch.' read 'thicketloch!'" and line 32 from top, "for 'browthered.' read 'browthered!'" And on page 251, lines 26/27 from top, "for 'Smac-chiavelluti.' read 'Smac-chiavelluti!'" On the same page, line 27 from top, "for 'it.' read 'it!'"—a change which may have been a concession to Miss Mae West.

I do not wish to labor this point with too many quotations, but I hope I may be pardoned if I cite a few of the more significant changes in this category—changes which it is apparent, even without the context, add new values and profundities to the word or phrase in question.

Thus on page 261, note 2 on left side, "for 'rubsh.' read 'rubsh!'" How definitely stronger is "rubsh!" than the commonplace "rubsh." Similarly on page 419, line 33 from top, the author substitutes the virile "tosh!" for the insipid "tosh." And there can be no question of the deep chivalry which altered "girl." to "girl!" on page 451, line 25 from top, and again on page 620, line 27 from top; or "lovely." to "lovely!" on page 528, line 4 from top, or "wives." to "wives!" on page 540, line 36 from top, or "wiggly." to "wiggly!" on page 622, line 32 from top.

On the other hand, Mr. Joyce is not above taking pleasure in tricking his readers. For example, on page 297, line 26 from top, "after 'hula' insert comma." No exclamation point here, mark you—merely the brief pause of a comma, although "aghom." is changed to "aghom!", "bitly." to "bitly!", "colombinations." to "colombinations!", "Ghyllgully." to "Ghyllgully!", "promishles." to "promishles!", "fing." to "fing!", "arrohs." to "arrohs!", and "us." to "us!" Perhaps the most daring of these accents is to be found on page 281, text line 28, where the author changes "And." to "And!" It was original enough to follow "And" with a full stop, period. But the imaginative brilliance of "And!"—surely the first instance in English of "And" exclamation point!—is positively dazzling.

Many other instances could be given, but perhaps

those quoted will suffice to show the profound changes of pace and rhythm effected by the author on the text of the First Edition through the medium of exclamation points—a subtle and truly Joycean technique. To students of *Finnegans Wake*, such minutiae are naturally significant, marking as they do the author's matured emphasis, but even more important are changes in words, phrases, even sentences, which the author's later judgment inspired and which are perhaps rather loosely listed here as "misprints."

Attention has been drawn above to the striking substitution of "*Prisson your Pritchards . . .*" for "*Holy Baba . . .*"; but equally forceful—though in a more limited sense—are the slight changes which Mr. Joyce has made in the interior structure of a single word. Thus, on page 219, line 17 from top, "for 'certelleneteutoslavzendlatinsoundscript' read 'cellelleneteutoslavzendlatinsoundscript.'" What definite richness and dignity are to be found in the revised version! No one who has ever thought of "cellelleneteutoslavzendlatinsoundscript" could revert to "certelleneteutoslavzendlatinsoundscript."

It is a matter of deep pleasure to this reviewer that in this volume his faith is justified. Many admirers and students of Joyce have confessed that at times in *Finnegans Wake* they could not help feeling that the master's sureness had slipped, that his devastating accuracy had in this instance, as it were, been blurred. To all such I have constantly retorted: "You will find that these apparent shortcomings are nothing but misprints. Wait till you see the Second Edition!" *Et voila!*

On page 10 of this admirable brochure, we find the following: "Page 285, text lines 23, 24, 25 should read as follows: 'wards, one from five, two to fives ones, one from fives two millamills with a mill and a half a mill and twos twos fives fives of bully.'" Now in this instance I am willing to take a chance. My copy of *Finnegans Wake* is not at hand and I am unable to recall the exact wording of the lines for which these sonorous and powerful phrases are substituted. But I am certain that the revision is stronger, more fruitful, more fruity, in fact, than the original, and I ask any critic, carping on his carp, to compare the two and then decide, in simple honesty, whether or not he shares my opinion. One needs more than intellectual understanding to appreciate Joyce. One needs faith. One needs it badly.

"For 'rubsh.' read 'rubsh!'"

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including the sculptor Auguste Rodin, whose imperturbable creative absorption Rilke strove to emulate.

Separated from his wife and baby daughter by the poverty that prevented even the purchase of copies of his own published poems, Rilke became a pilgrim; he roved from the artists' colony at Worpswede to Paris, to Rome, where the Italian spring made him long for the subtler northern climate, and so onward, seeking and seldom finding the place and mood wherein to create through his poems "that being, which only the deepest art is able to produce in deep hours, . . . that one thing which is not chance, that moment of eternity about which everything we think and do circles like birds about clock towers. . . ."

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ELEANOR RUGGLES

‘ ‘ ‘

THE BIG THREE \$2.75

By David J. Dallin

YALE UNIV. PRESS

THE PATTERN OF SOVIET POWER \$2.75

By Edgar Snow

RANDOM HOUSE

THE experienced foreign correspondent enjoys one tremendous advantage over the professional historian when both turn to the task of interpreting such a phenomenon as the U.S.S.R. The newspaperman who knows his business goes looking for facts, and he records them as he finds them, even though they may disconcert partisans of the Soviet Union one moment and its dourest foes the next. From this mixed testimony he proceeds to outline a few tentative deductions. The historian, on the other hand, is often thrown back on a thesis, which he is inclined to maintain even when facts fail to fit it. That is a dangerous game. Frequently, facts ignored land thesis-makers in the ditch.

Mr. Dallin is a native of Russia and a graduate of Heidelberg University, and has lived in exile from Soviet Russia since 1922, when he fled to escape arrest. Between 1911 and 1917 he was also a fugitive in Germany from Tsarist Russia, because of his association with one of the earlier Russian revolutionary underground groups. Mr. Snow hails, appropriately, from Missouri. He has spent most of his life as a correspondent and as a teacher in a Chinese university. During the past decade he has traveled all over the East, and is the author of several volumes which probe deeply into the trends of revolutionary Russia and an awakening Asia.

Both volumes under review belong, in a sense, to the pre-atomic age. Both attempt to cover large segments of the same subject: Soviet Russia's power, place, and policy in the post-war world. It is significant, however, that while the bomb blast which flattened Hiroshima does little damage to Mr. Snow's report and goes far toward justifying his conclusions, much of Mr. Dallin's ably written but thesis-ridden book is knocked into the middle of last week. Doubtless a difference in methods pursued by the two authors explains this result. In *The Big Three*, Mr. Dallin frequently soars up from solid ground trailing rash dogmas. This tendency transforms him into a target for post-explosion radioactivity. In *The Pattern of Soviet Power* Mr. Snow keeps close to earthy realities. He is thereby able to avoid pressure waves from detonating circumstance.

"The Big Three" Mr. Dallin discusses are not those famous personalities, Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt, but the three nations these men have variously symbolized in wartime collaboration. His book is a grim exposition of power politics, sicklied o'er with not a few pale hues of geopolitical self-assurance. Obviously abhorring Stalin's version of Lenin's views of Marx's interpretation of historical events, Mr. Dallin nevertheless offers a doctrine of political predestination of his own for the great Allies. Willy-nilly they are headed for a smashup. The U.S.S.R. seeks to swallow up the rest of the habitable world. At the same time inexorable pressures are fusing the imperial interests of Great Britain in her decadence with those of a dynamic and expansive U.S.A. Result: inevitable war. Against such uncontrollable movements of destiny Mr. Dallin insists that San Francisco Charters are of no avail. The whole matter is foreclosed!

Just as the despairing reader prepares to jump off the window ledge, however, he finds a splinter of hope. Mr. Dallin, the whole strength of whose book depends upon the accuracy of his diagnosis and foresight, arrives at the question of Russia and the Pacific war. Unwarily, he lays down on page 256 the following dictum: "The Soviet Government has never accepted the American concept of common action against Japan." Now it is possible to forgive an author for not knowing what went on at Teheran, since that secret was well kept until early August of this year. But what are we to think of so glaring a misconception of the bases of Russian power and policy in Asia as is here revealed?

Mr. Snow makes no such mistake about Russia's Far Eastern policy. He shuns pure theory and sticks to ascertainable facts. He is inveterately interested in people too; and one result is an excellent series of portraits of the men who direct Russia. His satire on the cult of "Stalin-worship" is amiable. It is also devastating. Whereas Mr. Dallin sees in Russian policy a sinister conspiracy against the world, Mr. Snow sees something more easily explained: a determination to safeguard Russia from any further invasion assaults delivered over her borders.

Mr. Snow explores, leaving exploded myths in his wake. Mr. Dallin displays a tendency to evolve myths when he summons history to buttress his argument. He writes: "The war in Poland in 1920 was aimed not so much against Warsaw as toward direct contact with Germany." That is surely a curious way to describe General Pilsudski's undeclared war on Russia, which had as its aim the enlargement of the new Poland's boundaries as far as Kiev, which was launched in direct defiance of the wishes of the Council of Ambassadors, and which Trotsky's belated countermeasures finally crowded back to Warsaw.

Perhaps formal historians should be given assignments for a year or two abroad as foreign correspondents before they attempt to explain contemporary history. Or should foreign correspondents lecture on history at our universities between stints abroad?

JAMES H. POWERS

‘ ‘ ‘

TAHL

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KNOPF

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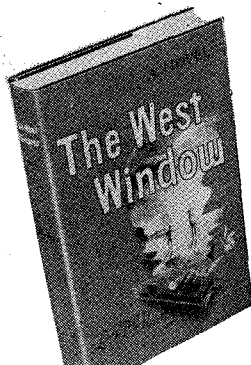
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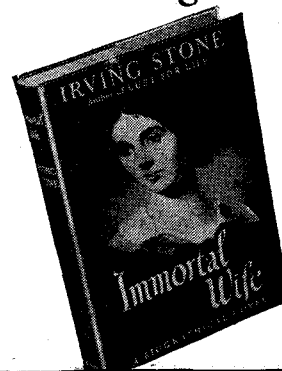
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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

thought of Egypt, Palestine, and Greece by living for a time in those countries, who knows the legends of pre-Columbian Central America, as well as those of the American Indians.

Tahl is also a man of action; he is an aviator, he fights for the Loyalists in Spain. The climax of the poem comes with the performance, after he has gone to China, of his choral symphony, in which he has put into music what he was striving for from the beginning: —

What he most believed
Was we were all of us the sons of men,
All men, the final nation bred of seed
Untraced and so more traceable to every tree
Has put out rod since Adam; so the heirs
Of every race, all myth and music,
Every art, all wisdom. And our weird
Was on us, having now the soul, the heart,
Accumulate science and the massy truth
Of generations, now to make us wiser myths,
More mighty music.

It is impossible not to respect Miss Ingalls for what she has tried to do. She portrays her hero from every conceivable angle; he soliloquizes, he acts, he is acted upon; his various friends, at great length, discuss him in detail. He is described in a web of relationships — to thought, to art, to emotion, to people — and though Miss Ingalls often strains too hard to make him so, he does appear as a heroic figure.

The poem is written in many styles and many verse forms, though blank verse predominates. The most successful parts are the straightforward narratives — for example, the birth and death of Tahl's child. But at other times, and far too frequently, the strain produces images so violent or so raw as to be meaningless: —

Shall ghosts whine grappling in a final rain
Or spew out fathomless on fiery air?

Many of the incantatory or exclamatory passages, where the poem is meant to take on a symbolic and universal significance, are overblown and rhetorical. And when Miss Ingalls tries to describe Tahl's choral symphony, she undertakes an impossible task. She resorts to capital letters, to a system of dots and dashes, to a series of interwoven program notes — but it won't do. We need the music itself; and that, of course, Miss Ingalls cannot give us.

But though *Tahl* may be full of strain and misdirected effort, though it is more an aggregate than an organism, though its technique and motivation can easily be torn apart, it is not a book to be sneered at and dismissed. No coward soul could have undertaken it or put it through, and if its metaphysics and symbolism go up in smoke, the human relationships it describes remain firm. On this level the poem is a success.

THEODORE SPENCER

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By Archie Robertson HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

READERS will find in Mr. Robertson's pages a quick relief from any eyestrain caused by the dazzling first beams of atomic innovations. His slow trains, on a rich assortment of narrow-gauge and short-line systems, will restore them to the gaslight era, or even to the kerosene period, in the twist of a cyclotron. There is no scramble for reservations, no waiting line at the dining car, aboard "Tweetsie," which meets the railroad needs of Blowing Rock, North Carolina. Here is the author's description of "Tweetsie": —

"In the dark, panting from her run up the mountain, stood the shortest, slimmest train I had ever seen. On the three-foot track was a single car carved in four slices: United States Mail, express, and passengers, white and colored. It was coupled to a ten-wheel steam engine with a slender smokestack and a flaring cowcatcher. In the glow from the fire-box green paint shone on the lettering, 'East Tennessee & Western North Carolina R. R.' The driving-wheels were painted red, as in a Currier and Ives print. I fingered a wheel-spoke lightly; it was clean as a wedding present."

Mr. Robertson leads the traveler back to the world of the lavish box lunch where baked ham, fried chicken, and home-baked bread are routine fare. A leisurely stopover may mean an unexpected meal of mountain trout. If the cinders are thick, the conductor is none the less the suave host, and the breeze is fragrant through the open windows. Whether aboard the flyer of the Georgia & Florida or New Hampshire's durable "Suncook Valley," Mr. Robertson argues convincingly for the pleasures of low-speed travel. His chapter on pitcher-and-bowl hotels and their fifty-cent ten-course breakfast should make us study our maps with a new interest. Finally, we should be grateful to Mr. Robertson for documenting, in his chapter "The Smoking-Car," the existence of Thomas W. Jackson, whose paperbound joke books, *On a Slow Train Through Arkansas and Through Missouri on a Mule*, were best-sellers in every train butcher's kit in the days when the conductor used to light the lights of an evening with a wax taper.

CHARLES W. MORTON

SAINTS AND STRANGERS \$3.75

By George F. Willison REYNAL AND HITCHCOCK

IF IT is hard to find anything startlingly new concerning the genesis, budding, and fruition of the Plymouth Colony in *Saints and Strangers*, it is equally hard to recall a single book, suitable for the general reader rather than for the student, which gives the famous old story in such sweeping detail.

This book begins with the politico-religious turmoils of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century England and ends with one of the fruits of those turmoils — Plymouth Colony and its founders. The intervening steps, rich in detail, are thoroughly covered from Leyden to the Gurnet: life in the refugee colony in Holland; the voyages of the *Mayflower*; doctrinal disputes; forays by and against the Indians; trading ventures; the night-club atmosphere of Morton's Ma-re Mount.

The book is well documented, basing much of the Plymouth scenes on Bradford's *Of Plimouth Plantation* and the so-called *Mourt's Relation*, although these are by no means the author's only sources. Mr. Willison is open to frequent criticism in the matter of interpretation, for although he seems to look benevolently on the Pilgrims (and can distinguish them from Puritans), he will allow Plymouth individuals few virtues. Myles Standish comes in, for example, for a fearful going-over. On the other hand, shady folk like Oldham, Morton, and Lyford are generally given a fine break. This is, as I say, only interpretation, but the general tone may cause raised eyebrows.

I have a quarrel with the publishers, however. In the blurb, the reader is promised a look at the Pilgrims as they really were; for the author, say the publishers, has destroyed a myth too long engendered that the Pilgrims were

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withal "a drab, stern folk — dedicated to prudery. . . . The reader will find himself living among lusty English men and women." Alas, you will not hear boogie-woogie on hautboy or sackbut on the Plymouth sands. The actual people, the weakest part of this work, snivel every bit as piously as in the grayest legend. They are far worse, in this respect, in Mr. Willison's treatment than in the contemporary pages of William Bradford.

On the credit side, there are fine descriptive tables of the people concerned, the offices they held, and so on, as well as a good bibliography. The notes, properly bound in the back of the book, are stimulating by themselves, but in a number of instances they do not seem to fit the text to which they refer.

BRUCE LANCASTER

**CHRONICLES OF STEPHEN FOSTER'S
FAMILY** **UNIV. OF PITTSBURGH**
By Evelyn Foster Morneweck **\$5.00**

BEAUTIFULLY bound and boxed, with end papers appealing to both the eye and the heart, satisfactorily "illustrated from contemporary paintings, photographs and prints," artistically and carefully printed, the two volumes of these *Chronicles*, compiled by Stephen Foster's niece, the daughter of his favorite brother Morrison, are outwardly as joyous as a Foster song.

Inwardly, they are factual, objective, detailed, repetitious, dealing with a limited range of events and unconcerned with psychological causes and consequences. The author "does not presume to call this book a literary work. It is simply a compilation of notes and letters and personal recollections that we hope will bring a message of kinship to many admirers of Stephen Foster, and also to members of the Foster clan."

This it does in substantial and authoritative fashion. In addition, the unadorned statements of fact — the numerous letters revealing intimate details of daily living and recording the travels and political activities of members of the family — sketch vividly the economic and social life "of an average Pennsylvania family in the days following the Revolution and in the nineteenth century," and often create definite, individualized pictures of interesting personalities.

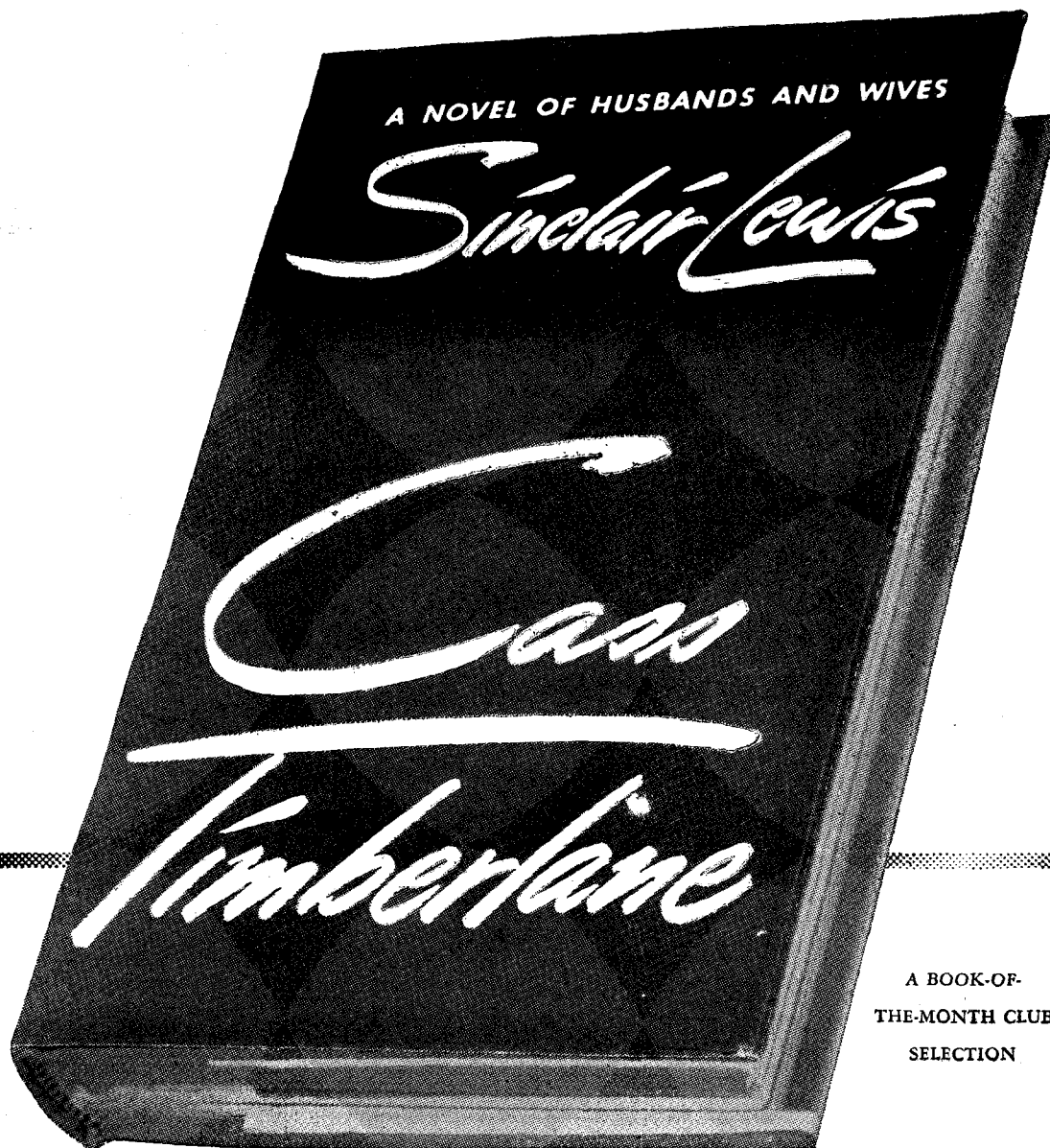
The book is valuable mainly for its subject matter. It collects many loose ends of Foster material and binds them between four convenient covers. It refutes several erroneous conceptions about Stephen and his wife Jane. It answers many questions about Stephen's life and his music, especially during his last years in New York. It adds many details. Moreover, it shows Stephen Foster's proportionate relationship to his family and friends; he is a member of a large group, not the chief actor holding the center of the stage.

HENRIETTA HARDMAN

PRIMER FOR WHITE FOLKS **\$3.50**
Edited by Bucklin Moon **DOUBLEDAY, DORAN**

Primer for White Folks is not a book for "white folks" alone. It should be read by all thinking people. At first the title seems impertinent, even condescending, but inside the covers appear the words of James Farrell, Margaret Halsey, Sterling Brown, Carey McWilliams, Lillian Smith, Richard Wright, Dorothy Parker, and even the editors of *Fortune* and the *New Republic*. These names bespeak the quality and sincerity of this compilation.

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(“Heritage”) sings of the American Negro’s past. Part III (“Today and Tomorrow”) deals with present-day events and problems.

Part II (“Black and White Mores”) is the artistic reflection, in the form of short stories, of these other two parts. It is a slice of Americana, and a very crusty, sometimes un-beautiful slice at that. The stories have quality, charm, and stabbing reality, and some, like “After You, My Dear Alphonse,” by Shirley Jackson, and “Trouble Keeping Quiet,” by Leonard Wallace Robinson, reach a dignity and a plane of “differentness” that is rare in fiction about Negroes.

These pieces form a mirror in which one may see the varying shades of a sickness that pervades our society as well as the sickness that has fallen upon Negroes because of their immersion in it. They show a social condition which should elicit protest and a desire for change, even though, with the removal of the condition, such vignettes of American life will inevitably disappear from our representative literature.

The book could be improved by short introductions to each of the three parts. Mr. Moon has done an excellent and knowing job in selecting the material for this book. He has made a symphonic arrangement of the various pieces, on the theme that the destiny of America is not separate or disparate from the future of this one tenth of her population. One is made aware that there is neither a “white problem” nor a “Negro problem”: there is a problem whose name is American Democracy and we are all — black and white — involved in it.

JOHN CASWELL SMITH, JR.

1 1 1

TOLSTOY AND HIS WIFE

\$2.75

By Tikhon Polner

NORTON

ONE morning thirty-five years ago, the great Leo Tolstoy, aged eighty-two, stealthily left his beloved Yasnaya Polyana and his wife to seek peace and solitude in some hidden corner of Russia or abroad. A few days later he died at a little railway station under the full glare of the international publicity he sought to avoid.

Since that time Tolstoy’s wife, several of his children, and many disciples and critics have debated in print the reasons for this strange and final action of this famous author and thinker. *Tolstoy and His Wife*, written in 1928 in Paris by Tikhon Polner, and now excellently translated into English by Nicholas Wreden, attempts to throw new light on this puzzling record. It is distinguished from many treatments of the subject by its admirable objectivity and by the author’s desire to allow Tolstoy and his wife to speak for themselves through their diaries and letters.

The quarrel between husband and wife was only one of the many factors that induced Tolstoy to leave home. Although these other factors are touched upon here and there in the book, they are never pulled together so that the reader has a complete case history of Tolstoy’s mental and emotional state on the eve of his flight: the announced theme of the book serves merely to introduce much unrelated matter concerning Tolstoy’s life and works. Actually the situation that brought about his escape was created by a complex series of material circumstances, psychological elements, rational speculation, and moral urges that dominated his whole existence. Clearly the subject calls for extensive, specialized treatment. Instead the author has written a brief and interesting biographical sketch, but one that is seriously outdated because of the vast amount of fresh material on Tolstoy’s life which has become available since 1928.

ERNEST J. SIMMONS